

Current Literature

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

The Analytic School in Fiction:—

The literary Pasteurs of to-day, the leaders of this germ age in literature, find their stronghold in what is termed the analytic school of fiction. With their egotistic microscope, held alike relentlessly over a poor, struggling human motive, an eye-lash, or the fate of a disembodied soul, they pose and analyze in the presence of their readers. It seems that the skill they show in their analysis pleases them more than the result of that analysis. They subtly differentiate shades, quibbles, and even tints of thought. The long procession of psychological emotions through which the heroine had to pass before she decided whether to tie her hair with a blue ribbon or a pink one is painfully exact in description.

This painful analysis gives to even the best books merely the virtue of being photographic, they are true, but it is a truth that is mere "dead accuracy," there is no chance for interpretation. A great painting derives much of its power from its suggestiveness; the grass seems almost to wave gently in the hot, quivering atmosphere before the eyes of the spectator, the sea has so angry and fierce a look that one can almost hear the muttering, threatening surge upon the shore, the perspiration seems fairly to start out as we look at the silky flanks of the war-horses. These phases are not really present in the picture, except in essence, in suggestion, by the presence of certain "developing characteristics," that elicit these accessories of reality as necessary consequents to what is seen. Thus the observer becomes co-laborateur with the artist to the extent of interpretation. The parade of analysis in fiction kills the artistic feeling of coöperation.

Analysis is the key-note of the best work in fiction, but not as it is represented by the "analytic school." Analysis is the mere machinery of thought, the means by which it is formed, the laboratory where it is generated, it is the preparation for the work, not the end in itself. This analysis should go on in the mind of the writer, and should only show itself to the reader as he may develop it for himself from a consideration of the one or two vital and "developing characteristics" used by the author; that is, the writer should be an analyst in private, and a synthesist in public. For himself he should analyze the subject until he knows every element and its value, and from this analysis synthetically present the elements that will permit the reader to develop the others. The musician, artist, wit, actor and orator in their fullest success follow this natural law.

The musician who executes some classic composition is thus synthetic in public. The analysis, the study of the values of the notes, their combinations and sequence made rapidly with his eye, and based on years of previous study, gives the resultant impressions which are synthetically gathered together by his fingers. The music of the school-girl picking the notes of The Maiden's Prayer, torturing

the scales and struggling speculatively with her chords and bars, is not very entertaining. She is analytic in public.

The artist, when he puts his crayon to canvas, has the ideal face already analyzed in his mind, and in his sketch he merely combines elements thereby discovered. If we take the work of any famous etcher, we see that the face made up of but five or six lines roughly noted, yet the expression is perfect, the mind filling in the suggestion and aiding in the interpretation. Some would say there is in such a face no analysis, because the ninety-seven eyelash hairs are not drawn separately, yet this is the truest and best analysis. It is not necessary that this should be done by a conscious mental effort, as practice or genius produces it almost without knowledge of process. When the artist touches the canvas he is only synthetic.

The wit, whom nature has favored with a talent for ready repartee, is he who has the power of instant analysis of the sharp remark made to him, instantly building three or four tentative replies, analyzing them, eliminating them or parts of them and from the results of these analyses, synthetically forming the stinging retort that seems an impromptu. The human mind is much like a buzz-saw, it moves with such tremendous velocity as often to seem to be standing still.

The actor, who acts most truly and truest, analyzes the lines he is to speak into the elemental feelings of which they are composed and feels them. When this power of analysis is present in its highest form, when it is true, deep and instant, it is the sign of genius, it is sympathy, unity of heart, mind and body with the character assumed and this is but instant and perfect analysis; we only know it exists by examining the effect it produces.

The orator is he who has a power of mind to analyze his audience, his subject and the end he would accomplish, and a ready tongue to synthetically form from these analyses the best and most able words to attain his object. But he does not say, "I know, ladies and gentlemen, that you do not desire to be persuaded to this because there is in your mind a certain indescribable latent resistance, a part confidence, part distrust of yourselves, of the question and of me." He merely assumes these reasons and feelings from his analysis, and synthetically answers them without exhibiting the reasoning which led him to his knowledge.

These are but types of human efforts similar to fiction, and it is governed by the same laws. The importance of analysis cannot be overrated, but it must precede the expression of the thought.

In the words of a French poet and philosopher: "For heaven's sake, spare me your lucubrations; give me facts or ideas. Keep your vats, your must, your dregs, in the background. What I ask is wine—wine which will sparkle in the glass and stimulate intelligence instead of weighing it down."

GEORGE GISSING: THE NOVELIST OF THE MASSES*

BY JOSEPH ANDERSON

It is a familiar picture to see Mr. Gissing and his little boy walking through the woods and lanes and over the hills of the pretty country round about Epsom. Though he has lived in the country for some years, Mr. Gissing is distinctly a London man. He is the higher type of Londoner, that there is no mistaking. London is written in the very cut of his clothes, the half-sad, far-reaching glance of his eyes, in the peculiar calm and earnestness of his face. Having said so much, it may be well to finish the portrait. His figure inclines to give one the impression of height. His long hands suggest flexibility of nature. His face is composed, among various elements, of two essentials—spirit and intellect, and two smaller traits, cleanly-cut humor and a most sensitive perceptive faculty.

Mr. Gissing's father, who died in 1870, was a noteworthy man. He was one of the most energetic and serviceable of the inhabitants of Wakefield. He was a thorough character—earnest, alive, responsible. He was an able botanist, and collected a very fine herbarium, publishing various works on the flora of his native shire of York. From him George Gissing learned fortitude and perseverance, and in these he has far outgrown the watchful trainer of his youth. His conversation gives the taste of sweetness, and the brawny outlines of his thought are as distinct as they are distinguished. Mr. Gissing is a man capable of adjusting himself to persons of smaller capacities than his own, and betrays no visible marks of casually calling down from his natural altitude.

Some years ago, the *Spectator* said of this writer: "Whether Mr. Gissing does or does not ultimately attain a high place in imaginative literature, there is no doubt that *Workers in the Dawn* is a very powerful work. . . . Unfortunately it is the world of poverty and misery, and the dark side of human nature with which Mr. Gissing is best acquainted. Vice, with the dire effect it produces on human beings, both physically and morally, when generation after generation lives and dies without a hope or even wish for anything better, is drawn with terrible reality." As years go on the fibre of his work grows rapidly closer, and when we come to *In the Year of Jubilee* we arrive at the fullest expression of his art. This is his last important work, for he has published only three stories since its appearance, two years ago, *The Paying Guest*, *Sleeping Fires* and *The Unclassed*. These three display the artist's touch.

Mr. Gissing is the first writer to deal capably and from a serious point of view with the great lower middle classes of England. Dickens saw what was grotesque in this vast multitude of humanity, and was able to seize upon it as a vital medium for his genius for caricature to play upon. But as we observe the life for ourselves, though it is ever changing, it is, and must have been only forty years ago, less jovial and more real than Dickens pictures it. To-day it is handled with complete sincerity and merciless impartiality by Mr. Gissing. Going

beyond what he has written in his books, he has said to the writer that he arrived long ago at an inevitable ending-point, in summing up the lower life of London. He says he is convinced that its members are morally, mentally and bodily the most squalid human beings on the face of civilization. It is a large admission for an Englishman to make, but there can be little doubt of its absolute truth. This and other searching studies of life, always regarded with flexible observation, but with resolute judgment when conflicting elements have been balanced, constitute Mr. Gissing a high magistrate of our times, pronouncing an unbiased judgment upon a particular stratum of society.

In 1878, at the age of twenty, George Gissing found himself in the streets of London, a stranger, with a few shillings in his pocket. He had come with a resolve. He would make a name by writing. He came from the town of Wakefield in the north of England—the town over which the halo of Goldsmith's "Vicar" still hangs. He found a poor lodging near Tottenham Court Road—a cheap and rough quarter of London. There he began the career of a writer, or in synonymous words, the struggle for life. He wrote much, but only a little was accepted from the pen of a mere boy. He was proud. He would toil for a month to earn a pound with his brains in preference to laboring a fortnight to earn the same sum with his hands. If he fought the fight, he should win the laurel. If he yielded to comfort, he should never rise, for he knew the parable of serving two masters. He struggled on and on, often going hungry, at one time being reduced to living in a cellar at a rental of two shillings a week. Year in and year out he saw the weight of the odds that were heaping up against him, and was forced to turn the education which he had obtained at Owens College, Manchester, to use, by teaching a few pupils. In this he was fortunate.

This was the life that he lived. In poor surroundings himself, his mind, however, inhabited no stuccoed nor sham-plastered building of narrow limits, but the warm and vast outdoor temple of humanity, where he roamed at large with the sky and the murky clouds of London for his roof. His hunting grounds were in the north and towards the east of the great city. It is a popular mistake that he has treated of life in the East End. There, the lowest and the lower forms of life are found, but of these Mr. Gissing but rarely treats. To-day in London there is the criminal, the low, the lower, lower-middle and some six or eight higher classes, beginning with the great middle class. He has been impressed by these layers of social, mental and moral forces so distinctly marked in English life.

Gissing's work carries conviction, and seems to gush out from some fountain of authority. The American reader does not know why it is so, but it lies in this important fact: Mr. Gissing does not give forth the superficial scintillations of a man who has merely glanced at a phase of life. He has lived for years in the very thick of the life he tells of, and has become saturated by its reality.

* From the Boston Transcript.

THE MAJESTY OF ROME: BEAUTY IN WORD PAINTING*

BY EMILE ZOLA

Sunset View of St. Peter's

From that beautiful terrace, so broad and lofty, one of the most beautiful views of Rome was offered to the gaze. Beyond the Tiber, beyond the pale chaos of the new district of the castle meadows, and between the greenery of Monte Mario and the Janiculum arose St. Peter's. Then on the left came all the olden city, an endless stretch of roofs, a rolling sea of edifices as far as the eye could reach. But one's glances always came back to St. Peter's, towering into the azure with pure and sovereign grandeur. And, seen from the terrace, the slow sunsets in the depths of the vast sky behind the colossus were sublime.

Sometimes there were topplings of sanguineous clouds, battles of giants hurling mountains at one another and succumbing beneath the monstrous ruins of flaming cities. Sometimes only red streaks or fissures appear on the surface of a sombre lake, as if a net of light has been flung to fish the submerged orb from amidst the seaweed. Sometimes, too, there is a rosy mist, a kind of delicate dust which falls, streaked with pearls by a distant shower, whose curtain is drawn across the mystery of the horizon. And sometimes there is a triumph, a cortège of gold and purple chariots of cloud rolling along a highway of fire, galleys floating upon an azure sea, fantastic and extravagant pomps slowly sinking into the less and less fathomable abyss of the twilight.

But that night the sublime spectacle presented itself to Pierre with a calm, blinding, desperate grandeur. At first, just above the dome of St. Peter's, the sun, descending in a spotless, deeply limpid sky, proved yet so resplendent that one's eyes could not face its brightness. And in this resplendency the dome seemed to be incandescent, you would have said a dome of liquid silver; whilst the surrounding districts, the house-roofs at the Borgo, were as though changed into a lake of live embers. Then, as the sun was by degrees inclined, it lost some of its blaze, and one could look; and soon afterwards sinking with majestic slowness it disappeared behind the dome, which showed forth darkly blue, while the orb, now entirely hidden, set an aureola around it, a glory like a crown of flaming rays. And then began the dream, the dazzling symbol, the singular illumination of the row of windows beneath the cupola which was transpierced by the light and looked like the ruddy mouths of furnaces, in such wise that one might have imagined the dome to be poised upon a brazier, isolated, in the air, as though raised and upheld by the violence of the fire. It all lasted barely three minutes. Down below the jumbled roofs of the Borgo became steeped in violet vapor, sank into increasing gloom, whilst from the Janiculum to Monte Mario the horizon showed its firm black line. And it was the sky then which became all purple and gold, displaying the infinite placidity of a supernatural radiance above the earth which faded into nihility. Finally the last window reflections were extinguished, the glow of the heavens

departed, and nothing remained but the vague, fading roundness of the dome of St. Peter's amidst the all-invading night.

View of the Colosseum

But the horizon expanded towards the southeast, and beyond the arches of Titus and Constantine he perceived the Colosseum. Ah! that colossus, only one-half or so of which has been destroyed by time as with the stroke of a mighty scythe, it rises in its enormity and majesty like a stone lace-work with hundreds of empty bays agape against the blue of heaven! There is a world of halls, stairs, landings, and passages, a world where one loses one's self amidst death-like silence and solitude. The furrowed tiers of seats, eaten into by the atmosphere, are like shapeless steps leading down into some old extinct crater, some natural circus excavated by the force of the elements in indestructible rock. The hot suns of eighteen hundred years have baked and scorched this ruin, which has reverted to a state of nature, bare and golden-brown like a mountain side, since it has been stripped of its vegetation, the flora which once made it like a virgin forest. And what an evocation when the mind sets flesh and blood and life again on all that dead, osseous framework, fills the circus with the 90,000 spectators which it could hold, marshals the games and the combats of the arena, gathers a whole civilization together, from the emperor and the dignitaries to the surging plebeian sea, all aglow with the agitation and brilliancy of an impassioned people, assembled under the ruddy reflection of the giant purple velum.

And, as Pierre gazed, he became more and more immersed in the limitless past encompassing him. He remembered just enough of what he had been taught at school to realize where he was; he knew just what every one knows of Rome with no pretension to scholarship, and it was more particularly his artistic temperament which awoke within him and gathered warmth from the flame of memory. The present had disappeared, and the ocean of the past was still rising, buoying him up, carrying him away.

The Forum

Then another surprise for Pierre was the Forum, starting from the Capitol and stretching out below the Palatine; a narrow square, close pressed by the neighboring hills, a hollow where Rome in growing had been compelled to rear edifice close to edifice till all stifled for lack of breathing space. It was necessary to dig very deep—some fifty feet—to find the venerable republican soil, and now all you see is a long, clean, livid trench, cleared of ivy and bramble, where the fragments of paving, the bases of columns, and the piles of foundations appear like bits of bone. Level with the ground the Basilica Julia, entirely mapped out, looks like an architect's ground plan. On that side the arch of Septimius Severus alone rears itself aloft, virtually intact, whilst of the temple of Vespasian only a few isolated columns remain still standing, as if by miracle, amidst the general downfall, soaring with a proud

*Selected readings from Rome. By Emile Zola. (Published by the Macmillan Co.)

elegance, with sovereign audacity of equilibrium, so slender and so gilded, into the blue heavens. The column of Phocas is also erect; and you see some portions of the Rostra fitted together out of fragments discovered near by. But if the eye seeks a sensation of extraordinary vastness, it must travel beyond the three columns of the temple of Castor and Pollux, beyond the vestiges of the house of the Vestals, beyond the temple of Faustina, in which the Christian Church of San Lorenzo has so composedly installed itself, and even beyond the round temple of Romulus, to light upon the Basilica of Constantine with its three colossal, gaping archways.

From the Palatine they look like porches built for a nation of giants, so massive that a fallen fragment resembles some huge rock hurled by a whirlwind from a mountain summit. And there, in that illustrious, narrow, overflowing Forum the history of the greatest of nations held for centuries, from the legendary time of the Sabine women, reconciling their relatives and their ravishers, to that of the proclamation of public liberty, so slowly wrung from the patricians by the plebeians. Was not the Forum at once the market, the exchange, the tribunal, the open-air hall of public meeting? The Gracchi there defended the cause of the humble; Sylla there set up the lists of those whom he proscribed; Cicero there spoke, and there, against the rostra, his bleeding head was hung. Then, under the emperors, the old renown was dimmed, the centuries buried the monuments and temples with such piles of dust that all that the middle ages could do was to turn the spot into a cattle market! Respect has come back once more, a respect which violates tombs, which is full of feverish curiosity and science, which is dissatisfied with mere hypotheses, which loses itself amidst this historical soil where generations rise one above the other, and hesitates between the fifteen or twenty restorations of the Forum that have been planned on paper, each of them as plausible as the other. But to the mere passer-by, who is not a professional scholar and has not recently re-perused the history of Rome, the details have no significance. All he sees on this searched and scoured spot is a city's cemetery where old exhumed stones are whitening, and whence rises the intense sadness that envelops dead nations.

The Appian Way

Ah! that Appian Way, that ancient queen of the high roads, crossing the Campagna in a long straight line with rows of proud tombs on either hand—to Pierre it seemed like a triumphant prolongation of the Palatine. He there found the same passion for splendor and domination, the same craving to eternize the memory of Roman greatness in marble and daylight. Oblivion was vanquished; the dead refused to rest, and remained forever erect among the living, on either side of that road which was traversed by multitudes from the entire world. The deified images of those who were now but dust still gazed on the passers-by with empty eyes; inscriptions still spoke, proclaiming names and titles. In former times the rows of sepulchres must have extended without interruption along all the straight, level miles between the tomb of Cæcilia Metella and that of Casale Rotondo, forming an elongated cemetery where the powerful and wealthy competed as to

who should leave the most colossal and lavishly decorated mausoleum; such, indeed, was the craving for survival, the passion for pompous immortality, the desire to deify death by lodging it in temples; whereof the present-day monumental splendor of the Genoese Campo Santo and the Roman Campo Verano is, so to say, a remote inheritance.

And what a vision it was to picture all the tremendous tombs on the right and left of the glorious pavement which the legions trod on their return from the conquest of the world! That tomb of Cæcilia Metella, with its bond-stones so huge, its walls so thick that the middle ages transformed it into the battlemented keep of a fortress! And then all the tombs which follow, the modern structures erected in order that the marble fragments discovered might be set in place, the old blocks of brick and concrete, despoiled of their sculptured-work and rising up like seared rocks, yet still suggesting their original shapes as shrines, cippi, and sarcophagi. There is a wondrous succession of high reliefs figuring the dead in groups of three and five; statues in which the dead live deified, erect; seats contrived in niches in order that wayfarers may rest and bless the hospitality of the dead; laudatory epithets celebrating the dead, both the known and the unknown, the children of Sextius Pompeius Justus, the departed Marcus Servilius Quartus, Hilarius Fuscus, Rabirius Hermodorus; without counting the sepulchres venturously ascribed to Seneca and the Horatii and Curiatii. And finally there is the most extraordinary and gigantic of all the tombs, that known as Casale Rotondo, which is so large that it has been possible to establish a farmhouse and an olive garden on its substructures, which formerly upheld a double rotunda, adorned with Corinthian pilasters, large candelabra, and scenic masks.

Pierre, having driven in a cab as far as the tomb of Cæcilia Metella, continued his excursion on foot, going slowly towards Casale Rotondo. In many places the old pavement appears—large blocks of basaltic lava, worn into deep ruts that jolt the best-hung vehicles. Among the ruined tombs on either hand run bands of grass, the neglected grass of cemeteries, scorched by the summer suns and sprinkled with big violet thistles and tall sulphurwort. Parapets of dry stones, breast high, enclose the russet roadsides, which resound with the crepitation of grasshoppers; and, beyond, the Campagna stretches, vast and bare, as far as the eye can see. A parasol pine, a eucalyptus, some olive or fig trees, white with dust, alone rise up near the road at infrequent intervals.

On the left the ruddy arches of the Acqua Claudia show vigorously in the meadows, and stretches of poorly cultivated land, vineyards, and little farms, extend to the blue and lilac Sabine and Alban hills, where Frascati, Rocca di Papa, and Albino set bright spots, which grow and whiten as one gets nearer to them. Then, on the right, towards the sea, the houseless, treeless plain grows and spreads with vast, broad ripples, extraordinary ocean-like simplicity and grandeur, a long, straight line alone parting it from the sky. At the height of summer all burns and flares on this limitless prairie, then of a ruddy gold; but in September a green tinge begins to suffuse the ocean of herbage, which dies away in

the pink and mauve and vivid blue of the fine sunsets.

As Pierre, quite alone and in a dreary mood, slowly paced the endless, flat highway, that resurrection of the past which he had beheld on the Palatine again confronted his mind's eye. On either hand the tombs once more rose up intact, with marble of dazzling whiteness. Had not the head of a colossal statue been found, mingled with fragments of huge sphinxes, at the foot of yonder vase-shaped mass of bricks? He seemed to see the entire colossal statue standing again between the huge, crouching beasts. Farther on a beautiful headless statue of a woman has been discovered in the cella of a sepulchre, and he beheld it, again whole, with features expressive of grace and strength smiling upon life. The inscriptions also became perfect; he could read and understand them at a glance, as if living among those dead ones of two thousand years ago.

And the road, too, became peopled: the chariots thundered, the armies tramped along, the people of Rome jostled him with the feverish agitation of great communities. It was a return of the times of the Flavians or the Antonines, the palmy years of the empire, when the pomp of the Appian Way, with its grand sepulchres, carved and adorned like temples, attained its apogee. What a monumental Street of Death, what an approach to Rome, that highway, straight as an arrow, where, with the extraordinary pomp of their pride, which had survived their dust, the great dead greeted the traveler, ushered him into the presence of the living! He may well have wondered among what sovereign people, what masters of the world, he was about to find himself—a nation which had committed to its dead the duty of telling strangers that it allowed nothing whatever to perish—that its dead, like its city, remained eternal and glorious in monuments of extraordinary vastness! To think of it—the foundations of a fortress, and a tower sixty feet in diameter, that one woman might be laid to rest! And then, far away, at the end of the superb, dazzling highway, bordered with the marble of its funeral palaces, Pierre, turning round, distinctly beheld the Palatine, with the marble of its imperial palaces—the huge assemblage of palaces whose omnipotence has dominated the world!

The Interior of St. Peter's

On the afternoon of that same day Pierre decided to visit St. Peter's. He had as yet only driven across the superb piazza with its obelisk and twin fountains, encircled by Bernini's colonnades, those four rows of columns and pilasters which form a girde of monumental majesty. At the far end rises the basilica, its façade making it look smaller and heavier than it really is, but its sovereign dome nevertheless filling in the heavens.

Pebbled, deserted inclines stretched out, and steps followed steps, worn and white, under the burning sun; but at last Pierre reached the door and went in. It was three o'clock. Broad sheets of light streamed in through the high square windows, and some ceremony—the vespers service, no doubt—was beginning in the Campella Clementina on the left. Pierre, however, heard nothing; he was simply struck by the immensity of the edifice, as with raised eyes he slowly walked along. At the entrance came the giant basins for holy water with their boy-angels

as chubby as Cupids; then the nave, vaulted and decorated with sunken coffers; then the four cyclopean buttress-piers upholding the dome, and then again the transepts and apses, each as large as one of our churches. And the proud pomp, the dazzling, crushing splendor of everything, also astonished him; he marveled at the cupola, looking like a planet, resplendent with the gold and bright colors of its mosaic-work, at the sumptuous baldacchino of bronze, crowning the high altar raised above the very tomb of St. Peter, and whence descend the noble steps of the Confession, illumined by seven and eight lamps, which are always kept burning. And finally he was lost in astonishment at the extraordinary profusion of marble, both white and colored. Oh! those polychromatic marbles, Bernini's luxurious passion! The splendid pavement reflecting the entire edifice, the facings of the pilasters with their medallions of popes, the tiara and keys borne aloft by chubby angels, the walls covered with emblems, particularly the dove of Innocent X., the niches with their colossal statues uncouth in taste, the loggie and their balconies, the balustrade and double steps of the Confession, the rich altars and yet richer tombs—all, nave, aisles, transepts, and apsis, were in marble, resplendent with the wealth of marble; not a nook small as one's hand appearing but it showed the insolent opulence of marble. And the basilica triumphed, beyond discussion, recognized and admired by every one as the largest and most splendid church in the whole world.

Pierre still wandered on, gazing, overcome, as yet not distinguishing details. He paused for a moment before the bronze statue of St. Peter, seated in a stiff, hierarchical attitude on a marble pedestal. A few of the faithful were there kissing the large toe of the saint's right foot. Some of them carefully wiped it before applying their lips; others, with no thought of cleanliness, kissed it, pressed their foreheads to it, and then kissed it again. Next, Pierre turned into the transept on the left, where stand the confessionals. Priests are ever stationed there, ready to confess penitents in every language. Others wait, holding long staves, with which they lightly tap the heads of kneeling sinners, who thereby obtain thirty days' indulgence. However, there were few people present, and inside the small wooden boxes the priests occupied their leisure time in reading and writing, as if they were at home. Then Pierre again found himself before the Confession, and gazed with interest at the eighty lamps, scintillating like stars. The high altar, at which the Pope alone can officiate, seemed wrapped in the haughty melancholy of solitude under its gigantic, flowery baldacchino, the casting and gilding of which cost two and twenty thousand pounds. But suddenly Pierre remembered the ceremony in the Campella Clementina, and felt astonished, for he could hear nothing of it. As he drew near, a faint breath, like the far-away piping of a flute, was wafted to him. Then the volume of sound slowly increased, but it was only on reaching the chapel that he recognized an organ peal. The sunlight here filtered through red curtains drawn before the windows, and thus the chapel glowed like a furnace whilst resounding with the grave music. But in that huge pile all became so weak, that at sixty paces neither voice nor organ could be distinguished.

CHOICE VERSE: FROM BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

Midnight.....Charles Lotin Hildreth.....Poems

Far heard, and faintly, over wood and hill,
 Twelve slow vibrations from the village chime
 Ruffle the gracious calm. Oh, rare the skill
 That gave so sweet a voice to iron time!

The airs are gentle as the breath of sleep;
 They are no more than winged souls of flowers,
 Lured forth by night from hedgy coverts deep,
 Where drowsily they shunned the glaring hours.

The moon is up. Now this were time to see
 All delicate shy things that haunt the wood:
 The mild-eyed fauns, the nymphs of stream and tree,
 King Oberon and all his fairy brood.

Now from the folded curtain of each flower
 Small visages should peer upon the moon,
 To note if it be yet the charmed hour
 To chase the ring and chaunt the magic rune.

What low, delicious sound was that far borne
 From the obscure recesses of the glen?
 Was it the fanfare of an elfin horn,
 Or restless bird that trilled and slept again?

Is that the brook's bland gurgle in the sedge,
 Or flag-wreathed naiads by the osiered stream,
 Dabbling their white limbs from the oozy edge,
 Or diving where the minnows dart and gleam?

There is a rustle in the thicket screen!
 Is it a frightened hare that starts and flies,
 Or stealthy-footed faun that peers between
 The interwoven vines with shy surmise?

'Twere hardly a surprise if from the shades
 Pan came, and marshaling his merry crew,
 Piped to their dancing in the moonlit glades,
 Timing with horny hoof and wild halloo.

Oh for the fervor of a Doric prayer,
 A Runic spell, or secret Druid rite,
 To call the forest-haunters from their lair
 And charm the elfin companies to sight!

For Pan sits in some beechen coppice near,
 Throned on the turf amongst his bearded brood;
 Piping in undertones we may not hear,
 Or, hearing, deem them voices of the wood.

The fauns lurk in their ivied dens unseen,
 The naiads cower near the reeded rill;
 The viewless fairies dance upon the green,
 The oreads slumber on the russet hill.

England.....Francis S. Saltus.....Vistas and Landscapes

A thousand thrifty towns on hill and plain,
 Dot with dark walls green leagues of meadow fair,
 While blended seas majestic ever strain
 To guard their noble isle with deathless care.

Deep in the verdurous valley-lands of Kent,
 Fragrant with grain and odorous with flowers,
 Blithe, buxom maidens when the day is spent,
 Dance on the velvet sward all gemmed with bowers;

While herds of cattle browse in tangled woods,
 Which Ariel or Titania might have known,
 And gypsies tread manorial solitudes,
 Where once shrill Saxon clarions were blown!

In castles old, that time and mold defy,
 The spirits of the Past with weird regrets
 May dream, as fire-fed engines rattle by,
 Of vanished Tudors and Plantagenets.

While where the slow Thames indolently flows,
 Lending to sooty piles its sluggish grace,
 Lies mammoth London with its joys and woes
 The panting heart of a colossal race!

On every side through all this busy land,
 In thymy glade, or in the city's moil,
 Is ever heard exultingly the grand,
 Incessant harmony of incessant toil.

And from its wealthy, boisterous ports each day,
 With glorious pennants to the winds unfurled,
 Gigantic ships sail haughtily away,
 Harbors of peace or war unto the world!

The Prodigal.....Ernest McGaffey.....Poems

I have marked the gleam of the ploughshare
 And known of the sweat of toil,
 Where the breath from the horses' nostrils puffed,
 And the inky curve of soil
 Rolled away in undulations
 As a black snake leaves its coil.

When the axe in the timber sounded,
 And the wedge and the frizzled maul
 Had found the heart of many an oak
 And many a hickory tall;
 Where branching woodland giants crashed
 Down thundering to their fall.

I have watched the paling starlight
 As a sign of the task begun,
 And my feet were wet by the midnight dews
 And my brow by the midday sun,
 Till the harvest moon in the southern skies
 Made shift for a day's work done.

I have sat in the herder's saddle
 In the sleet and the blinding rain,
 And heard the roll of hurrying hoofs
 Beat time on a hollow plain;
 And whoso works with a strenuous hand
 Has labored not in vain.

And at last in a towered city
 Scarce more than a boy I stood,
 Where the smoke hung over the steeples
 Like the folds of a witch's hood;
 And life was a sea before me
 Where those survived who could.

But I breasted the coming billows
 And swept their crests aside,
 And never a sea or dark or deep
 Could crown me in its tide;
 And I held my peace and made no moan
 Where some, I think, had died.

And each for himself I found it,
 However you stay or seek,
 And bitter the strife as in olden days
 When Greek met face to Greek;
 And whatever it meant for the strongest,
 God pity the young and the weak.

Yet ever a will sustained me
 When even love did fail,
 And made my soul as strong as though
 I had looked on the Holy Grail,
 And the deadliest arrow Fate could launch
 Fell blunted from its mail.

And always an eagle-spirit
 That walls could not confine,

And the bane of the three temptations
 Of woman, song, and wine,
 And the husks of a keen repentance,
 The bed with the sodden swine.
 And if ever a God seemed distant
 In my direst hour of need,
 Or the woman's hand I leaned upon
 Had pierced like the broken reed,
 Or I passed with lip still thirsting
 From the cup of an empty creed,
 Then I turned to the one true solace
 On life's wild battlefield,
 A pride as the pride of Lucifer's
 Which dared but did not yield —
 And whoso has it at its best
 Lacks neither sword nor shield.
 And each to his own accounting,—
 I stand prepared for mine,
 When death shall call for volunteers
 To step from the foremost line;
 And none will go more hopefully
 Nor with lighter heart than mine.
 And he who shrinks 'neath the lash of Fate
 I hold is a base-born clod,
 And my steps bend not to a Father's house
 Nor yet to the house of God,
 For the strength of pride doth still abide
 To spurn the chastening rod.

The Minuet-Dancer.....Alfred Cochrane.....Leviore Plectro

So, my enchantress in the flowered brocade,
 You call an elder fashion to your aid,
 Step forth from Gainsborough's canvas and advance,
 A powdered Galatea, to the dance.
 About you clings a faded, old-world air,
 As though the linkboys shouted round your chair,
 As though the Macaronis thronged the Mall,
 And the French horns were sounding at Vauxhall.
 They tread the stately measure to its close,
 The silver buckles and the silken hose,
 Ladies and exquisites that bend and sway,
 Brilliant as poppies on an autumn day.
 You dance the minuet and we admire,
 We dullards in our black and white attire,
 Whose russet idyll seems a mere burlesque,
 Set in a frame so far less picturesque.
 Yet I take heart; for Love, the coatless rogue,
 Can scarcely heed what raiment be in vogue,
 Since in good sooth his negligence is known
 As something scandalous anent his own —
 And so he whispers, "Eyes were bright and brown
 Long ere the Powder Tax dismayed the town,
 And faithful shepherds still shall babble on
 Although the rapiers and the frills be gone."

The Fisherman's Tax.....Grace Shoup.....The Independent

[TIME ABOUT SIXTH OR SEVENTH CENTURY, A. D.]

THE LANDSMAN SPEAKS.

Oh, fortunate are the fishermen,
 And a happy folk are ye,
 For the tax that grinds all the poor alike,
 Never touches the men of the sea.

THE FISHERMAN ANSWERS.

Ah! well you know in your landsman's heart,
 You'd pay the dues for four,
 Or ever you'd rise at the dead of night,
 When the ghosts tap on the door.
 Yours is a tax of the copper coin,
 But ours is a tax of dread —
 To rise at night in the faint moonlight,
 To ferry the voiceless dead.

But a week ago, it fell my turn,
 And the fishermen said to me,
 "Brother, look well to-night when you take
 The dead men over the sea."

My mother she cried the livelong eve,
 Till a sound came out in the dark,
 And a muffled tap on the half-closed door
 Made even the children hark.

And I rose and followed through the night
 A spot of dark and shine,
 That might be either a form of dread
 Or a gleam of light on the brine.

We came to my boat on the water side;
 I knew the place to stand,
 For with dark forms that I could not see
 'Twas crowded on every hand.

The boat sunk low in the water lay —
 How strange it seemed to me,
 To think the dead no man could see
 Should yet so heavy be.

And strange it was in the thick, sad night,
 With the dark waves rolling on,
 And the face of the moon, so pale and white,
 As it shone once and was gone.

And the seals raised up their round wet heads,
 And the mermaids chanted low;
 But I durst not look to the left or the right,
 I durst but bend and row.

Six hours it takes to cross the tide
 'Twixt here and Britain's Isle;
 I rowed all night and the task seemed light,
 But the ghosts they helped the while.

For ever they held a spot of light
 Up over the darkness' head,
 And ever after that spot of light,
 Our boat so swiftly sped.

The dawn of day was on its way
 When we reached the dead men's shore,
 At the dead men's call, they started all,
 And my boat floated free once more.

But my wife and babes and mother old,
 Wept and watched through the night;
 And 'twas only their prayers that brought me back
 Again by the morning light.

Said I not right, ye landsmen friends,
 Much taxes ye would pay,
 Ere ye would ferry the dead across
 To their isle ere break of day?

The Comfort of the Stars....Richard Burton....Dumb in June

When I am overmatched by petty cares
 And things of earth loom large, and look to be
 Of moment, how it soothes and comforts me
 To step into the night and feel the airs
 Of heaven fan my cheek; and, best of all,
 Gaze up into those all-uncharted seas
 Where swim the stately planets: such as these
 Make mortal fret seem slight and temporal.

I muse on what of Life may stir among
 Those spaces knowing naught of metes or bars;
 Undreamed-of dramas played in outmost stars,
 And lyrics by archangels grandly sung.

I grow familiar with the solar runes
 And comprehend of worlds the mystic birth:
 Ringed Saturn, Mars, whose fashion apes the earth,
 And Jupiter, the giant, with his moons.

Then, dizzy with the unspeakable sights above,
 Rebuked by Vast on Vast, my puny heart
 Is greatened for its transitory part,
 My trouble merged in wonder and in love.

THE BIBLE: INTERPRETED BY MODERN SCIENCE *

BY ANDREW DICKSON WHITE, LL. D., PH. D.

For all this dissolving away of traditional opinions regarding our sacred literature, there has been a cause far more general and powerful than any which has been given, for it is a cause surrounding and permeating all. This is simply the atmosphere of thought engendered by the development of all sciences during the last three centuries.

Vast masses of myth, legend, marvel, and dogmatic assertion, coming into this atmosphere, have been dissolved and are now dissolving quietly away like icebergs drifted into the Gulf Stream. In earlier days, when some critic in advance of his time insisted that Moses could not have written an account embracing the circumstances of his own death, it was sufficient to answer that Moses was a prophet; if attention was called to the fact that the great early prophets, by all which they did and did not do, showed that there could not have existed in their time any "Levitical code," a sufficient answer was "mystery"; and if the discrepancy was noted between the two accounts of creation in Genesis, or between the genealogies or the dates of the crucifixion in the Gospels, the cogent reply was "infidelity." But the thinking world has at last been borne by the general development of a scientific atmosphere beyond that kind of refutation.

If, in the atmosphere generated by the earlier developed sciences, the older growths of biblical interpretation have drooped and withered and are evidently perishing, new and better growths have arisen with roots running down into the newer sciences. Comparative Anthropology in general, by showing that various early stages of belief and observance, once supposed to be derived from direct revelation from heaven to the Hebrews, are still found as arrested developments among various savage and barbarous tribes; Comparative Mythology and Folklore, by showing that ideas and beliefs regarding the Supreme Power in the universe are progressive, and not less in Judea than in other parts of the world; Comparative Religion and Literature, by searching out and laying side by side those main facts in the upward struggle of humanity which show that the Israelites, like other gifted peoples, rose gradually, through ghost worship, fetichism, and polytheism, to higher theological levels; and that, as they thus rose, their conceptions and statements regarding the God they worshiped became nobler and better—all these sciences are giving a new solution to those problems which dogmatic theology has so long labored in vain to solve. While researches in these sciences have established the fact that accounts formerly supposed to be special revelations to Jews and Christians are but repetitions of widespread legends dating from far earlier civilizations, and that beliefs formerly thought fundamental to Judaism and Christianity are simply based on ancient myths, they have also begun to impress upon the intellect and conscience of the thinking world the fact that the religious and moral

truths disengaged from old masses of myth and legend are all the more venerable and authoritative.

If, then, modern science in general has acted powerfully to dissolve away the theories and dogmas of the older theologic interpretation, it has also been active in a reconstruction and recrystallization of truth; and very powerful in this reconstruction have been the evolution doctrines which have grown out of the thought and work of men like Darwin and Spencer.

In the light thus obtained the sacred text has been transformed: out of the old chaos has come order; out of the old welter of helplessly conflicting statements in religion and morals has come, in obedience to this new conception of development, the idea of a sacred literature which mirrors the most striking evolution of morals and religion in the history of our race.

As to the Divine Power in the universe: these interpreters have shown how, beginning with the tribal god of the Hebrews—one among many jealous, fitful, unseen, local sovereigns of Asia Minor—the higher races have been borne on to the idea of the just Ruler of the whole earth, as revealed by the later and greater prophets of Israel, and finally to the belief in the Universal Father, as best revealed in the New Testament. As to man: beginning with men after Jehovah's own heart—cruel, treacherous, revengeful—we are borne on to an ideal of men who do right for right's sake; who search and speak the truth for truth's sake; who love others as themselves. As to the world at large: the races dominant in religion and morals have been lifted from the idea of a "chosen people" stimulated and abetted by their tribal god in every sort of cruelty and injustice, to the conception of a vast community in which the fatherhood of God overarches and the brotherhood of man permeates all.

Thus, at last, out of the old conception of our Bible as a collection of oracles—a mass of entangling utterances, fruitful in wrangling interpretations, which have given to the world long and weary ages of "hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness"; of fetichism, subtlety, and pomp; of tyranny, bloodshed, and solemnly constituted imposture; of everything which the Lord Jesus Christ most abhorred—has been gradually developed through the centuries, by the labors, sacrifices, and even the martyrdom of a long succession of men of God, the conception of it as a sacred literature—a growth only possible under that divine light which the various orbs of science have done so much to bring into the mind and heart and soul of man—a revelation, not of the Fall of Man, but of the Ascent of Man—an exposition, not of temporary dogmas and observances, but of the Eternal Law of Righteousness—the one upward path for individuals and for nations. No longer an oracle, good for the "lower orders" to accept, but to be quietly sneered at by "the enlightened"—no longer a fetich, whose defenders must become persecutors, or reconcilers, or "apologists"; but a most faithful fact, which religion and science may accept as strength to both.

*A selected reading from *A History of the Warfare of Science with Theology in Christendom*. By Andrew Dickson White, LL. D., Ph. D. (Published by D. Appleton & Co.)

GENERAL GOSSIP OF AUTHORS AND WRITERS

Fanny Mack Lothrop:—

The name of Fanny Mack Lothrop has become a familiar one to our readers. Her compilations in poetry and prose and her brilliant, original biographic sketches have added greatly to the brightness of our pages during the past two or three years. Mrs. Lothrop was born in Wisconsin of a family stock that shows "fineness" as a marked characteristic of all its members. Her father, I. F. Mack, a New England gentleman, of that class we fondly term "the old school," was a lawyer, educator and thinker of rare power and singular clearness of mind. He founded the public schools of Rochester and was closely identified with all local movements during his residence there, removing thence to Wisconsin, where he became prominent and wealthy by reason of his legal talent. Mrs. Lothrop's mother, a gentlewoman of sweetness, culture and rare nobility and strength of character, is a cousin of John Pierpont, the American poet. Mrs. Lothrop spent a most happy childhood in a beautiful home on the banks of Sugar River, Wisconsin, a stream which surprised the world a few years ago by the revelation of its store of pearls. She was for two years a student of Oberlin College, standing highest in her class, and a graduate of the Cook County Normal College, of Chicago. Her musical genius early attracted attention and her native power was developed by an extended training by the best teachers, seven years of the time being under the instruction of I. V. Flagler of Chicago. He was most enthusiastic in her praise and said: "There is no limit to what you can accomplish." Under Signor Severini and Madame Pauline Canissa, Mrs. Lothrop studied vocal music, and her mezzo-soprano voice of singular sweetness and sympathy delighted her family and friends.

Much of the best work of Mrs. Lothrop has appeared anonymously and few even of her most intimate friends know the extent of her writing. It is only during the last two years that she has been persuaded to sign her name to her work. Her musical and dramatic criticisms written in a clever, sparkling style, are worthy of a better fate than the uncrowned appreciation which is the fate of anonymity. Mrs. Lothrop has wonderful knowledge of the poetry of the world, exquisite taste in selection, and unending originality in combinations and choice of subjects—three qualities rarely coexisting in compilers. One of New York's best critics said of her collection of sixteen Sonnets on the Sonnet which appeared in *Current Literature*: "I thought I was well informed on the subject of sonnets, but this grouping surprised me. I had no idea such a collection was possible and all so good." The page of *Historic Portraits* compiled from the works of Francis S. Saltus was reprinted in many American and foreign periodicals.

She is brilliant in conversation, and well informed on all topics of the day. She is a great reader and student; her favorite authors are George Eliot in English, and Daudet and Hugo in French. Music, books and the best plays, she says, seem to cover all that she needs in the way of mental rest and recrea-

tion. She is not a "new woman" in any sense of the word and does not care for out-door sports of any kind. In her fine collection of portraits of celebrities, the work of years, she takes great pleasure. It now numbers over twenty thousand pictures, arranged and classified alphabetically. Her treasures of autograph letters from prominent authors of the world is constantly increased from day to day. In her library, filled with the best works of the best thinkers, she does all her literary labors. Mrs. Lothrop is dowered with beauty that shows that Nature does not scorn to give beauty and intellect together; she is a tall brunette, with rich black hair and dark eyes that sparkle with expression as she speaks. Her wonderful grace in movement is so striking a characteristic, that at a balloting in a fashionable summer resort two years ago, she was unanimously pronounced to be "the most graceful woman in the hotel." This verdict was given by both sexes, equal suffrage being the order of the day. She is loyal to her friends, gentle, kind and sympathetic to a fault. Mrs. Lothrop is now living in New York, and is engaged on a collection of the best love songs of the English language.

Kenneth Grahame:—

The Scots Observer, under Mr. Henley, contained more good reading, says the Book Buyer, than most of its contemporaries; much work unmatched in various kinds of excellence among all the writing of the hour. And in that paper, thanks to its editor's swift discerning of the best—coming from whatever quarter—appeared one of Mr. Kenneth Grahame's sketches. That was in the time—back in '90—when Mr. Grahame was battering, postally, at divers editorial doors, and when five out of six of his missiles came back. As he says: "One of my little meteorites, whirling around in editorial space, collided by sheer accident with the Scots Observer, and Mr. Henley at once took all I had and asked for more. He is the first editor who gave me a full and a frank and a free show, and I should be a pig if I ever forgot it."

Toward the end of 1893 a selection of these sketches was published in England in a little volume called *Pagan Papers* (which a few fortunate persons still cherish and reread), and afterward some of them, with later stories, were reprinted in the book of which an American edition was published—*The Golden Age*. The praise bestowed upon this happily named book was equally enthusiastic in England and America, for its readers heard a new note struck, clear and round and ringing as in the hollow of a silver bell. It seemed that the golden age of childhood never had so fortunate a chronicler, even though one remembered the Tulliver children and the children of whom Mrs. Ewing wrote. To try to recall a few of the most charming of those tales is almost to repeat the table of contents. Certainly, *A White-washed Uncle*, *Alarums and Excursions*, *The Burglars*, *The Roman Road*—these and others, will move to mingled tears and laughter so long as "Olympian" readers remember their own age of gold.

This happy minstrel of childhood—whose songs are fit for singing, though never rhymed—is a London barrister—and a bachelor—who says he can recall few facts about himself which are worth setting down. But he goes on to tell of his own boyhood in such agreeable fashion as to contradict his modest denial of its interest. "I am Scottish, of course [he says]; full-blooded, too, but my country and I parted early, with feelings of mutual respect. Though I was born at Edinburgh, my people were a Glasgow family of old standing—highly respectable burghers, as Glasgow folk are wont to be. In spite of their respectability, they nevertheless once produced a poet—my great-grand-uncle, James Grahame, author of *The Sabbath*, etc. The title of his principal production saved him from Glasgow justice (though Byron was a little nasty on the subject, once, in *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*), and the family never repeated the experiment. I have never read his works, but they had a distinct vogue, at one time."

Since his school days, Mr. Grahame confesses he has been pretty steadily occupied in earning a living—a process for which he says he has always had a hearty dislike. His success in his literary avocation is all that need be touched upon here, however comforting the good results of his legal work may be. He began writing about eight years ago, and followed the ancient and honorable method of sending his productions first to the editor who seemed likeliest to take them, and knocking at another door if the first remained closed—as it did. Mr. Henley's appreciation of his work, as he says, gave him a start; now he has a chance to receive visitors who come cap in hand to ask if he hasn't something for them to print. The heavenly wisdom of not writing too much has bedewed him; the excellent charm of what he does offer to the public is, we must believe, the result of holding a fine reserve, and seeing to it that there is always plenty of sweet, cool water in his well.

Edward S. Ellis:—

Edward S. Ellis, author of *The Eye of the Sun*, a prize story in the Chicago News contest, says a writer in that paper, is well up in the front rank of famous American authors, and his name is very dear to the heart of the average boy. He was born in Geneva, Ashtabula County, O., April 11, 1840, but has lived most of his life in New Jersey. Graduated at an early age from the State Normal School, he was a member of the faculty, afterward principal of the Trenton High School, and after that superintendent of the schools of the city. Mr. Ellis began writing early. Porter & Coates of Philadelphia have published more than a score of his juvenile stories, including the *Boy Pioneer*, *Log Cabin*, *Deerfoot*, *Wyoming*, and *Forest and Prairie* series. Each of these series includes three volumes, and two new books are issued annually. All of these are republished in London. Cassell's magazine, *Little Folks*, of London, pays Mr. Ellis double the rates of any other contributor for his serials. The Merriam Company of New York has lately added two of Mr. Ellis's juveniles to the others that have already appeared. They are *The Young Conductor* and *Jack Midwood*.

In 1886 Van Antwerp, Bragg & Co. of Cincin-

nati, the largest educational publishers at that time in the country, issued Mr. Ellis's *Eclectic Primary History of the United States*, and sold more copies of it than of any other single book ever printed by that firm. It is now published by the American Book Company. The Werner Company of Chicago publish a larger school history of the United States, and A. Flanagan will soon issue several smaller textbooks for schools. The Standard School Book Company of St. Louis publish a large and a small arithmetic, both of which were written by Mr. Ellis, besides which he has a school book on physiology that was published some years ago. About ten years ago the Cassell Company of London and New York published a large subscription history of the United States, by Mr. Ellis. Princeton College conferred the degree of A. M. upon Mr. Ellis for his meritorious work in this line.

Among his latest works is *Common Errors in Writing and Speaking* (The Woolfall Company, New York), which has received many favorable notices. What Mr. Ellis, however, regards as his greatest work is *The Young People's Standard History of the United States*, now in course of publication by the Woolfall Company. It is a subscription work in thirty-six parts, each containing a colored photogravure, with six colored plates in the work, drawn by H. A. Ogden, the famous artist. More than twenty artists are now engaged in illustrating this work, which, in many respects, will outrank anything of the kind that has ever appeared. The foregoing is but a partial list of Mr. Ellis's works. He is now arranging for several important publications and contributes regularly to the press syndicates and to several daily papers. He has been editor and critic, has had several songs published, and made a number of inventions, the last of which is an ingenious brake for bicycles. He writes stories for amusement mainly and never seems pressed for time. He is absolute ruler of all the boys that know him, and to a marked degree preserves his youthful ways. In *The Eye of the Sun* Mr. Ellis steps from his long and well-marked literary path to entertain the papas and mammas and daughters of the nation, in addition to the boys. In Englewood, N. J., his present home, every child of every age is acquainted with the dignified and smiling author.

James Lane Allen:—

James Lane Allen, the Kentucky writer, says the *Courier-Journal*, is in Louisville gathering material for a new book on romantic characters and incidents in the history of Kentucky. His book will be one of a series in course of preparation by a number of famous American authors for a New York publishing house, and for it a contract has already been made. In talking of his work recently to a reporter, the conversation naturally turned to Mr. Allen's latest magazine story, *Butterflies*. "In many ways," said Mr. Allen, "I consider *Butterflies* the best effort I have put forth. Although but two numbers have appeared it has been commented on widely. On the whole, the comments are favorable, but I have never written anything about which there seems to be such a diversity of opinion. Not a day passes that does not bring me letters, some signed, some anonymous, from California and New York.

The other day I received an unsigned letter, evidently written by a lady. She said she had followed my work from the first, and had read *Butterflies*. She was glad to see that I was going to work in real earnest. Nothing could be added to the compliment, she said, by signing her name. Another writer from Louisville said that all my previous stories had been as clear as Kentucky spring water, but *Butterflies* was like the water from a Cincinnati faucet when the river was at flood. But I can't complain. The critics have always and uniformly been kind to me ever since I began to write, some eight years ago."

"What is your favorite story, Mr. Allen; the one in which you think you did your best work?"

"I think every story I have published has some features that make it better than the others I have written, but on the whole I like the Kentucky Cardinal the best. I believe it is truer to nature, closer to humanity and a better reflection of the life it portrays than any other work I can call my own. The *White Cowl* is the first story I wrote for publication, and caused me the most trouble in putting together satisfactorily. I must have written it four or five times. The first draft of the story was sent to the publisher and promptly returned. I had pitched my tent on the literary field, and had resolved not to give up until I had had a fair trial. I rewrote the story and sent it back to the same publisher. It was again returned, but this time the editor encouraged me by saying the story had been very much improved and expressed surprise that so much could be made out of it. The third attempt was successful, and resulted in the publication of the story. It was the first of the stories written that were published in *Flute and Violin*, though I wrote several which I did not add to the collection."

When Mr. Allen was asked how he wrote a story, he said: "The idea of a story is the seed. Where you get this idea you seldom know. It comes to you at times quick as a flash and takes root. The characters may come like that," and he snapped his fingers rapidly. "The two principal characters come the hardest. The others easily group themselves around these. You then have the story pruned down, so to speak, the characters pigeon-holed and labeled, ready to be called upon at any moment. In this condition, the story may lie dormant for six months or a year. A new story may suggest itself, and while it is fresh you may write it. All this time the dialogue and the development of the first story may be running through your head and is ready for the details and the minutiae."

"I have been accused in *Butterflies* of using models as my characters. I have never done this in any of my stories. The boy is a complete character, made up of the legions of boys I have met and observed. The girl was evolved in the same way. The greatest difficulty in handling the matter when you get it is in making the transitions. These must be hidden, the hinges must be there, but must be concealed and must not squeak. I have spent days in trying for such a change. The page on which the transition is made has often been left while I continued with the story, and then returned to the sticking point." Mr. Allen said he never dictated fiction. He had tried it, but the result was unsatisfactory. "There is a close relation between an author and his

manuscript," he continued, "and in passing through the mind of a third party the thought and relations seem to be separated from one. When an author reaches the end of his story he is often confronted by two ideas. He wavers and weighs, and there is nothing like a pencil and paper to aid in making the proper selection."

History of Mrs. Thorpe's Famous Poem:—

Mrs. Rose Hartwick Thorpe, who wrote the exceedingly popular poem, *Curfew Must Not Ring To-Night*, lives in a pretty frame cottage at Pacific Beach, near San Diego, Cal., says the *Reading Evening World*. When asked recently to tell how she came to write the poem that has made her famous she replied:

"I cannot remember when I did not write poetry. I have done so ever since I was a child. My mother did not approve of my writing; in fact, she discouraged it. One day after school I went to my room. I had been studying the historic period of which I was about to write in my poem, and the incident impressed itself so strongly on my mind that I felt impelled to write about it. I was about half way through when my mother came in, saying a young friend had come to spend the afternoon and take tea with me. In great distress, I called out, 'Oh, mother, can't she wait a little while?' My mother, thinking I was solving a hard example in arithmetic, said she would amuse my friend till I could leave. At last I finished it and put it away. Two or three years later I wanted a poem for publication in a Detroit paper for which I had been in the habit of contributing short poems gratuitously. I was unable at the time to write, as usual, an original poem for the next issue, and, on looking over my papers, found this one, which I decided to send, though doubting its acceptance, as it was so long. A day or two afterwards I received a note from the editor complimenting my last contribution highly and prophesying for it great and immediate success."

Angus Evan Abbott:—

Two or three months ago a wonderful little book appeared in London called *The Gods Give My Donkey Wings*. Although the titles of no previous works appeared beneath the author's name—Angus Evan Abbott—it bore not one of the earmarks of the amateur. The workmanship was perfect, the manner unique and reserved and the story itself a feat of pure imagination—as differentiated from the cunning invention of the average popular author. The book puzzled the critics; they could not make up their minds whether it was excessively original or excessively bizarre; many passed it over hurriedly that they might not commit themselves; a few abused it uneasily; two or three gave it enthusiastic praise. The public, always slow to bite at the first-rate in literature, has not yet had its chance, but the elect, who are ever on the lookout for what is fine and new, discovered Mr. Abbott promptly and have discussed his book with an enthusiasm which must eventually carry to the people. Indeed, it bids fair to become a London fad, and Mr. Abbott's publisher is pressing him for a new volume. It is rarely that an author appears in these days with a complete indifference to everything but loyalty to his art, and the more books we have like *The Gods Give My*

Donkey Wings the better it will be for us. Angus Evan Abbott is a hopeless person to interview. "I have done no heroic deed. I have barely earned my keep. I have said nothing, seen nothing, done nothing, and my greatest endeavor has ever been to keep myself from doing anything. I have compromised with life as a sailing ship does with a gale and have been content to tack and dodge my days away without expending an ounce of exertion more than has been needed to keep myself afloat in a semi-waterlogged state; seeking for no adventure and meeting with none, undertaking responsibilities carelessly and wearing them as carelessly, dormant-minded except when moved by an insane desire to force the body to walk itself to weariness, making a few enemies and fewer friends, shiftless, and entirely happy when seated in a knot of good fellows who are laughing, drinking, smoking, story-telling, there and then to ruminate on the joys of solitude." Of Scotch parentage, he spent a delicate childhood in Canada and the United States, coming to London some twelve years ago in charge of an important newspaper enterprise. He is under thirty, of slight, elegant build, a finely cut, scholarly face, and scrupulous attire, devoted to London but with a vast good will to the United States which has proved a very kind god-mother to him.

Virginia Frazer Boyle:—

In the knowledge of all of us, writes Regina Armstrong Hilliard, there are persons who seem to reveal to us some dominant quality of many, a principle belonging to numbers, yet brought out in more understandable beauty and distinctiveness by the one. In describing Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle, the author of the Tennessee Centennial poem, I should say that both as a writer and as a woman, she typifies the spirit of the South. A nature so modest and simple and a life so private that her own townspeople know but little concerning her,—yet a character so firm and tranquil and brave in its loyalty to Southern sentiment as to stand as its most representative exponent.

In her home life she is fortunate and happy, yet by beauty, position and the natural possession of those prizes for which life is generally a struggle, she is wholly unspoiled.

Mrs. Boyle comes of a family conspicuous in the Confederate Army, and her earliest poems are devoted to an interpretation of the Southern Cause. It might be said that she is a product of the war, her birth having occurred during the battle of Chickamauga and in sound of the clashing artillery, her father being a colonel in command of the Confederate forces. She came very near being christened Chickamauga.

Mrs. Boyle is an admirer of Father Ryan and shows his influence in her writings, which have been mainly fervid and pathetic tributes to Southern heroes and a dignified assertion of the South's pervading belief in the righteousness of the cause in which they suffered defeat. Underlying it is an allegiance to the Union, no less strong nor unprejudiced, for Mrs. Boyle has well and truthfully said for herself and the South of to-day, "I thank God, first of all, that I am an American citizen."

Mrs. Boyle is a young woman. In the early eighties some little fugitive verses began appearing

in the local press signed Virginia Frazer. They were dainty and true, tender and strong. In 1885, when the Harper party, touring the South, visited Memphis, where Mrs. Boyle resides, she met Charles Dudley Warner, and several months later one of her dialect poems appeared in his department of Harper's Monthly. Since then, her poems have appeared in many of the standard magazines of the day, and a narrative poem, an epic of the war and its sequential conditions, has been issued in book form.

The Tennessee Centennial poem, for which she received a prize of \$100, was given preference over 147 contestants. She read it at the dedicatory exercises of the Tennessee Centennial Exposition, which occurred in June.

Stanley Waterloo's Recent Successes:—

The warm welcome given Stanley Waterloo's novels in England shows how quick to recognize freshness, vigor and truth in literature, our English cousins really are. Redway's beautiful edition of *A Man and a Woman* led the way, and its success is being confirmed by the reception accorded to *An Odd Situation*, published with an introduction by Sir Walter Besant, by A. & C. Black. Of the last-named book and its author The Observer, of Chicago, says in a recent number: "An Odd Situation bubbles over with humor as buoyant and full as the laugh of a boy, though at times it is grim and earnest enough to startle the readers into a mood which is far from laughter, for there is a murder in it which will be the especial delight of those who love to have their flesh creep. The sparkling outdoor air of the book, however, defies every morbid thought, and carries one through to the end rapidly. One feels as if the very life of youth and nature had been given him when the book is closed. Stanley Waterloo is one of the few writers who give of themselves in their work. His is no mincing pen, nor is it one which lingers over the dissecting table, or revels in mental or moral clinics. A strong, almost fierce, impatience of all trammels and bounds, leaps through his lines. One feels, reading his work, unable to resist the iron hand of reality which wields the spell of fiction until the fancy of the writer becomes fact in the mind of the reader. Here is reality without the cant of realism, romance but no romanticism, strength without brutality, passion deep and strong, sensuousness but not sensuality."

Edward W. Bok:—

A few weeks ago, while Mr. Bok was in England, the Literary World of London contained this interesting paragraph of gossip:

"It is authoritatively understood that the offer of one of the most important literary positions in London [said to be the editorship of the Pall Mall Magazine] has been made Mr. Edward W. Bok, editor of The Ladies' Home Journal, of Philadelphia, who is at present in England. Not alone is the position offered Mr. Bok of the most desirable character, but the honorarium attached to it is reported to be several times larger than the salary received by any editor in England. In addition to this, a ten-year lease of a Grosvenor Square Mansion is included in the offer. The position would require Mr. Bok's permanent residence in London. Nothing definite,

at this writing, is known of the young American editor's intentions, except that he has taken the matter into consideration. An offer of the magnitude which the negotiations with Mr. Bok are reported to assume [said to be \$25,000] is particularly significant from the fact of the recipient's youth. Mr. Bok, if we err not, has just passed the thirty line in point of age, and is the youngest of all the American magazine editors. He was born in Holland, and comes of excellent Dutch stock. He came to America at the age of six, and his rise there has been phenomenal. For some years he was associated with Scribner's Magazine, in New York, and went from there to take the editorship of the Ladies' Home Journal, in Philadelphia. He has held that position now for seven years, during which time he has made his periodical one of the best magazine properties in the States. He is a partner in the concern, and his surroundings there are so congenial that it seems hardly likely he will be persuaded to leave them and come to London even with the exceptional inducements offered.

"Mr. Bok has been a much-dined and fêted man during his present visit to London. Last week Lady Morell Mackenzie gave a dinner in his honor, and this week will entertain him with a country house-party at her place at Wargrave. For Sunday next Sir Douglas Straight has invited a party of friends to take the young editor on his private steam-launch for a cruise on the Thames. Sir Douglas also entertained Mr. Bok at dinner a few evenings ago. Mrs. C. D. Gibson gave him a luncheon; he led the Portland House cotillion with the young Duchess of Marlborough, while Anthony Hope, Jerome K. Jerome, Sir Arthur Sullivan, and Beer-bohm Tree have all entertained him. Last Sunday Mr. Bok was the special guest of Madame Adelina Patti at a luncheon of thirty."

Regina Armstrong Hilliard:—

Regina Armstrong Hilliard, who is represented in the present issue of *Current Literature* by a sketch and two poems, is well known in the South for clever editorial work, and is beginning to be favorably known in the East, where, it is only truth to say, a clever writer seldom fails to win recognition. Her first literary connection, writes Madeline S. Bridges, was with the *Memphis Sunday Times*, of which she was society editor for about a year. She afterwards became editor, and eventually proprietor, of the *Social Graphic*, a bright *Memphis* weekly journal, which she sold before her removal to New York, where she has made her home.

During the Atlanta Exposition she was chairman of the committee on literature for Tennessee, her native state. Her work is graceful and delicate, and always possesses the *raison d'être* in some bright thought or motive. In her poems one finds invariably what Richard Henry Stoddard calls "the elusive, indefinable, yet perfectly appreciable glamour of poetry." Her verses *With Little Boy Blue*, printed in the *Memphis Graphic* the day after the death of Eugene Field, were copied into almost every paper in the States. Much of her lighter work in *Judge*, *Life*, etc., has been widely reprinted. She writes clever short stories, and understands and enjoys the "all-round work" of journalism, and is talented as a draughtswoman besides.

Mrs. Hilliard was born in Virginia, the daughter of a Confederate officer, and is a true lover of her beautiful South, and thoroughly patriotic and American in her feelings. She is young, a slender, tall brunette, with a charming face, and all the sweet graces of the Southern woman in her bearing—low, soft voice, gentle movements, and that earnest simplicity of speech and manner which typifies the well-bred lady of the South.

Mrs. Hilliard, it almost goes without saying, does not ride the bicycle. She expresses her amazement at the fad, as it is seen in New York, and says that in Memphis there was hardly a score of women bicycle riders and these were looked on with a sort of pitying curiosity. She considers the exercise "ungraceful, unfeminine, and unlovely"—but, like most well trained Southern girls, she is a horseback rider, and believes in outdoor exercise for women.

Cleveland Moffett:—

Cleveland Moffett's book, *The Seven Deadly Sins of America*, is to be brought out in the fall. Readers of the *Illustrated American*, says Edmond Picton, will remember that a series of sharp and pungent sketches bearing this sky-rockety title appeared in the *American* about a year ago, and many non-readers of the flamingo-colored weekly also will remember the sketches, many of them having been copied and commented upon by other journals. These decidedly pertinent papers evinced close observation, keen analysis, and an individual angle of vision, and though the setting was lurid, and the title intemperate, the premises were true, and the facts wisely correlated. It was a pleasure to read these articles, and to note the just arraignment of certain reprehensible American habits and customs both here and abroad,—the antinomy to a high, yet reasonable, standard practiced by other nationalities. One only wondered that the articles had never been written before. With sharp effect Mr. Moffett drew his pictures, writing with qualified knowledge, having lived many years in different European capitals, there engaged in newspaper work. The sketches dealing with American newspaper life were professedly autobiographic, depicting the low standards, the continual sacrifice of dignity, decency, and veracity demanded by the average New York "city editor." Of course all the denizens of Park Row thought that this intrepidity of utterance would react against Mr. Moffett for all time with newspaper editors; but he has, unbowed and unblushingly, continued his course, and if any evil has befallen him, it has not shut him outside the pale of magazines, to judge from the activity of his pen each successive month. So the dire fate that journalistic wiseacres prophesied has not come to pass. In Cleveland Moffett's literary work, the imaginative and the acquisitive powers are well developed and well balanced, and whether he write of fire-belching furnaces at Pittsburg, applied science in Connecticut, or of mediæval romance, he employs the two qualities with blended force and finish. When the book appears, many American women will find relief in an Eiffel Tower screech at his remarks upon their alleged top-lofty ideas of chivalry and homage due to them, but fortunately the young writer's philosophy is impregnable, and his good-humor exhaustless.

ORIENTAL WISDOM: IN PROVERBS AND EMBLEMS

COMPILED BY REV. J. LONG

[This remarkable collection is selected from *Eastern Proverbs and Emblems Illustrating Old Truths*, by Rev. J. Long. (Published by Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York.) Over one thousand volumes, some very rare, were consulted, resulting in most interesting views of the masquerades the same thought will assume as it is modified by the manners, customs, and life of different peoples, seeing the same idea through a different atmosphere of environment and association. This work, representing the labor of a quarter of a century, is worthy of a place in any library.]

Empty knowledge puffs up.—I Cor. 8: 1, 2.

Menu.—A wooden elephant, an antelope of leather, and a Brahman without knowledge—these three things only bear a name.

Atambodh.—By ignorance the soul is ruined; when this is removed, the soul shall shine forth as the sun when the clouds disappear.

Atmabodh.—The flame of knowledge which blazes forth when the contemplation is unceasingly rubbed upon the fuel of the soul, consumes all the stubble of ignorance.

Atmabodh.—Knowledge alone effects emancipation, as fire is indispensable to cooking.

Avyar.—He without knowledge is blind.

Kural.—Those who know have eyes and see; those who know not have only two holes in front.

Sanskrit.—A reasonable word should be received even from a child or parrot.

Arab.—Ignorance is the greatest poverty.

Sanskrit.—One void of learning is a beast.

Sanskrit.—The spring is the youth of trees, wealth is the youth of men, beauty is the youth of women, intelligence is the youth of the young.

Arab.—One day of a wise man is worth more than the life of a fool.

Niti Shatak.—The man without learning is a beast.

Choked with Care.—Luke 8: 14.

China.—Past events as clear as a mirror, future as dark as lacquer.

Bengal.—Anxiety is the fever of the mind; the burning sun acts like a fever on clothes.

Turk.—To everyone his own care, the miller's is water.

Turk.—You cannot contract for the fish in the sea.

Turk.—Sorrow is to the soul what the worm is to wood.

Malay.—To grind pepper for a bird on the wing—i. e., care for uncertainties.

Bengal.—Grass at a distance looks thick.

Sanskrit.—Mountains are beautiful at a distance, rugged when near.

Russian.—Rust eats iron, care the heart.

Oriental.—The grief of the morrow is not to be eaten to-day.—Mat. 6: 11.

Bengal.—The ant's wings grow to its own death.

Hitopadesha.—Strive not too anxiously for thy support, thy Maker will provide. No sooner is a man born, than milk for his support streams from the breast.

The Worm of Conscience.—Mark 9: 48.

China.—Men who never violate their consciences are not afraid if you knock at their door at midnight.

Bengal.—No sin is hidden to the soul; only strike the ground, and the guilty start up in terror.

Russian.—The horse may run quick, but he cannot run away from his tail.

Telugu.—When the thief, who stole the pumpkin, was spoken of, he felt his shoulders—i. e., thinking some mark might have been left there.

Arab.—The worms of the vinegar are from the vinegar itself—i. e., family disagreements are from the family itself.

Seeing through a dark glass.—I Cor. 13: 11.

Russian.—At night all cats are gray.

Tamud.—As the blind quarreled about an elephant they had examined.

Afghan.—The frog mounted on a clod, said he had seen Kashmir.

Japan.—A small-minded man looks at the sky through a reed.

Japan.—The frog in the well sees nothing of the high seas.

China.—Sitting in a well and staring at the stars.

Telugu.—Like one who does not know the alphabet attempting multiplication.

Tamul.—Sounding the ocean with a jackal's tail.

Russian.—They will not see all the world by looking out of their own window.

Prabodh Chandrody.—How can an answer be given to him who does not comprehend his own spirit, any more than it is possible to inform a blind man respecting the figure of his body?

Bengal.—Many elephants cannot wade the river; the mosquito says it is only knee deep.—Is. 45: 9.

Persian.—The legs of those who require proofs of God's existence are made of wood.

Telugu.—We cannot see our own forehead, our ears, or our backs; neither can we know the hairs of our head; if a man knows not himself how should he know the Deity?

Sanskrit.—He who does not go forth and explore all the earth is a well frog.

Arab.—The man is strange—who seeking a lost animal, suffers his own soul to be lost—who ignorant of himself seems to understand God—who doubts the existence of God when he sees his creatures.

Punctuality and Opportunity.—Eph. 5: 16.

Telugu.—When the dog comes a stone cannot be found. When the stone is found the dog does not come.

Japan.—To cut a stick when the fight is over.

China.—Lighting a fire when the breeze is blowing.

Canara.—A word in season is good; out of it, like a silk cloth torn.

Arab.—To hammer cold iron.

Sanskrit.—By delay (in using it) nectar becomes poison.

Talmud.—While you have the shoes on your feet tread down the thorns.

Bengal.—They fetch the salt after rice is eaten.

Russian.—Hurry is good only for catching flies.

CURRENT LITERARY THOUGHT AND OPINION

THE MYSTERY OF LITERARY COINCIDENCES

STRANGE HAPPENINGS IN AUTHORSHIP.....NEW YORK PRESS

Mr. Gladstone, it is said, has devoted his leisure for the past ten years to the preparation of a new edition of Bishop Butler's *Analogy*, with annotations. He does not consider this a task, but says the time given to the study of "the noblest and wisest of writers" has brightened his few holidays. The book is to be in two volumes, the text in one, the annotations in another, and the modest reason Mr. Gladstone gives for this is that he does not consider his own remarks worthy to appear side by side with those of his author. Recently, as his work was drawing to a close, he heard that another book on Bishop Butler was about to be published. This, which to many men would be a severe disappointment, has not discouraged Mr. Gladstone, but he continues as busy as ever, and hopes soon to finish it.

It has repeatedly happened in literature that the same plan, subject and even ideas have been suggested to two persons, each of whom has an equal claim to originality. Mary Russell Mitford's play, *The Foscari* (1821), had been sent to London on the very day the same subject was announced by Lord Byron. She wrote to her friend Haydon, the artist, deploring her "shocking ill luck" in having written on the same subject with Lord Byron, and added: "I am so distressed at the idea of the competition, not merely with his lordship's talents, but with his great name and the strange awe in which he holds people, and the terrible scoffs and sneers in which he indulges himself, that I have written to a friend on the propriety of suppressing my play." It was too late, however, and a few months later she writes of her pleasure, on reading Lord Byron's *Two Foscari*, in finding that he took up the story just where she left it off, so that his play did not clash with hers.

When Mary Cowden Clarke had about half finished that work so valuable to Shakespeare students, her *Concordance*, she heard that another person was engaged with the same task. Sorrowfully she abandoned her loved labor, and packed all her portfolios and other materials, modestly thinking that her unknown rival would excel her. She has described her feelings while kneeling on the floor, pushing the large packet under her bed for safe keeping. (They lived in small quarters, and space had to be economized.) Joyful was she when she learned that the rumor was false, and she could resume her work and complete it. The *Concordance* was published in 1845, after the unremitting labor of sixteen years—twelve in the preparation of the manuscript and four more in seeing it safely through the press.

What may be termed the accidents of authorship are many. Johnson's *Rasselas* resembles Voltaire's *Candide*, a book composed with a very different purpose. Boswell writes: "I have heard Johnson say, if they had not been published so closely one after the other that there was not time for imitation, it would have been in vain to deny that the scheme of that which came latest was not taken from the other."

John Lothrop Motley, after he had spent several

years in collecting the materials and sketching the outline of his history, *The Rise of the Dutch Republic*, heard that Prescott was anticipating him with a *Life of Philip the Second*. In one of his letters he tells what a sad blow this intelligence was to him. "It seemed to me," he says, "that I had nothing to do but to abandon at once a cherished dream, and probably to renounce authorship, for I had not made up my mind to write a history and then cast about to make up a subject. My subject had taken me up, and drawn me on, and absorbed me into itself." Not wishing to be disloyal to Prescott, he went to him at once and explained his position. Prescott generously gave him every encouragement. "Had the result of the interview been different," writes Motley, "I should have gone from him with a chill upon my mind, and no doubt have laid down the pen at once, for it was not that I cared about writing a history, but that I felt an inevitable impulse to write one history."

Coming to more recent instances as illustrating this subject, we give these singular literary coincidences: On the publication of the *Prince of India*, two years ago, the cry of plagiarism was started, chiefly because the scene chosen was similar to that of Ludlow's interesting historical novel, *The Captain of the Janizaries; a Tale of the Fall of Constantinople*, a book which General Lew Wallace said he had never read. A short time ago it was noted that the name Raeburn—not a common name—had been given to a character in three novels—Edna Lyall's *We Two*, *A Serial Story*, by Adeline Sargent, and Mrs. Ward's *Marcella*. The *Century Magazine* for April, 1895, contained a short story, with the title of *A Faithful Failure*, and in the May Atlantic appeared a short story with the same title.

WHAT IS A LYRIC?

A STUDY IN VERSE.....THE SPECTATOR

When Coleridge and Wordsworth published their first joint volume of poems they called them "Lyrical Ballads," though we should hardly think one of the many fine poems it contained to be in any definite sense lyrical. Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*, with which it opens, is an imaginary narrative. And a predominantly narrative poem, however saturated with imagination it may be, can hardly be called "lyrical" without suggesting ideas which, in one way or another, put a certain strain on the term. Johnson defines lyric as "pertaining to a harp or to odes or poetry sung to a harp," and in his illustration of the use made of the word by the greater writers he gives striking passages from Milton and Dryden. Milton's is as follows:—

"All his trophies hung or acts enrolled
In copious legend or sweet lyric song."

Here the "copious legend" is certainly distinguished from the "sweet lyric song," and though, no doubt, as Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel* shows us, long narrative poems were often sung to the harp's accompaniment, it was not the story, not the incident it contained, that gave such narrative poems their name of lyrics, but rather their impassioned openings or their close, in which the poet

rose to a loftier strain of emotion and burst into such passages as those which excited the admiration of Pitt, in Scott's "Lay," as, for example:—

" Amid the strings his fingers strayed
And an uncertain warbling made,
And oft he shook his hoary head.
But when he caught the music wild
The old man raised his face and smiled;
And lightened up his faded eye
With all a poet's ecstasy!
In varying measures soft or strong
He swept the sounding chords along;
The present scene, his future lot,
His toils, his wants, were all forgot:
Cold diffidence and age's frost
In the full tide of song were lost.
Each blank in faithless memory void
The poet's glowing thought supplied;
And while his harp responsive rung
'Twas thus the Latest Minstrel sung."

That is lyrical, no doubt, in the truest sense, as is also such a passage as that in which Scott declared in another of his poems that the wretch "concentrated all in self,"—

" Living shall forfeit fair renown,
And doubly dying shall go down
Unto the dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung."

It was not the versified narrative of the long ballads which gave them a right to the accompaniment of the harp, but just those bursts of impassioned feeling which best entitled them to be sung rather than recited. Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*, fine as it is, contains hardly any passage of that kind. And accordingly Coleridge with a sure instinct describes it as recited, and never ventures to think of it as sung. Indeed, there is not one poem in the original "Lyrical Ballads" which we could think of as specially adapted for song. The passage which Johnson selected from Dryden to illustrate the meaning of the word "lyric" is equally to the point for the purposes of definition:—"Somewhat of the purity of English, somewhat of more equal thoughts, somewhat of sweetness in the numbers; in one word, somewhat of a finer turn, and more lyrical verse, is yet wanting." There you have it. True lyrical verse needs "somewhat of a finer turn" than ordinary verse, or, as Matthew Arnold termed it, needs more of "the lyrical cry," that tone which comes from the heart and rings through the voice to the very hearts of those to whom it is addressed. Now Wordsworth, though he called his earliest poems "Lyrical Ballads," could hardly have called them by a less fitting name. They were neither in the truest sense ballads nor lyrics. Could either the one word or the other be more grossly misapplied than each was, for instance, to the stately and no doubt, in a very true sense, impassioned lines written near Tintern Abbey with which the volume of lyrical ballads closed? Nor, indeed, is there a single poem in that volume which naturally suggests to the mind either the attitude of song, or that lyrical cry which lifts verse into the mood in which you feel the need of music to give it a fuller expression. Wordsworth's poems are full of magnificent recitative; but even in relation to what he calls ballads,—with one exception, the *Song of the Feast of Brougham Castle*, which both begins and ends in

the true lyric strain,—we hardly ever recognize in Wordsworth the true lyrical poet. Oddly enough, Mr. Ernest Rhys, who has just given us a volume called *The Lyric Poems of William Wordsworth*, does not include in it what seems to us the truest lyric Wordsworth ever wrote:—

" From town to town, from tower to tower,
The Red Rose is a gladsome flower.
Her thirty years of winter past,
The Red Rose is revived at last;
She lifts her head for endless spring,
For everlasting blossoming.
Both roses flourish, red and white,
In love and sisterly delight,
The two that were at strife are blended,
And all old troubles now are ended.
Joy! joy to both, but most to her
That is the flower of Lancaster!"

That has the true lyrical cry in it, and so has the magnificent close:—

" Now another day has come,
Fitter hope and nobler doom,
He has thrown aside his crook
And hath buried deep his book,
Armour rusting in his halls
On the blood of Clifford calls, —
Quell the Scot, exclaims the lance,
Bear me to the heart of France
Is the longing of the Shield, —
Tell thy name thou trembling field,
Field of death, where'er thou be,
Groan thou with our victory.
Happy day and mighty hour
When our Shepherd in his power,
Mailed and horsed, with lance and sword
To his ancestors restored,
Like a reappearing star,
Like a glory from afar,
First shall head the flock of war!"

We should define a true lyric as a poem expressive chiefly of emotion which makes the hearer long for music to help him to utter its very heart. Shelley is perhaps the greatest lyrical poet of our century, for though Byron wrote one glorious lyric, *The Isles of Greece*, he was much greater in satirical and descriptive poetry than in true lyrics. But Shelley breathed out the sweetest and most exquisite expressions of grief and love and melancholy and rapture in language that seemed made for music, which English literature possesses:—

" When the lamp is shattered, the light in the dust lies dead;
When the cloud is scattered, the rainbow's glory is shed;
When the lute is broken, sweet tones are remembered not;
When the lips have spoken, loved accents are soon forgot."

There you have what Matthew Arnold justly called Shelley's "lovely wail." Or take the exquisite lines to the skylark, or the lines written in dejection at Naples, or the following:—

" I can give not what men call love,
But wilt thou accept not
The worship the heart lifts above,
And the heavens reject not,
"The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow,
The devotion to something afar
From the sphere of our sorrow?"

Shelley could throw his whole soul into the breath of a passionate emotion, and embody it in the most

musical words, and that is the essence of a true lyric.

But for lyrics of less passion and more pathos, lyrics of what we may call restrained feeling, of resisted regret, Tennyson was one of the greatest of our poets. His delicate songs dignify even those dramas in which he so often failed. And again, such poems as "Break, break, break," or "Tears, idle tears," or "Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying," are perfect and exquisite specimens of the "sweet reasonableness" of his gentle emotions. Indeed, even such poems as *The Brook* and *The Queen of the May*, though much inferior in their lyrical beauty, seem to demand music to bring out their true character and to give the full thrill to the minor key which runs through them. In this respect Wordsworth and Tennyson were at opposite poles, Wordsworth being saturated with that impassioned meditative mood that runs naturally to blank verse or the metre of the sonnet, while Tennyson was always at his best in crystallizing a transient emotion of sensitive ecstasy or pathetic yearning. The happiest types of a true lyric which we have had in this century from any poet since Tennyson left us have been given us in Mr. Watson's verse, which not only seems at times to have been written to some vibrating chord of joy or grief in his own nature, but to cry aloud for an accompaniment as richly modulated as that of the harp or the organ to fill up the full measure of its meaning. A recent satirist has described Mr. Watson as "Wordsworth and water." "Wordsworth and music," or a lyrical Wordsworth, would have been a truer description.

FASCINATION OF UNCUT BOOKS

A PLEA FOR THE PAPER KNIFE.....LONDON SUN

There has been of late a petulant outcry against uncut books. It comes from those who have no notion of the real fascination of a volume. They do not comprehend that it has a subtle personality, shadowed forth obscurely by type and binding and shape, an outer being with all the charm of individual character. To them a book is but a bundle of pages from which the strength and sweetness must be wantonly ravished by violent hands. They do not approach it with the fond anticipations of the lover, half reverent, half bold—a lover who thrills as he opens the cover with a timid passion, and lays upon it the gentle hand of one who would gain his suit by winning address.

For there is far more in a book than its mere message. It is quite natural that so fine an epicurean as Disraeli should find infinite contentment in the perusal of an index. One wanders among those scattered references, clustered in the last few pages of a volume, with a curiosity that is ever alert and ever piqued by fresh discoveries. Here one sees the extent of the author's territory, and observes how he disposes of it and governs it. A brief allusion hints to us of prejudice, or startles us by novelty. It is the book itself in brief, where every tantalizing phrase keeps our imagination in pleasant motion and yields delightful speculation. The preface alone is exhilarating, for there the author approaches us bodily, and tugs at our coat and begs indulgence; or with finger raised gives warning, and tells us in what state of mind we must address ourselves to the task before us. Some readers see no rapture in foot-notes. It

is true that foot-notes are made to be skipped; they are but the cellar and basement of a book into which guests need not descend, but where our comfort, after all, is most labored for. But there is a dignity about foot-notes which the man of taste regards. The text itself runs in a certain large majesty between luxurious margins, and speaks in sovereign tones. But the foot-notes are the attendants on its state, the wise counsellors upon whose learning and loyal zeal the text depends. So is it in the outer world, where the blaze of kinghood is made intenser because it is circled by all that is best and most prudent in statesmanship. The king speaks, it is true; but it is the foot-notes that sanction the word, like a unanimous senate sustaining the authority of the throne.

It is clear, then, that those are but rude spirits who have no reverence for all that pertains to a book. What could be coarser or more barbarous than the demand that the quivering edges of a volume, "with all the straggling fibres that flutter on the verge of life," should be cut and hacked to dead evenness and stilted smoothness? Such butchers would trim the oak-leaf, torture the lily, and prune the luxuriance of the horse-chestnut. The plea of utility is the most barren of all. Is there any good thing in nature that does not demand labor in the search? Are we to grumble at the sting of the bee, or blind ourselves to its glossy beauty in our haste to steal its honey? It is but half of reading to merely read. There is, so to speak, a courtship as well as a marriage with our author's text, a time for dalliance, for indulgence, for emotion, for coy approach and wistful glance. And this to the true reader is more than all the bare commercial zest in grasping its heart, and putting its soul to usury, as if authors but worked for us as slaves in the mines to make us rich.

No moments are so delicious as those in which the reader first approaches his author, when the volume lies but half revealed. The text is coy and saucy as a nymph; now peering boldly at us from the open leaf, now lurking half concealed between the pages, now buried beyond our sight. There needs a swift pursuit. With knife in hand we gently lay her place of hiding bare, track her to dusky grotto, follow her through dismal cave; and in the end she stands caught, revealed, her ambush clean cut off, and we steal to her embrace victorious. That, after all, is a very real pleasure. It is sweet to discover moment by moment the author's purpose; not hasty to seize it, but dipping here and there as one cuts the pages, lighting on a piquant saying that whets our appetite, chancing on a pretty phrase or a noble sentence.

Such pleasure as this is like the aimless rambling of the pedestrian through a new country. He takes his time and is careless of his bourne. When he sees a pretty prospect he stays for a moment and admires; when a dull stretch of moor disturbs the scene, he turns down another way. He needs no art of the surveyor, he carries no geologist's hammer, he has neither chart nor compass. He will spy down leafy lanes that run away on either side and dream of verdant beauties he may not yet discover; at times, too, there are inns where he halts awhile, and takes his rest—pleasant arbors contrived for man's refreshment. All this in real earnest the reader does when, knife in hand, he puts upon his knee the last new volume, and with eager curiosity bends back the cover. Each cut he gives opens a

new vista; when he reaches the end he has seen his author, knows what manner of man he is, and—who can tell?—has found he wishes to know him no more.

There are, no doubt, books that do not call for any tender regard like this. Dictionaries, for instance, or directories, or cookery books. These are mere common spirits who stand at street corners and bawl forth facts. They have no private moments, no reserve. But the real book has its confidences, its aspirations, its reticences; it seeks us out by stealth as friends apart from the shrieking crowd. Between the reader and such books as these there is the close sense of personal relationship which can only be obscured the more the book becomes a mere mechanical thing, printed, bound, cut for him by artifices of science. There is a loss of beauty, too, in the wretched smoothness of the edges, too much suggestive of the multiplication of an edition. Even guilt is to be disdained. A good book scorns cheap trinkets, and would rather glitter in the memory than on the bookshelf. The volume must be printed, it must be bound; but for the rest, if the reader have no patience to cut it, let him withdraw himself from a pursuit he has no calling to, and study the arts on Egyptian monoliths or tablets of ancient Rome. They, at least, need not be cut!

WHY NOVELS FAIL AS PLAYS

A DIFFERENCE IN CONSTRUCTION.....LONDON TRUTH

The best books make the worst dramas on record. No one yet has ever dramatized Thackeray's *Vanity Fair* or *Esmond*—both stories teeming as they are with dramatic situations and surprises. Dickens, who loved the stage, was divorced from his love, in that his books were impossible for dramatic treatment. They were very good to read, but very bad to act. There is a reason in all this. The art of the novelist is to delay his secret; the art of the dramatist is to betray it. The best and most interesting book is the one that delays the surprises until the last page; the worst play is the one that refuses to tell the secret until five minutes before the curtain falls on the last act. The reader of novels likes to dawdle over the story, and to prolong the agony; the spectator of plays loves to be wiser than the puppets before him, and to watch them dallying. In fact, the playgoer is a kind of omniscience in pit and gallery, stalls and boxes, who knows more than any one else.

UNREMEMBERED NOVELS OF THE PAST

JUSTIN MCCARTHY.....THE SPEAKER

I had first thought of calling this article *A Talk About Forgotten Novels*, but the phrase did not seem happy; certainly did not seem to convey the kind of idea that I had in my mind. If a novel is forgotten, totally and absolutely forgotten, it must have deserved its fate and there is no moan to be made over it. But there are novels which, it seems to me, ought to be remembered, and which nevertheless are not remembered—at least, not quite remembered. There used to be a phrase in Ireland, and I believe also in Scotland, which described a man as having "disremembered" something. The "disremembered" acknowledged that the man ought to have remembered the thing, but that in a sort of cross-grained although unconscious way he had failed to remember it. In fact, the phrase conveyed

the idea of neglected duty and was a word of apology and of penitence. Now, if I could have used that phrase in my title it would have conveyed clearly enough what I meant to express. Only, I suppose, few of my readers would have known anything about the phrase, and some of them might have thought that I was about to treat them to an article in dialect.

The unremembered novels, then, are not necessarily those which are now unread. I am afraid some of the greatest novels in our literature come into the class of books that are not read now. I am told that boys now never read *Robinson Crusoe*. I am sure that most of their elders never read *Fielding*. But then *Fielding* and *Defoe* are recognized as past-masters in literature. They have their distinct place; they stand upon our book-shelves, and no one ventures to dispute their right to immortality. But the books to which I should like to call attention are books which never attained that great acknowledged position, which never became what we call classics, which a gentleman's library may be allowed to do without, and which yet, I think, ought to be better remembered than they are. Let me begin rather at random, and take as an example *Mrs. Inchbald's Simple Story*. Was there not something of the divine light of genius in that strange, quite original little book? It is a very short story; only four or five figures move through it. It is simple, indeed, in a certain sense, although it goes down into the depths of the human heart. There is not, as far as I can remember, a superfluous sentence in it. There is not a character which is not drawn as clearly as the outline of a medallion cut in steel. I do not know whether *Ibsen* ever heard of the book; I do not suppose he ever read it; and yet it has always seemed to me to be the forerunner of the *Ibsenite* literature.

Then take such a novel—a very different kind of novel indeed—as *Hope's Anastasius*. The name of the book is vaguely remembered by many people; few, I think, now read it or know much about it. Yet it was thoroughly original, and it was, in a certain sense, a great novel. The character of the hero was pictured with a pencil keen as that of the author of *Gil Blas*. *Anastasius* was not in any manner taken from *Gil Blas*, but it was the story of a sort of Levantine *Gil Blas* all the same. Mr. Hope, father of the late Beresford Hope whom we all knew, added what Emerson calls a new organic character to fiction. The story professes to be "the memoirs of a Greek, written at the close of the eighteenth century, who, to escape the consequences of his own crimes and villainies of every kind, becomes a renegade, and passes through a long series of the most extraordinary and romantic vicissitudes." Sydney Smith said that the author of the book had "all of a sudden burst into descriptions which would not disgrace the pen of Tacitus, and displayed a depth of feeling and a vigor of imagination which Lord Byron could not excel." This praise will hardly seem extravagant to those who have studied the novel. The character of the hero is the most perfect type of the Levantine Greek adventurer and scoundrel yet given to the world. *Anastasius* repents in the end and dies in the odor of penitence and sanctity. The author, no doubt, did well upon moral grounds to pity and pardon his hero. But

somehow the repentant Anastasius does not seem quite so lifelike as the Anastasius who had not yet arrived at the proper dramatic moment for remorse. The book, taken all round, must be described as a great novel, but it is also an unremembered novel.

I should like to say a kind word or two about Vathek, although I have no intention whatever of placing it on a level with Anastasius or A Simple Story. Still it is a decidedly remarkable book, an odd sort of *tour de force* in a peculiar way, and I am rather surprised that it should so completely have passed out of living memory. Another unremembered novel of a different kind from any that I have yet mentioned is Lady Morgan's story *The O'Briens and the O'Flahertys*. It deals wholly with Irish society, chiefly Dublin society, just before the events which immediately led to the Rebellion of '98. The book opens with a long string of tiresome letters, purporting to prepare our minds for the characters and incidents of the novel. It has unnecessary and wearisome dissertations and disquisitions interspersed here and there. But its pictures of Castle society, of the reviews, the balls, the picnics, the flirtations, the intrigues, the ignoble ambitions, the utter ignorance of the country's real condition, the utter absence of any desire to know anything about it—all these make up a picture which might be studied with advantage by social students even in our own time. I have often thought that it would be a good thing if someone were to bring out a condensed edition of this very long story and try to get people to read it.

Coming down more nearly to our own time, I think I may class Paul Ferroll among the unremembered novels. It went very near to establishing a claim to a place in the first order. It was not far below Charlotte Brontë and George Eliot, and now I wonder how many readers it has! It was the occasion also of a crisis in the history of the circulating library, and yet not even that fact has quite kept its memory green. If I had been indulging in this disquisition a year or two ago, I should have put the two Hajji Baba stories in the catalogue of unremembered novels. But I am glad to see that Hajji Baba of Ispahan and Hajji Baba in England are republished in an edition meant to be, and I trust likely to be, popular. Hajji Baba is a much better and decenter sort of Anastasius, and he never does anything bad enough to make his author find it necessary to convert and reclaim him. I am always impressed as with a kind of fellow-feeling by the cry of the Persian commander on a doubtful battlefield, "O Allah! if there were no dying in the case, how the Persians would fight!" Some of us feel like that every now and again. We could be very heroic only for the intrusive presence of danger.

Some of the novels of the elder Gilbert seem to me to have well deserved an enduring popularity, but they are, I am afraid, relegated to the ranks of the unremembered. The same may be said of most, or all, of the novels of Thomas Love Peacock, despite the gallant efforts of many literary admirers to bring them up again in popular memory. I have no theory to explain why a really good novel thus passes almost altogether into twilight. It may honestly be said of some of the books I have mentioned that no reader who has any literary judgment at all could fail to admit their claims to an abiding

success. Even a critic, forced to read one of these for the first time out of a stern sense of duty, would have to admit before he went very far the presence of great power in them, and would soon join in my wonder that they have not been better remembered. Books have their fates, no doubt; luck and ill-luck have to do with them as with most human affairs: we all call it ill-luck when fortune is against us, and merit when fortune gives us a success. I shall not venture to pursue the subject any farther—I only recommend any of my friends who can spare an hour or two now and again from the politics, and the finances, and the fiction of to-day to open one of the novels I have mentioned and to read it.

THE PASSING OF THE POETS

DECADENCE OF VERSE WRITERS....MINNEAPOLIS TIMES

A fact not to be ignored in the American literature of to-day is that the New England school of poets, which passed away with Holmes, leaves no successors—unless we can say that Emerson's place in philosophy has been taken by George Francis Train, and that Longfellow and Lowell and Whittier are represented by a corresponding number of the poetasters that ornament the pages of the high-priced magazines. The same causes which produced Bryant, Whittier, Emerson, Longfellow and Holmes in literature, produced Webster and the great men who succeeded him in the politics of his generation. If neither in politics nor in literature are the great men of that generation equaled in this, the explanation must certainly be sought in the times and the spirit of the times, rather than in any possible mental defect of the present. Men have not changed. The latent ability is still as great as ever, but the spirit of the times is inadequate to develop it, and lift it to heroic or divine heights.

No man can produce anything great in literature except he is sustained by the sympathy of his time. No great poet has ever done his work by his own unaided genius. All great creative work is simply the adequate expression of the general mind of humanity, and when at any time that mind is unsympathetic and at discord with itself, no creative work can be done. It is so in this country now. The New England writers of the last generation were upheld by an American spirit which has ceased to exist. It may have been provincial, but it was strong, and through its strength they were sustained and fitted for lofty flights.

Now the whole face of America is changed. We are passing through a great formative period. Our creative faculties have been turned to industrial and inventive achievement or to mere money-getting. Our population, which forty years ago was almost homogeneous, is now widely diversified. Out of all this a new Americanism is being born, whose meaning we do not know, and may not know for a generation or two to come. That it will be a humane, generous and great Americanism who can doubt? Its promise is of achievements in literature, and in all that is high and fine, greater than the world has yet seen. Encouraged by that promise, we may well hope that the greatest poets, the most powerful creative intellects of all time, will be the products of the general mind of the American people. But they cannot come in this generation, nor in any other that is dominated by the spirit of mere material progress.

IN A MINOR KEY: SORROW, SENTIMENT, TENDERNESS

*To-Morrow... Sophie M. Almon-Hensley... A Woman's Love Letters**

But one short night between my Love and me!

I watch the soft-shod dusk creep wistfully
Through the slow-moving curtains, pausing by

And shrouding with its spirit-fingers free
Each well-known chair. There is a growing grace
Of tender magic in this little place.

Comes through half-opened windows, soft and cool
As Spring's young breath, the vagrant evening air;
My day-worn soul is hushed. I fain would bear
No burdens on my brain to-night, no rule
Of anxious thoughts; the world has had my tears,
My thoughts, my hopes, my aims these many years;

This is Thy hour, and I shall sink to sleep
With a glad weariness, to know that when
The new day dawns I shall lay by my pen,
Needed no more. If I, perchance, should weep
A few quick tears, so doing, who would guess
'Twas the last throb of my soul's loneliness?

Not even thou, Dear Heart, canst ever know
How I have yearned these many months, these years,
For love, for thee. As the calm boatman steers
His slender shallop where he fain would go,
Tempest and rocks before, so through the dark
To this dim, far-off day has set my bark.

To-morrow! I can hear the quick-closed door,
The approaching steps, my pained heart's fluttering,
Thy voice, then Thee! And all the storm and sting
Of bygone griefs are passed forevermore,
Swept from my life as the resistless wind
Scatters the chaff, nor leaves a mote behind.

As long-imprisoned captives reach the light,
And gaze with greedy eyes on field and tree,
Drinking the beauties of the sky and sea
Half fearful of their bliss; so from the night
Of dreams and shades, half doubting, we awake
And grasp the joy we almost fear to take.

Thou hidest in thy warm ones my cold hand,
Reading my soul in these unwavering eyes.
Nay, thou hast known my hopes, my agonies
Through written words, and thou canst understand.
I have kept nothing back of all the streams
Of my heart-flowings — doubts, nor fears, nor dreams.

So long my life has followed no control
But mine own impulse; now, I pray thee, bend
My will to thine, and so, unhindered, tend
My soul's wild garden. I have laid the whole
Bare to thy sowing; and life's precious wine
Is of thy pouring, and thy way is mine.

*After Awhile.....David Banks Sickels.....Leaves of the Lotus**

After awhile, we often say,
When shadows fall and clouds arise,
There's sure to come a brighter day
With balmy air and sunny skies.

After awhile, a day of rest
Will come to worn and weary feet;
What seems the worst will prove the best,
And bitter things be turned to sweet.

After awhile, the aching heart
Will find a cordial for its pain,
And, as the flying days depart,
The joy of love will come again.

*Published by J. Selwin Tait & Sons.

After awhile, the Right will reign,
And conquered Wrong will lose its sway,
While ancient Error's icy chain
Will break and slowly melt away.

After awhile, the clashing creeds
That lead to strife and hate with men,
Will yield to our superior needs,
And love will prompt the lip and pen.

After awhile, the golden hours
Will come with life's supernal days,
And higher thoughts and nobler powers
Will lead us into grander ways.

He Needs No Tears.....Charles Lotin Hildreth.....Poems

Tears for the unrequited dead;
Tears for the hapless whom the sun
Of fortune never shone upon;
Tears for the weary feet that bled
Unseen along life's thorniest ways;
For him whose labors earned no praise;
For him who garnered fruitless years,
Whose lowly love to man was given,
And gained no smile from man or Heaven;
For these be tears.

But he whose loftier destiny
Marked him among the throng of men
For fortune's highest honors, then
Ere time had tarnished them, to die
And leave to history a name
Unspotted, and a martyr's fame;
Who in the vigor of his years
Climbed rugged Glory's final steep,
There made his bed and fell asleep,—
He needs no tears.

Separated.....Isabella Fyvie Mayo.....Argosy

"What matters the river which winds between?
It is easy to speak across!" she cried.
But his answer rang through the sunny scene
"It is better far to keep side by side—
Is there nought to whisper 'twixt you and me?
And the river widens toward the sea!"

They set me a-dreaming — those words they spoke —
A-dreaming of hearts which are sundered so,
By an angry word or a thoughtless joke,
Or by misty something that none can know.
Only henceforth to go ever apart,
Too far for the touching of heart with heart.

And the one cries vainly, but all unheard,
For the other is stricken deaf and dumb,
And they both fare on, in the hope deferred
Of a meeting day that can scarcely come;
Of the other's heart each has lost the key,
"And the river widens toward the sea."

And each soul goes yearning apart to cry —
"O, my cherished friend of the vanished days,
We have lost each other — and scarce know why!
And only this bitter-sweet comfort stays,
That despite the mists which have rolled between,
Yet our love is what it has ever been!"

Then we strain our eyes to the ocean vast
(What does it keep at its farther side?)
Where the widest river is merged at last
And the parted strands can no more divide.
Perchance as we sail for its unknown shore
We shall hail the dip of a friendly oar,

And, lo, comes the vanished friend to our side,
 "I am here — the same as I used to be —
 The river will never more divide,
 It has lost itself in Death's mighty sea:
 We have left behind all the doubt and fret —
 But love that was faithful is with us yet."

Love's Way.... The Mystery of Loving.... Baltimore American

Why do I love you, sweetheart mine?
 In sooth, I cannot say.
 Love came to me so stealthily
 I never saw his way.

His gentle footsteps scarcely pressed
 The pathway to my heart;
 I only saw him standing there,
 And knew he'd ne'er depart.

How can I tell what brought him when
 I know not how he came?
 I only knew, and bowed before
 The magic of his name.

So many are more beautiful?
 Ah, well, perchance 'tis true;
 So many are much better, dear?
 Sweet, no one else is "you"!

A Nocturne..... A. Bernard Miall..... The Speaker

Without, the rumble of the street,
 The flare of lamps, the fall of rain;
 Within, the firelight and the beat
 Of drops against the window-pane.

Your thin gown rustles as you rise;
 You cross the room; you touch the keys.
 The outer uproar and the cries
 Fade as the drone of passing bees.

I close my eyes; the night rolls by.
 The dead dark years are rent and torn;
 Their crimson flecks the emerald sky;
 A silver star shines in the morn.

No earth there is, but heaven, the star,
 And glowing clouds whose perfect hue
 Is fairer than the sky they bar:
 Life's dawn lit up by love of you.

Above the crescent song of Day
 The morning star sings once again.
 The mists of years are rolled away;
 Hope rises whence she long has lain.

The sweet notes die along the night;
 The outer uproar suddenly
 Swells in the room; the fire's warm light
 Shines on your white face turned to me.

Two Epitaphs..... Barton Grey..... Poems

I

What matters now the fever and the fret,
 The strife, the error of the mortal path?
 Beyond reproach, resentment, or regret,
 At last, forever, utter rest she hath.

A little while through life's bewildering maze
 The weak feet strayed; but who the course they trod
 Shall coldly scan? — with neither blame nor praise
 We write her name, and leave the rest to God.

II

False to all men and to no woman true!
 Ah, friend, what word shall mark this stone for you?
 Wilful and wayward, full of wanton whim,
 You filled Self's goblet to the utter brim;
 Nor cared to think, in your incurious ease,

What other lips should drain the bitter lees.
 Pass! you have wrecked a better life than yours!
 Pass! while the great sun shines, the moon endures,
 This stone shall stand to tell the passer-by
 How once a man could love — a woman lie:—
 Then let it fall while stars and systems rot,
 And be your treason, with your name, forgot.

My Ideal..... Town Topics

Sweet is the night to me,
 And often, when day is done,
 I linger awhile as the last faint smile
 Fades fast from the setting sun;
 Till the birds have finished their vesper hymn,
 Till night creeps up from the woodlands dim,
 And the crescent moon dips her golden rim,
 Seeking the solemn sea.

Fair as a sun-kissed morn
 Then doth a face appear;
 Cherished and known by my soul alone
 Many a dreary year.
 'Tis only a dream, but the dream is sweet,
 That some time or other our paths may meet,
 And life's broken circle may be complete
 In the years that are yet unborn.

Only a dream, and yet,
 Life is a dream, more long;
 Passing away, like a dreary day
 Or the memory of a song.
 Thus, doubly dreamer, I can but wait,
 Hoping, but fearing this bitter fate—
 To have lived too early or loved too late,
 Powerless to forget.

Firm are the bands of love —
 Stronger than death, I ween;
 And the earth and the sun still move as one,
 Though tempests are wild between;
 But frail are our barks and the sea is wide,
 And no one knows if the rushing tide
 Will bear us asunder or side by side, —
 Only the gods above.

Thus, in the night appear
 Visions, and voices sweet,
 Whispering low of some long ago —
 Whispering, "We shall meet."
 Daylight and darkness are naught to me,
 Dreaming or drifting, on shore or sea,
 Save as they promise, in days to be,
 All that my soul holds dear.

In Death a Lover..... Regina Armstrong Hilliard

"Thus the second time a monk, but even in death a lover."
 When the last sunlight fades from out my eyes,
 I shall not care what view beyond them lies;
 When all earth's music to my ears is mute,
 It matters not if there be blest salute;
 So that the sunshine of thy love hold true
 And the rapt music of love's soul throb through
 The lessening sounds of life; not when nor how
 I ask, save Love abide with me, and thou
 In death my lover.

Were Merum nectar to my pale lips pressed,
 The draught of our sweet love hath far exceeded
 Its wonted balm; nor will it matter much,
 If I, bereft, shall stand; thy hands' dear touch
 Will linger with me still, and I shall know
 A bliss beyond divineness sent; from woe
 I shall unconscious be, and vain applause,
 Dear love, unheeding be of all, because
 In death a lover.

ANIMAL LIFE: STORIES, STUDIES AND SKETCHES

VENEZUELA'S SHEPHERD BIRD

DUTIES OF THE YAKAMIK.....POPULAR SCIENCE NEWS

The natives of Venezuela and adjoining countries on the north side of the river Amazon often avail themselves of the services of a native crane to care for their poultry, and also in the place of collies or shepherd dogs used by North Americans and Europeans to guard and herd their domestic animals. This remarkable bird, which the Indians call yakamik and the ornithologists *Psophia crepitans*, is found in a wild state in the great forests that lie between the northern coasts of South America and the Amazon river, particularly in Venezuela and British Guiana. The birds never leave the forests unless shot or captured. They travel about in flocks of from one hundred to two hundred, in search of the berries, fruits and insects upon which they subsist. Their usual gait is a slow and stately march, but they enliven themselves from time to time by leaping up into the air, executing eccentric and fancy waltzes, and striking the most absurd and preposterous attitudes. If pursued, they endeavor to save themselves by running, for their flight is so weak, according to Schomburgk, that when they attempt to fly over a body of water of any considerable width they are often obliged to drop upon it and save themselves by swimming. When alarmed they utter the peculiar cry which has obtained for them their name of trumpeters. The sound is something like that produced by a person endeavoring to shout the syllables "tow, tow, tow; tow, tow, tow," with his mouth shut, or the doleful noise made by children on New Year with their trumpets. The yakamiks usually deposit their eggs in a hollow in the ground, often at the foot of a tree.

A nest generally contains ten eggs, of a pale-green color. The young birds follow their mothers as soon as they are hatched, but do not lose their pretty downy covering until several weeks old. The yakamiks are very readily tamed, and prove valuable servants to the Indians, who domesticate them, and as they are courageous and will protect animals intrusted to their care at every risk to themselves, even dogs are obliged to yield to their authority. They may be trusted with the care of a flock of sheep or domestic fowls, and every morning will drive the ducks and poultry to their feeding places, and, carefully collecting any stragglers, bring them safely home at night. A yakamik soon learns to know and obey the voice of its master, follows him, when permitted, wherever he goes, and appears delighted at receiving his caresses. It pines at his absence, and welcomes his return, and is extremely jealous of any rival. Should any dog or cat approach, it flies at it with the utmost fury, and, attacking it with wings and beak, drives it away.

It presents itself regularly during meals, from which it chases all domestic animals, and even the negroes who wait on the table, if it is not well acquainted with them, and only asks for a share of the eatables after it has driven away all who might aspire to a favorable notice from the family. It appreciates favors in the same proportion as it is jealous of sharing them with others and manifests joy and affection

by the most extravagant capers and gesticulations. When the animals of which it has charge are shut up for the night, the yakamik roosts upon some shed or tree near at hand, to be ready to take its place as keeper as soon as they are let out in the morning. One quality that makes it valuable is its sense of location, which is perfect; however far it may wander with the flocks or herds it guards, it never fails to find its way home at night, driving before it all the creatures intrusted to its care.

UNCLE SAM'S HOMING PIGEONS

MESSENGERS WITH WINGS.....NEW ORLEANS PICAYUNE

The small and dainty carrier pigeon will play an important part in the affairs of this nation should it ever again be plunged into war. Upon the endurance of the bird, its speed and accuracy will depend the victory or defeat of great strategic movements at sea, and what is scarcely of less importance, the people on shore must rely upon the pigeon to bring news of the result of some great sea fight. Uncle Sam, in the person of Secretary Herbert of the navy, has long been convinced of the utility of the pigeon as a messenger in time of war. If a sea fight took place anywhere on the Atlantic within 100, 200, or 300 miles it would be possible, by means of the carrier pigeon, to have news of it in comparatively short time. If a war vessel on coast defence duty wanted aid at a given time and at a stated place, it would be possible to communicate the fact to the navy department by means of the winged messenger, and thus insure a great victory, or stave off what would otherwise be certain defeat. In fact, the uses to which these pigeons can be put could be enumerated by the hundred.

During the long siege of Paris in the Franco-Prussian war, when the lines of the enemy encircled the city, shutting off all communication with the rest of the world, the French officials received news of the repeated disasters to their army by means of the carrier pigeon. This was twenty-six years ago, and when the practical utility of the birds was demonstrated at that time, it seems strange that this country should have delayed making use of them until now. Nearly all of the European governments were quick to take advantage of the idea, and now official pigeon posts are established all over the continent. The frontier fortresses, especially those that are considered the most liable to attack, and a large number of inland towns, are provided with pigeon lofts. An important point in the interior of the country, usually the capital, is selected as a central station, with which all the other stations communicate. The military budget of France assigns a credit of \$20,000 for the annual cost of signaling and pigeon lofts. The German government has perhaps the most extensive and complete system in operation in Europe, although the appropriation for its maintenance is less than \$8,000. Russia places such dependence upon the system that the sum annually devoted for the maintenance of pigeon communication is said to be \$10,000.

But Uncle Sam is to be behindhand in this matter no longer. There are now in course of construc-

tion pigeon stations at Portsmouth, N. H., Boston, Newport, New London, Ct., Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Washington, Annapolis, Md., Norfolk, Va., Port Royal, S. C., Key West and Pensacola, Fla. Secondary stations will be established at Portsmouth, Me., Cape Hatteras or Wilmington, St. Augustine, Fla., Jupiter Inlet, Fla., Tampa, Fla., and Galveston, Tex. When the main stations are in good working order the plan will be enlarged materially and the Pacific coast and the Alaska coast will be dotted with governmental cotes. The fact that the government has at last been induced to make use of the pigeon is due to the efforts of the naval officers at the Annapolis Academy. For many years they maintained a cote at their own expense and irrespective of any aid from the government. They have made repeated experiments, and every time success attended their efforts.

In these experiments the champion long distance flight was made by a pigeon which was released from the United States ship *Monongahela* when 102 miles off Cape Henry, or about 250 miles from the home loft. This pigeon was out over night, and it had about twelve hours of daylight from the time of its liberation till its arrival at the home loft, thus making an average of about twenty-one miles per hour for the 250 miles. In the swiftest flight the pigeon was liberated at Norfolk, Va., and arrived at the home loft three and three-quarters hours later, thus making an average of forty miles per hour for 150 miles. In previous years it had been the practice to fly the pigeons in the Chesapeake Bay from the neighborhood of the Virginia capes to the home loft, and consequently the pigeons were not familiar with the coast line north of the Virginia capes.

In all the trials the pigeons returned to the home loft, and some of them made most excellent records when the fact is considered that they had never flown along that portion of the coast. These trials were made especially to discover whether pigeons could be trained in a short time to fly from points off a coast that is unfamiliar to them. Of course in a regular messenger pigeon service, when the flights are known to the pigeons, excellent time will be made, whether flying over land or partially over water. The performances of some carrier pigeons can be ranked as marvelous. An average speed of forty miles an hour for short distances is recognized as very good. The maximum distance for a young bird is about 200 miles; that for a well-developed homer about 500 miles. Certain extraordinary performances, as that flight from Montgomery, Ala., to Fall River in 1885, a distance of over 1,000 miles, have been noted, and a single mile has been covered in forty-eight seconds.

The possible flying distance over sea is uncertain. This is probably only a question of the keenness of their vision, which is known to be marvelous, and of the height to which they can rise. It is not necessary that they should recognize the shore, only that they should see it, for birds released from *Monongahela* off the Carolina coast in the previous experiments invariably headed for the nearest land the moment they were released. Another limitation is found in the fact that the birds do not fly at night. For this reason it would probably be useless to release them at such an hour and such a distance that they could not reach the coast by nightfall. If

they had time to reach the coast, but not to reach the cote, their messages would not be delivered until morning. As more attention has been paid to the homing pigeon abroad than in this country the best time has been made on the continent. The following table shows some of the most noted flights:—

Distance.	Time out.	The mile in
54½ miles	51 minutes	56 seconds
101½ miles	99½ minutes	58.8 seconds
70½ miles	65 minutes	55 seconds
63 miles	60 minutes	57 seconds
99½ miles	80 minutes	48 seconds
215½ miles	181 minutes	50.4 seconds

The accuracy of the pigeon in finding its way back to the home loft is well illustrated in the long flights which have taken place in this country, as shown in the following table:—

Home.	Liberated from	Distance.	Time out. Days.
Jersey City	Indianapolis	630 miles	20
Cleveland, O.	Kansas City	704 miles	52
Keyport, N. J.	Atlanta, Ga.	725 miles	10
Fall River	Jonesboro, Tenn.	715 miles	9
Philadelphia	Pensacola	935 miles	12
Philadelphia	Pensacola	935 miles	19
Newark	Pensacola	1,010 miles	26
Fall River	Montgomery, Ala.	1,040 miles	20
Fall River	Montgomery, Ala.	1,040 miles	39

Of course, in the long trips, notably that from Montgomery to Fall River, the carriers had much difficulty in finding their way, or it would not have taken twenty days for one and thirty-nine days for the other. The latter had a particularly hard time, and probably flew more than 7,000 miles, but, like a true homing pigeon, he arrived home at last.

JUDGING CHARACTER IN HORSES

CLEVELAND MOFFETT.....PITTSBURG LEADER

The signs of a good horse may be observed with profit by one who has learned to read them. In a general way the head of a fine, spirited, good-tempered horse when seen in profile should show the nose bone convex in shape. A concave nose line is apt to indicate an idle and vicious horse. The mane should be of silken texture with only the slightest wave to it and no curl. A curly mane is always a cause for suspicion. The ears should be small, fine pointed, well set on the top of the head and not too wide apart. The mouth should be small with a short chin, the nostrils full and there should be good breadth between the eyes. It is a mistake to think that very large eyes indicate equine virtues. John O'Brien, the head of the equestrian department in the Barnum show, is always suspicious of a "starrer." Such a horse is constantly getting frightened, shying and imagining that he sees things. A clear eye of moderate size is what should be sought after as indicating intelligence and docility. And, of course, everything depends upon the breeding, for blood tells in horses even more than it does in men and women. Mr. O'Brien, who has lived with horses all his life, and who was literally born in the circus ring, says that a thoroughbred is the only horse for high class work, of a circus for instance. He may be of any stock, different strains being adapted for different specialties, but he must be a thoroughbred. And yet a thoroughbred is not so easy to train as a three-quarter bred horse, for he will fight at first and must be handled with great patience and firmness until he has learned to do his work, but when he has it

once learned, he will do it better than any other horse could, and with more dash and reliability. While the three-quarter bred horse is easier to train at the start, and is more mild and gentle, he cannot be depended upon in the same way, and is apt to fail his rider at critical moments.

The best horses for intelligence, spirit and endurance that Mr. O'Brien has ever trained, come from Southeastern Russia, and are bred from Russian Arabs out of German mares. The distinguishing points of these horses are heavy manes and tails, small heads with full, square nostrils, full chests and splendid action. They are generally bay or gray in color. It is a remarkable fact that when a thoroughbred has been trained for a certain bare-back act, he must always go through it at a certain gait, either fast or slow. It has never been considered safe to make a horse change his gait in the ring, and the star riders usually have two or three horses which they use in succession, one with a slow gait for leaping, dancing, etc., and one with more rapid stride for daring feats at the end of the act.

Let all beware of the horse with small eyes drawn up at the corner, the cunning horse. His under jaw is short and inclined to retreat. His nose is over-long and the mouth is loosely set and large. And if the head is thick and heavy with long hanging ears, he is apt to be vicious as well, the sort of brute that would try to rub his rider against a brick wall or a tree. As to the color of horses, taken as indicating character, there are trainers who claim that sorrel horses are more apt to be treacherous than others; the grays have usually a tender disposition. While fully understanding the importance of being able to draw certain conclusions as to a horse's character from his physiognomy, Mr. O'Brien after many years' experience is convinced that it is as difficult to classify horses from external signs into good or bad, gentle or vicious, as it would be to classify people by studying their faces. The successful trainer of horses must learn to deal with them as individuals and to take account of their particular weakness and good points.

Mr. O'Brien once had two horses who would not endure music. They would go through their tricks perfectly in the rehearsals or even before spectators if the band was not playing, but let the instruments strike up their crashing airs and at once the horses would become unmanageable. This singular weakness in the horse might be compared with the dislike felt by certain persons for lobsters, olives or mushrooms. It was simply a fact that could not be explained, and in this particular case, Mr. O'Brien overcame the difficulty by filling the animals' ears with cotton, dyed, it should be said, to match their color. After this they did not mind how much the music played, since they could not hear it.

There was another horse who could not be induced to pass the bars and ropes put up for a trapeze performance. He would go through his dances and fancy steps admirably until he would come to that part of the ring where the object stood that made him nervous. Then he would refuse to go on. Mr. O'Brien, always fertile in resources, disposed of this trouble by fastening a lock of false hair to the horse's forelock and allowing this to drape down gracefully on the off side, so that when the horse came near the trapeze apparatus, his eye

was covered by the hair which served as a temporary blinder, until he had got safely by the shying point. In regard to shying, Mr. O'Brien does not believe in the idea cherished by some circus riders that a horse can be prevented from shying by tucking its ears under the bridle strap, the basis of this idea being that horses cannot "handle themselves" to jump or move sideways or change their gait until they have thrown their ears forward and that if the ears are held back they are so occupied in thinking about them that they forget everything else. Mr. O'Brien says that the best remedy for shying is to train a horse until he knows his driver and has confidence in him, and then a word will quiet him.

There seems to be some ground for the belief that it is possible for a man to exercise over a horse a certain unexplained influence that might almost be called hypnotic. For instance, Mr. O'Brien in the famous act where he manages fifty-one horses communicates his will to them, not by words only but by making them feel what he wants through the power of the eye. Although he disclaims any knowledge of hypnotic processes, he admits that he is constantly impressed with the fact that while the horses are going through their complicated manoeuvres there exists between himself and them a certain silent, unexplained relationship of mind to mind.

HOW ANIMALS CHANGE THEIR DIET

ADAPTABILITY TO ENVIRONMENT.....MEEHAN'S MONTHLY

An impression prevails that insects and other creatures are so co-related with their food that they can scarcely exist unless the special food seemingly essential to them is ready to hand. This is believed true not only of food, but of their habits in general. The yucca and the yucca moth are so closely connected that it does seem as if each is absolutely dependent on the other; and one might well ask what would the chimney swallow do without chimneys in which to build its nest, or cherry or peach tree gum with which to build them. But just as the vegetarian would have to abandon his principles where there was nothing in the icy regions but musk ox and walrus to feed on; so animal nature generally has the instinct of preservation to take to that which first comes to hand when favorite resources fail. The chimney swallow built its nest somewhere before the white man constructed chimneys. The potato beetle had its home on the plains long before it ever knew a potato, and the writer has seen the common elm-leaf beetle feeding voraciously in the mountains of North Carolina on a species of skull-cap—scutellaria—touching apparently no other plant, in localities where the elms were absent. In Germantown gardens half-starved bees take to grapes and raspberries. In the same locality the common robin has had hard times. In 1895 there was no rain from the fourth of July to October 11, and, everything having become parched long before, insects living on green food did not increase. The robins took to green seeds and fruits. The apples on the orchard trees were dug out as if by mice. An American golden pippin, with a heavy crop, presented a remarkable appearance with what should be apples hanging on the trees like empty walnut shells. In brief, no creature will ignore the promptings of nature. It will change its habits when necessity demands.

CONTEMPORARY CELEBRITIES: HOME AND ABROAD

NORTH, THE NITRATE KING

THE POPULAR MILLIONAIRE.....HARPER'S WEEKLY

John Thomas North, "the Nitrate King," who died on the fifth of May, was an interesting character. He was born January 30, 1842, in Yorkshire, the son of a Leeds coal merchant, and in his youth was taught a little of engineering. Colonel North was the popular London millionaire five or six years ago. He was the "Barney Barnato" of that time. His origin was, like Barnato's, obscure. That is not to his discredit; it merely emphasizes his success. Thirty-five years ago North was a workman in Leeds, and his wages were \$7.50 a week. He was an employé of John Fowler & Co., the great firm of engine-builders. He was an exceptionally intelligent workman, and one day the firm despatched him to South America to set up some machinery they were sending there. South America was another name for opportunity, and North seized it. If, in the course of time, he did not seize a good part of the country, he, at least, became possessed of certain railroad and mining rights there, and, among other things, of vast and seemingly inexhaustible deposits of nitrate. He became wealthy beyond the dreams of Yorkshire. In the course of time he returned to England; he established himself in London; he "floated" companies; everything he touched seemed to turn to gold. He had as great a following as a conquering hero; every one wished to learn from him the secret of money-making; he was seen "everywhere," as the saying goes; even the Prince received him; he was an honored guest at banquets, a first-nighter at the theatres, a conspicuous figure at race and hunt meetings.

One evening he spent \$75,000 on a ball at the Hotel Metropole in order to launch his daughter upon the summer sea of society; at another time he bought a ruined abbey—Kirkstall Abbey—and presented it to his native town of Leeds; he bought paintings, and gave them to public galleries; he bought a famous tavern in the city, and all the speculating world went there, for a while, for its luncheons and "nips;" he became a Colonel of Volunteers, and Master of the Mid-Kent Hounds; and then he set himself up for a country gentleman. To do this last deed he built himself, at huge cost, a great palace at Eltham, in the county of Kent, and there he lived until his death, with his family—happy, it is to be presumed, but no longer the cynosure of kingdoms. The golden Colonel was not what you would call a "society man," and after a while the West End left him to his nitrates and his Eltham Palace. One saw him of late a sandy-haired, sandy-whiskered, florid-faced man, going about in hansom, and unattended by the curious, even obsequious, throng which followed him when his speculations were afloat and "tips" filled the financial air.

The gallant Colonel when in England went daily to "the City." His offices were at 3 Gracechurch street, where he pursued the agreeable task of extracting gold from nitrates. The waiting-room at the Colonel's offices was nearly always crowded, and patience was assiduously cultivated there. The walls of the apartment were hung with pictorial rep-

resentations of all sorts of crops—first, crops so poor and so stunted that you would fancy they must have just been rescued from a seven years' nitrogen famine; and so on by successive stages until you beheld a portrayal of lands where all planted things flourished in a state of tropical exuberance, all on account of treatment with nitrates.

A few months ago Colonel North stood for Parliament as a Conservative, but he failed of election. He disliked speeches and when he did speak he frankly declared he didn't know much about issues, but took it for granted that Lord Salisbury was all right upon all questions. He would not answer letters. He believed most letters would answer themselves if given time enough. Such a man could not win the suffrage of Hodge. He went to Ostend where he found a king to his heart, a monarch with a fancy for financiering, or, at least, for exploitation—in other words, Leopold, King of the Belgians. He purchased from his Majesty a large estate in the Ardennes—a lovely spot where wild boar and deer afford exercise for the huntsman. He returned to Ostend, and there projected a scheme for constructing a casino, a theatre and a hotel larger than any now to be found at any European watering place. Colonel North caught the eye of royalty, even wrested a smile from it. This is more than Mr. Barney Barnato has yet achieved. It is said that the favor of Wales cost North almost as much as it cost Baron Hirsch whom H. R. H. "got into" to the tune of about \$7,000,000.

THE DE RESZKES AT HOME

AT THE ESTATE OF BOROVNO.....BUFFALO NEWS

Jean De Reszke seemed tired out from the effects of his musical tour in this country when I bade him goodbye the first of May on board the big American liner New York. He had just completed an opera season in which he had sung not less than seventy or eighty times. Moreover, he had taken nearly all the leading tenor rôles of the French, German and Italian operas, and the beauty of tone and finished taste shown in his voice clearly indicated the length of time and labor he must have devoted to private rehearsals in order to achieve such magnificent results.

But however weary the great tenor may be, he has rest and recreation to look forward to such as not one man in a million can enjoy. Few of the vast army of his admirers know that he owns a castle and country estate in Europe which meets all the requirements of an artist's dream. Adelina Patti's Craig-y-Nos is a pretty place in Wales, Sarah Bernhardt's island in the Mediterranean is quite picturesque and Mrs. Langtry's ranch in California is in the garden of the Golden Gate, but none of these can compare for a moment with beautiful Borovno, the home of Jean de Reszke, in Russian Poland. In size alone it overshadows all the rest put together, and in beauty it is simply unapproachable. The chateau and surrounding country comprise about 16,000 acres. To give an adequate idea of the extent of the estate, it need only be stated that were Borovno cut up into sections, it would make nearly

twenty Central Parks of the same size and beauty as that in the great American metropolis. The home of the De Reszkes is situated in Russian Poland, about five hours' ride south of Warsaw, in one of the most beautiful and picturesque parts of that country. The chateau proper was built in the time of Louis X and stands in the centre of a beautiful garden. In appearance it is somewhat quaint, being a mixture of French and Russian architecture. The walls are of stone and are of great thickness, making them very comfortable in warm weather and easy to heat in the winter. On entering the door beneath the massive pillars of a semi-circular façade, one finds himself in a square hallway. A huge door leads directly backward into the banquet hall, which evidently had been used as a feast chamber by the court nobles in the days before the partition of Poland. The high-vaulted ceiling extends two stories in height, and in the rear are big windows. The side walls are constructed in panels, and contain bas-reliefs of hunting scenes, as well as pictures of the ancient Poles who inhabited the chateau before it came into the possession of the De Reszke family. A double stairway ascends on either side of the big hallway door, the winding staircase opening into a gallery above which is used by the musicians during the feast and for dance music as well. This staircase also leads to the rooms on either side of the chateau in the second story. On the right of the entrance to the chateau are the dining hall, breakfast room and library.

On the right of the chateau proper, making a court yard, are the bachelor quarters used by Jean and Edward and their friends; directly opposite are the servants' quarters, where some sixty or more attendants on the place are fed and housed. In the rear of the chateau facing the west are several acres of "kitchen garden," and beyond this is a huge brick wall which surrounds the entire house and garden. Passing through the gate, one finds before him a low, flat open under thorough cultivation. A son of Erin would imagine that he was in "Ould Ireland" at the sight of 10,000 acres in potatoes. These Russian tubers are used by a brandy factory on the premises for making aqua vitæ.

Beyond the big potato field is a superb forest of oak and chestnut trees. This is Jean de Reszke's hunting preserve. Here is found small game of every description, as well as deer in plenty. Hares and partridges are to be found among the potato vines, and make excellent shooting. Beyond this strip of forest of about a thousand acres one comes upon the pet folly of the great tenor—his stock farm. Here are to be found racing horses galore to equip several tracks. Here, also, are English grooms to train and look after the thoroughbreds, assisted by Polish stable boys. Not a few of the horses are named after the characters in the favorite operas of the great tenor, one of them being "Kundry," the winner of the St. Petersburg Derby. The winnings of the stable in 1892 were over \$30,000.

When a visitor to the De Reszkes' home passes through the streets of Borovno, the men, women and children are accustomed to advance and kiss his hand. This rather disagreeable method of salutation is repeated every time a peasant is encountered, and the visitor must graciously submit to several hundred osculatory courtesies in the course of a

day. Both men and women work in the fields, and one sex seemingly accomplishes as much as the other. The visitor to Borovno has every kind of leisure and sport that his heart could wish. It may be interesting to mention the programme that is generally observed. There are four meals in the course of the twenty-four hours, so that no one need go to bed hungry. Coffee is served in the rooms at about half-past seven in the morning, and then the horses are brought to the door. The visitor is then given one of the most delightful drives imaginable over hill and dale, through forest and field, along laughing brooks and little lakes, until he imagines that he is on the confines of paradise, so beautiful is the country. The ride is finished by 9 o'clock, when breakfast is served.

Directly in front of the house is the "oval," which extends about 200 feet toward the gate, and on this track after breakfast some of the thoroughbreds are exercised. Jean watches the horses very closely as he smokes his cigar, and tries to select the winner of the Czarowitz plate at the coming races in Warsaw. At midday a set lunch is placed on the tables, and the visitor can help himself whenever he gets hungry. A little later a big Russian wagon, with hay in the bottom to make up for the lack of springs, is brought to the door, and Jean and his guests are off for a survey of the surrounding country. There are four or five horses attached, and the visitor has the privilege of either mounting on horseback or riding in the bottom of this Polish "prairie schooner." No matter what road is taken, the party is bound to encounter peasants who are on their way to the mysterious shrine of the Miraculous Virgin of Poland at Chestokova. Some of these poor people have wandered from two to three hundred miles in their bare feet and have begged their way from door to door. No matter how rich they may be, one of the conditions of a successful pilgrimage is that they must make the journey to the shrine without purse or provisions. All the houses of the Polish gentry are supplied with kopecks (a Russian coin worth about two-thirds of a cent in our money), and these the butler hands out to every pilgrim that comes to his door. Long processions of twenty or thirty are often met with who frequently bear a picture of the statue of the Miraculous Virgin before them. It should be said here in passing that all the roads around Borovno are magnificently kept. Not only are they macadamized, but on either side are majestic poplars and "swelling chestnut trees."

SAMUEL P. LANGLEY, THE ASTRONOMER

A FAMOUS AMERICAN SCIENTIST.....CHICAGO TIMES-HERALD

Professor Samuel Pierpont Langley is one of the foremost astronomers and physicists in the world. His discoveries in stellar photography alone would have sufficed to make him famous. It was he who found out that what is invisible to the eye even when aided by the most searching telescope may be fixed upon a photographic plate and thus brought into the realm of visibility. Nebulæ so diaphanous that they present no image on the eye whatever, and which the most powerful objective fails to discriminate from the black space, were fixed on Prof. Langley's sensitive plates.

He was born in Roxbury, Mass., in 1834, when that town was a suburb of Boston. He was gradu-

ated from the Boston Latin school and from that time until now he has devoted himself to science with an ardor that commands unlimited admiration. At first he studied civil engineering and after he had mastered that he took up architecture. As a mere child he showed great fondness for astronomy and read with eager interest all the books upon that subject he could lay his hands upon. He constructed lenses and mirrors for his own telescope and used the instruments he made himself with success. He went to Europe in 1864 and again in 1865, and on his return in the latter year decided to give up his life to science. His first step in that direction was taken when he entered the observatory of Harvard College as an assistant. Soon afterward he was tendered a position on the academic staff of the naval academy at Annapolis.

In 1867 Prof. Langley was invited to take charge of the Allegheny Observatory at Western University in Pittsburg. He was given the title of professor of astronomy, and thought when he accepted the position to occupy it but a short time. Instead, he filled it twenty years. In 1887 Prof. Baird, of the Smithsonian Institution, offered to Prof. Langley the post of assistant secretary in that institution. That very year Prof. Baird died and the board of regents chose Prof. Langley to fill the place.

The history of the Allegheny Observatory is a record of his energy, intellect and skill. When he took charge of it there was nothing in it but a thirteen inch equatorial telescope. Beyond this instrument the station had no equipment whatever. The observatory was empty, and its new director was permitted to carry on original researches on the condition that this work would not interfere with duties as professor. The observatory had no income, and the only money available was the endowment to pay the salary of the professor. In spite of all this, Langley went to work on his original researches. Possibly no man other than he who discovered a way of making a flying machine could have solved the pretty puzzle presented to his mind. He had not a penny of his own, and astronomical research is a rather expensive pastime. Langley did not beg. Unlike most scientific men, who believe that rich people should pay for the advancement of science, Langley went to work to make the money himself and then to spend it on the observatory.

For this purpose he originated the present system of electric time signals for railroads. The railroads saw the absolute value of the scheme, took it up, and money began to flow into the treasury of the university. Prof. Langley continued his original researches and earned the money to pay his own expenses. His "time service" was taken up by other universities, and the country is furnished with a splendid system of standard time which helps greatly to support the observatories furnishing the signals.

He was one of the astronomers sent out by the government to observe the total eclipse of the sun in 1869 and 1870. In the first expedition he was stationed at Oakland, Ky., and in the second at Xeres, Spain. In 1878 he went to Pike's Peak to see the corona in the eclipse of that year. He spent some time during the winter on Mount Ætna, in Sicily. It was in 1870 that Langley began those brilliant researches the results of which have coupled

his name with the sun and left him highest authority on all matters pertaining to solar physics. He dissected the structure of the photosphere, and his marvellous drawing, *A Typical Sun Spot*, will last forever as the finest example of astronomical art. He invented the bolometer, to measure the effect of sun spots on terrestrial temperature. He has added much original matter to the literature of science, his most popular book being *The New Astronomy*. He was the first to receive the Henry Draper Medal of the National Academy of Science. He has the Rumford medal of the Royal Society, and has many honorary degrees given him by as many universities. He is a genial, kindly, simple man, an absolute gentleman, modest as he is great.

JULES SIMON, EX-PREMIER OF FRANCE

A CELEBRATED FRENCHMAN.....POUGHKEEPSIE NEWS-PRESS

Jules François Simon, the celebrated statesman, life member of the French senate, member of the French Academy, perpetual secretary of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, and formerly prime minister of France, is dead. He was born on December 31, 1814. His full name was Jules François Simon Suisse, but he has never been known by any but the shorter form. In 1877 M. Simon became premier upon the resignation of M. Dufuræ. The cabinet lasted until May 16, 1877, when it was virtually dismissed by Marshal MacMahon. M. Simon was elected a member of the French Academy in 1875. The list of M. Simon's books is a long one. He obtained distinction as an authority on historical and economic subjects.

After his education at the Normal school he became a fellow of philosophy, and his lectures at Caen and Versailles were a brilliant success. It was Victor Cousin who procured for him a position in the Normal school at Paris. Soon after he became principal lecturer in history. In 1845 he was made a knight of the Legion of Honor and stood as a candidate for the chamber, but was defeated. After the revolution of February, 1848, M. Simon was elected to the constituent assembly from the department of the Cotes du Nord. He acted with the Moderate Left. In March, 1849, he was elected a member of the council of state and resigned his seat as a representative. In the reconstitution by the legislative assembly of the first half of the council he was dropped and found himself removed from public life for the time being.

After the coup d'état he refused to take the oath of allegiance to the empire, and his lectures on philosophy at Sorbonne were suspended. In 1863 he was sent to the corps législatif from the Eighth circonscription of the Seine. M. Simon soon became the chief of the Republican party. He ranked high as an orator and came out as an earnest advocate of free trade. In November, 1891, he once more appeared on the political scene as an advocate of free trade and at the same time delivered a great but useless anti-protectionist speech. On the formation of the government of national defence he became minister of public instruction, public worship and the fine arts. He was chosen by M. Thiers as minister of public instruction in the cabinet of conciliation. In December, 1875, he was elected a senator for life. Then followed his elevation to the premiership, as heretofore related.

JIM LANCY'S WATERLOO: ON A FARM IN NEBRASKA *

A SHORT STORY BY ELIA W. PEATTIE

"We must get married before time to put in crops," he wrote. "We must make a success of the farm the first year, for luck. Could you manage to come out West by the last of February? After March there will be no let-up, and I do not see how I could get away. Make it February, Annie dear. A few weeks more or less can make no difference to you, but they make a good deal of difference to me."

The woman to whom this was written read it with something like anger. "I don't believe he's so impatient for me!" she said to herself. "What he wants is to get the crops in on time." But she changed the date of their wedding, and made it February.

Their wedding journey was only from the Illinois village where she lived to their Nebraska farm. They had never been much together and they had much to say to each other.

"Farming won't come hard to you," Jim assured her. "All one needs to farm with is brain."

"What a success you'll make of it!" she cried saucily.

"I wish I had my farm clear," Jim went on; "but that's more than any one has around me. I'm no worse off than the rest. We've got to pay off the mortgage, Annie."

"Of course we must. We'll just do without till we get the mortgage lifted. Hard work will do anything, I guess. And I'm not afraid to work, Jim, though I've never had much experience."

Jim looked out of the window a long time, at the gentle undulations of the brown Iowa prairie. His eyes seemed to pierce beneath the sod, to the swelling buds of the yet invisible grass. He noticed how disdainfully the rains of the new year beat down the grasses of the year that was gone. It opened to his mind a vision of the season's possibilities. For a moment, even amid the smoke of the car, he seemed to scent clover, and hear the stiff swishing of the corn and the dull burring of the bees.

"I wish sometimes," he said, leaning forward to look at his bride, "that I had been born something else than a farmer. But I can no more help farming, Annie, than a bird can help singing, or a bee making honey. I didn't take to farming. I was simply born with a hoe in my hand."

"I don't know a blessed thing about it," Annie confessed. "But I made up my mind that a farm with you was better than a town without you. That's all there is to it, as far as I am concerned."

Jim Lancy slid his arm softly about her waist, unseen by the other passengers. Annie looked up apprehensively, to see if any one was noticing. But they were eating their lunches. It was a common coach on which they were riding. There was a Pullman attached to the train, and Annie had secretly thought that, as it was their wedding journey, it might be more becoming to take it. But Jim had made no suggestion about it. What he said later explained the reason.

"I would have liked to have brought you a fine present," he said. "It seemed shabby to come with nothing but that little ring. But I put everything I had in our home, you know. And yet, I'm sure you'll think it poor enough after what you've been used to. You'll forgive me for only bringing the ring, my dear?"

"But you brought me something better," Annie whispered. She was a foolish little girl. "You've brought me love, you know." Then they rode in silence for a long time. Both of them were new to the phraseology of love. Their simple compliments to each other were almost ludicrous. But any one who might have chanced to overhear them would have been charmed, for they betrayed an innocence as beautiful as an unclouded dawn.

Annie tried hard not to be depressed by the treeless stretches of the Nebraska plains.

"This is different from Illinois," she ventured once, gently; "it is even different from Iowa."

"Yes, yes," cried Jim enthusiastically, "it is different! It is the finest country in the world! You never feel shut in. You can always see off. I feel at home after I get in Nebraska. I'd choke, back where you live, with all those little gullies and the trees everywhere. It's a mystery to me how farmers have patience to work there."

Annie opened her eyes. There was evidently more than one way of looking at the question. The farmhouses looked very low and mean to her, as she looked at them from the window. There were no fences, excepting now and then the inhospitable barbed wire. The dooryards were bleak to her eyes, without the ornamental shrubbery which every farmer in her part of the country was used to tending. The cattle stood unshedded in their corrals. The reapers and binders stood rusting in the dull drizzle.

"How shiftless!" cried Annie, indignantly. "What do these men mean by letting their machinery lie out that way? I should think one winter of lying out would hurt it more than three summers of using."

"It does. But sheds are not easily had. Lumber is dear."

"But I should think it would be economy even then."

"Yes," he said, "perhaps. But we all do that way out here. It takes some money for a man to be economical with. Some of us haven't even that much."

There was a six-mile ride from the station. The horses were waiting hitched up in a serviceable light wagon, and driven by the "help." He was a thin young man, with red hair, and he blushed vicariously for Jim and Annie, who were really too entertained with each other, and at the idea of the new life opening up before them, to think anything about blushing. At the station, a number of men insisted on shaking hands with Jim, and being introduced to his wife. They were all bearded, as if shaving were an unnecessary labor, and their trousers were tucked in dusty top-boots, none of which

*A story selected from *A Mountain Woman*, a collection of excellent short stories by Elia W. Peattie. The book is published in dainty form by Way & Williams of Chicago.

had ever seen blacking. Annie had a sense of these men seeming unwashed, or as if they had slept in their clothes. But they had kind voices, and their eyes were very friendly. So she shook hands with them all with heartiness, and asked them to drive out and bring their womenkind.

"I'm going to make up my mind not to be lonesome," she declared; "but, all the same, I shall want to see some women."

Annie had got safe on the high seat of the wagon, and was balancing her little feet on the inclined footrest, when a woman came running across the street, calling aloud,—

"Mr. Lancy! Mr. Lancy! You're not going to drive away without introducing me to your wife!"

She was a thin little woman, with movements as nervous and as graceless as those of a grasshopper. Her dun-colored garments seemed to have all the hue bleached out of them with wind and weather. Her face was brown and wrinkled, and her bright eyes flashed restlessly, deep in their sockets. Two front teeth were conspicuously missing; and her faded hair was blown in wisps about her face. Jim performed the introduction, and Annie held out her hand. It was a pretty hand, delicately gloved in dove color. The woman took it in her own, and after she had shaken it, held it for a silent moment, looking at it. Then she almost threw it from her. The eyes which she lifted to scan the bright young face above her had something like agony in them. Annie blushed under this fierce scrutiny, and the woman, suddenly conscious of her demeanor, forced a smile to her lips.

"I'll come out and see yeh," she said, in cordial tones. "Maybe, as a new housekeeper, you'll like a little advice. You've a nice place, an' I wish yeh luck."

"Thank you. I'm sure I'll need advice," cried Annie, as they drove off. Then she said to Jim, "Who is that old woman?"

"Old woman? Why, she ain't a day over thirty, Mis' Dundy ain't."

Annie looked at her husband blankly. But he was already talking of something else, and she asked no more about the woman, although all the way along the road the face seemed to follow her. It might have been this that caused the tightening about her heart. For some way her vivacity had gone; and the rest of the ride she asked no questions, but sat looking straight before her at the northward stretching road, with eyes that felt rather than saw the brown, bare undulations, rising every now and then clean to the sky; at the side, little famished-looking houses, unacquainted with paint, disorderly yards, and endless reaches of furrowed ground, where in summer the corn had waved.

The horses needed no indication of the line to make them turn up a smooth bit of road that curved away neatly 'mid the ragged grasses. At the end of it, in a clump of puny scrub oaks, stood a square little house, in uncorniced simplicity, with blank, uncurtained windows staring out at Annie, and for a moment her eyes, blurred with the cold, seemed to see in one of them the despairing face of the woman with the wisps of faded hair blowing about her face.

"Well, what do you think of it?" Jim cried, heartily, swinging her down from her high seat, and

kissing her as he did so. "This is your home, my girl, and you are as welcome to it as you would be to a palace if I could give it to you."

Annie put up her hands to hide the trembling of her lips; and she let Jim see there were tears in her eyes as an apology for not replying. The young man with the red hair took away the horses, and Jim, with his arm around his wife's waist, ran toward the house and threw open the door for her to enter. The intense heat of two great stoves struck in their faces; and Annie saw the big burner, erected in all its black hideousness in the middle of the front room, like a sort of household hoodoo, to be constantly propitiated, like the gods of Greece; and in the kitchen, the new range, with a distracted tea-kettle leaping on it, as if it would like to loose its fetters and race away over the prairie after its cousin, the locomotive.

It was a house of four rooms, and a glance revealed the fact that it had been provided with the necessities.

"I think we can be very comfortable here," said Jim, very doubtfully.

Annie saw she must make some response. "I am sure we can be more than comfortable, Jim," she replied. "We can be happy. Show me, if you please, where my room is. I must hang my cloak up in the right place so that I shall feel as if I were getting settled."

It was enough. Jim had no longer any doubts. He felt sure they were going to be happy ever afterward.

It was Annie who got the first meal; she insisted on it, though both the men wanted her to rest. And Jim hadn't the heart to tell her that, as a general thing, it would not do to put two eggs in the corn-cake, and that the beefsteak was a great luxury. When he saw her about to break an egg for the coffee, however, he interfered.

"The shells of the ones you used for the cake will settle the coffee just as well," he said. "You see we have to be very careful of eggs out here at this season."

"Oh! Will the shells really settle it? This is what you must call prairie lore. I suppose out here we find out what the real relations of invention and necessity are—eh?"

Jim laughed disproportionately. He thought her wonderfully witty. And he and the help ate so much that Annie opened her eyes. She had thought there would be enough left for supper. But there was nothing left.

For the next two weeks Jim was able to be much with her; and they amused themselves by decorating the house with the bright curtainings that Annie had brought, and putting up shelves for a few pieces of china. She had two or three pictures, also, which had come from her room in her old home, and some of those useless dainty things with which some women like to litter the room.

"Most folks," Jim explained, "have to be content with one fire, and sit in the kitchen; but I thought, as this was our honeymoon, we could put on some lugs."

Annie said nothing then; but a day or two after she ventured,—

"Perhaps it would be well now, dear, if we kept in the kitchen. I'll keep it as bright and pleasant as I

can. And, anyway, you can be more about with me when I'm working then. We'll lay a fire in the front-room stove, so that we can light it if anybody comes. We can just as well save that much."

Jim looked up brightly. "All right," he said. "You're a sensible little woman. You see, every cent makes a difference. And I want to be able to pay off five hundred dollars of that mortgage this year."

So, after that, they sat in the kitchen; and the fire was laid in the front room, against the coming of the company. But no one came, and it remained unlighted.

Then the season began to show signs of opening,—bleak signs, hardly recognizable to Annie; and after that Jim was not much in the house. The weeks wore on, and spring came at last, dancing over the hills. The ground-birds began building, and at four each morning awoke Annie with their sylvan opera. The creek that ran just at the north of the house worked itself into a fury and blustered along with much noise toward the great Platte which, miles away, wallowed in its vast bed. The hills flushed from brown to yellow, and from mottled green to intensest emerald, and in the superb air all the winds and heaven seemed to meet and frolic with laughter and song.

Sometimes the mornings were so beautiful that, the men being afield and Annie all alone, she gave herself up to an ecstasy and kneeled by the little wooden bench outside the door, to say, "Father, I thank Thee," and then went about her work with all the poem of nature rhyming itself over and over in her heart.

It was on such a day as this that Mrs. Dundy kept her promise and came over to see if the young housekeeper needed any of the advice she promised her. She had walked, because none of the horses could be spared. It had got so warm now that the fire in the kitchen heated the whole house sufficiently, and Annie had the whole rooms cleaned to exquisiteness. Mrs. Dundy looked about with envious eyes.

"How lovely!" she said.

"Do you think so?" cried Annie, in surprise. "I like it, of course, because it is home, but I don't see how you could call anything here lovely."

"Oh, you don't understand," her visitor went on. "It's lovely because it looks so happy. Some of us have—well, kind o' lost our grip."

"It's easy to do that if you don't feel well," Annie remarked sympathetically. "I haven't felt as well as usual myself, lately. And I do get lonesome and wonder what good it does to fix up every day when there is no one to see. But that is all nonsense, and I put it out of my head."

She smoothed out the clean lawn apron with delicate touch. Mrs. Dundy followed the movement with her eyes.

"O, my dear," she cried, "you don't know nothin' about it yet! But you will! You will!" and those restless, hot eyes of hers seemed to grow more restless and more hot as they looked with infinite pity at the young woman before her.

Annie thought of those words often as the summer came on, and the heat grew. Jim was seldom to be seen now. He was up at four each morning, and the last chore was not completed till nine at

night. Then he threw himself in bed and lay there log-like till dawn. He was too weary to talk much, and Annie, with her heart aching for his fatigue, forbore to speak to him. She cooked the most strengthening things she could, and tried always to look fresh and pleasant when he came in. But she often thought her pains were in vain, for he hardly rested his sunburned eyes on her. His skin got so brown that his face was strangely changed, especially as he no longer had time to shave, and had let a rough beard straggle over his cheeks and chin. On Sundays Annie would have liked to go to church, but the horses were too tired to be taken out, and she did not feel well enough to walk far; besides, Jim got no particular good out of walking over the hills unless he had a plow in his hand.

Harvest came at length, and the crop was good. There were any way from three to twenty men at the house then, and Annie cooked for all of them. Jim had tried to get some one to help her, but he had not succeeded. Annie strove to be brave, remembering that farm women all over the country were working in similar fashion. But in spite of all she could do, the days got to seem like nightmares, and sleep between was but a brief pause in which she was always dreaming of water, and thinking that she was stooping to put fevered lips to a running brook. Some of these men were very disgusting to Annie. Their manners were as bad as they could well be, and a coarse word came naturally to their lips.

"To be master of the soil, that is one thing," said she to herself in sickness of spirit; "but to be the slave of it is another. These men seem to have got their souls all covered with muck." She noticed that they had no idea of amusement. They had never played anything. They did not even care for baseball. Their idea of happiness appeared to be to do nothing; and there was a good part of the year in which they were happy,—for these were not for the most part men owning farms; they were men who hired out to help the farmer. A good many of them had been farmers at one time and another, but they had failed. They all talked politics a great deal,—politics and railroads. Annie had not much patience with it all. She had great confidence in the course of things. She believed that in this country all men have a fair chance. So when it came about that the corn and the wheat, which had been raised with such incessant toil, brought them no money, but only a loss, Annie stood aghast.

"I said the rates were ruinous," Jim said to her one night, after it was all over, and he had found out that the year's slavish work had brought him a loss of three hundred dollars; "it's been a conspiracy from the first. The price of corn is all right. But by the time we set it down in Chicago we are out eighteen cents a bushel. It means ruin. What are we going to do? Here we had the best crop we've had for years—but what's the use of talking! They have us in their grip."

"I don't see how it is," Annie protested. "I should think it would be for the interest of the roads to help the people to be as prosperous as possible."

"Oh, we can't get out! And we're bound to stay and raise grain. And they're bound to cart it. And that's all there is to it. They force us to stand every loss, even to the shortage that is made in transporta-

tion. The railroad companies own the elevators, and they have the cinch on us. Our grain is at their mercy. God knows how I'm going to raise that interest. As for the five hundred we were going to pay on the mortgage this year, Annie, we're not in it."

Autumn was well set in by this time, and the brilliant cold sky hung over the prairies as young and fresh as if the world were not old and tired. Annie no longer could look as trim as when she first came to the little house. Her pretty wedding garments were beginning to be worn and there was no money for more. Jim would not play chess now of evenings. He was forever writing articles for the weekly paper in the adjoining town. They talked of running him for the state legislature, and he was anxious for the nomination.

"I think I might be able to stand it if I could fight 'em!" he declared; "but to sit here idle, knowing that I have been cheated out of my year's work, just as much as if I had been knocked down on the road and the money taken from me, is enough to send me to the asylum with a straight-jacket on!"

Life grew to take on such tragic aspects. Annie used to find herself wondering if anywhere in the world there were people with light hearts. For her there was no longer anticipation of joy, or present companionship, or any divertisement in the whole world. Jim read books which she did not understand, and with a few of his friends, who dropped in now and then evenings or Sundays, talked about these books in an excited manner.

She would go to her room to rest, and lying there in the darkness on the bed, would hear them speaking together, sometimes all at once, in those sternly vindictive tones men use when revolt is in their souls.

He got more eloquent as time went on, and Annie, who had known Jim first as rather a careless talker, was astonished at the boldness of his language. But conversation was a lost art with him. He no longer talked. He harangued.

In the early spring Annie's baby was born,—a little girl with a nervous cry, who never slept long at a time, and who seemed to wail merely from distaste at living. It was Mrs. Dundy who came over to look after the house till Annie got able to do so. Her eyes had that fever in them, as ever. She talked but little, but her touch on Annie's head was more eloquent than words. One day Annie asked for the glass, and Mrs. Dundy gave it to her. She looked in it a long time. The color was gone from her cheeks, and about her mouth there was an ugly tightening. But her eyes flashed and shone with that same—no, no, it could not be in her face also was coming that look of half-madness! She motioned Mrs. Dundy to come to her.

"You knew it was coming," she said, brokenly, pointing to the reflection in the glass. "That first day, you knew how it would be."

Mrs. Dundy took the glass away with a gentle hand.

"How could I help knowing?" she said simply. She went into the next room, and when she returned Annie noticed that the handkerchief stuck in her belt was wet, as if it had been wept on.

A woman cannot stay long away from her home on a farm at planting time, even if it is a case of life and death. Mrs. Dundy had to go home, and

Annie crept about her work with the wailing baby in her arms. The house was often disorderly now; but it could not be helped. The baby had to be cared for. It fretted so much that Jim slept apart in the mow of the barn, that his sleep might not be disturbed. It was a pleasant, dim place, full of sweet scents, and he liked to be there alone. Though he had always been an unusual worker, he worked now more like a man who was fighting off fate, than a mere toiler for bread.

The corn came up beautifully, and as far as the eye could reach around their home it tossed its broad green leaves with an ocean-like swelling of sibilant sound. Jim loved it with a sort of passion. Sometimes, at night, when her fatigue was unbearable, and her irritation wearing out both body and soul, she took her little one in her arms and walked among the corn, letting its rustling soothe the baby to sleep.

The heat of the summer was terrible. The sun came up in that blue sky like a curse, and hung there till night came to comfort the blistering earth. And one morning a terrible thing happened. Annie was standing out of doors in the shade of those miserable little oaks, ironing, when suddenly a blast of air struck her in the face, which made her look up startled. For a moment she thought perhaps, there was a fire near in the grass. But there was none. Another blast came, hotter this time, and fifteen minutes later that wind was sweeping straight across the plain, burning and blasting. Annie went into the house to finish her ironing, and was working there, when she heard Jim's footsteps on the doorsill. He could not look pale because of the tan, but there was a look of agony and of anger—almost brutish anger—in his eyes. Then he looked, for a moment, at Annie standing there working patiently, and rocking the little crib with one foot, and he sat down on the doorstep and buried his face in his brown arms.

The wind blew for three days. At the end of that time every ear was withered in the stalk. The corn crop was ruined.

But there were the other crops which must be attended to, and Jim watched those with the alertness of a despairing man; and so harvest came again, and again the house was filled with men who talked their careless talk, and who were not ashamed to gorge while this one woman cooked for them. The baby lay on a quilt on the floor in the coolest part of the kitchen. Annie fed it irregularly. Sometimes she almost forgot it. As for its wailing, she had grown so used to it that she hardly heard it, any more than she did the ticking of the clock. And yet, tighter than anything else in life, was the hold that little thing had on her heartstrings. At night, after the interminable work had been finished—though in slovenly fashion—she would take it up and caress it with fierceness, and worn as she was, would bathe it and soothe it, and give it warm milk from the big tin pail.

"Lay the child down," Jim would say impatiently, while the men would tell how their wives always put their babies on the bed and let them cry if they wanted to. Annie said nothing, but she hushed the little one with tender songs.

One day, as usual, it lay on its quilt while Annie worked. It was a terribly busy morning. She had

risen at four to get the washing out of the way before the men got on hand, and there were a dozen loaves of bread to bake, and the meals to get, and the milk to attend to, and the chickens and pigs to feed. So occupied was she that she never was able to tell how long she was gone from the baby. She only knew that the heat of her own body was so great that the blood seemed to be pounding at her ears, and she staggered as she crossed the yard. But when she went at last with a cup of milk to feed the little one, as she lifted it, a last convulsion laid it back breathless, and its heart had ceased to beat.

Annie ran with it to her room, and tried such remedies as she had. But nothing could keep the chill from creeping over the wasted little form,—not even the heat of the day, not even the mother's agonized embrace. Then suddenly, Annie looked at the clock. It was time to get the dinner. She laid the piteous tiny shape straight on the bed, threw a sheet over it, and went back to the weltering kitchen to cook for those men, who came at noon and who must be fed—who must be fed.

When they were all seated at the table, Jim among them, and she had served them, she said, standing at the head of the table, with her hands on her hips:—

"I don't suppose any of you have time to do anything about it; but I thought you might like to know that the baby is dead. I wouldn't think of asking you to spare the horses, for I know they have to rest. But I thought, if you could make out on a cold supper, that I would go to the town for a coffin."

There was satire in the voice that stung even through the dull perceptions of these men, and Jim arose with a cry and went to the room where his dead baby lay.

About two months after this Annie insisted that she must go home. Jim protested in a way.

"You know, I'd like to send you," he said, "but I don't see where the money is to come from. And since I've got this nomination, I want to run as well as I can. My friends expect me to do my best for them. It's a duty, you know, and nothing less, for a few men, like me, to get in the legislature. We're going to get a railroad bill through this session that will straighten out a good many things. Be patient a little longer, Annie."

"I want to go home," was the only reply he got. "You must get the money some way for me."

"I haven't paid a cent of interest yet," he cried angrily. "I don't see what you mean by being so unreasonable!"

"You must get the money, some way," she reiterated.

He did not speak to her for a week, except when he was obliged to. But she did not seem to mind; and he gave her the money. He took her to the train in the little wagon that had met her when she first came. At the station, some women were gossiping excitedly, and Annie asked what they were saying.

"It's Mis' Dundy," they said. "She's been sent to th' insane asylum at Lincoln. She's gone stark mad. All she said on the way out was, 'Th' butter won't come! Th' butter won't come!'" Then they laughed a little—a strange laugh; and Annie thought of a drinking-song she had once heard, "Here's to the next who dies."

Ten days after this Jim got a letter from her.

"I'm never coming back, Jim," it said. "It's hopeless. I don't think I would mind standing still to be shot down if there was any good in it. But I'm not going back there to work harder than any slave for those money-loaners and the railroads. I guess they can all get along without me. And I'm sure I can get along without them. I do not think this will make you feel very bad. You haven't seemed to notice me very much lately when I've been around, and I do not think you will notice very much when I'm gone. I know what this means. I know I am breaking my word when I leave you. But remember, it is not you I leave, but the soil, Jim! I will not be its slave any longer. If you care to come for me here, and live another life—but no, there would be no use. Our love, like our toil, has been eaten up by those rapacious acres. Let us say good-by."

Jim sat all night with this letter in his hand. Sometimes he dozed heavily in his chair. But he did not go to bed; and the next morning he hitched up his horses and rode to town. He went to the bank which held his notes.

"I'll confess judgment as soon as you like," he said. "It's all up with me."

It was done as quickly as the law would allow. And the things in the house were sold by auction. All the farmers were there with their wives. It made quite an outing for them. Jim moved around impassively, and chatted, now and then, with some of the men about what the horses ought to bring.

The auctioneer was a clever fellow. Between the putting up of the articles, he sang comic songs, and the funnier the song, the livelier the bidding that followed. The horses brought a decent price, and the machinery a disappointing one; and then, after a delicious snatch about Nell who rode the sway-backed mare at the county fair, he got down to the furniture,—the furniture which Jim had bought when he was expecting Annie.

Jim was walking around with his hands in his pockets, looking unconcerned, and, as the furniture began to go off, he came and sat down in the midst of it. Every one noted his indifference. Some of them said after all he couldn't have been very ambitious. He didn't seem to take his failure much to heart. Every one was concentrating attention on the cooking-stove, when Jim leaned forward, quickly, over a little wicker work-stand.

There was a bit of unfinished sewing there, and it fell out as he lifted the cover. It was a baby's linen shirt. Jim let it lie, and then lifted from its receptacle a silver thimble. He put it in his vest-pocket.

The campaign came on shortly after this, and Jim Lancy was defeated. "I'm going to Omaha," said he to the station-master, "and I've got just enough to buy a ticket with. There's a kind of satisfaction in giving the last cent I have to the railroads."

Two months later, a "plain drunk" was registered at the station in Nebraska's metropolis. When they searched him they found nothing in his pockets but a silver thimble, and Joe Benson, the policeman who had brought in the "drunk," gave it to the matron with his compliments. But she, when no one noticed, went softly to where the man was sleeping, and slipped it back into his pocket, with a sigh. For she knew somehow—as women do know things—that he had not stolen that thimble.

TABLE TALK: CONCERNING EATING AND DRINKING

AT A CHINESE BANQUET

SUFFERING THIRTY-SEVEN COURSES. LONDON TELEGRAPH

Here is a first-class Chinese dinner in thirty-seven courses given recently:

Course 1. Pyramid of ham and carrots in oblong slabs.

2, 3, 4 and 5. The same of mutton, boiled pig hide, grilled fish rolled in sugar and boiled fowl dipped in soy sauce.

6. Shark fin shreds in pickle, served a la hay-cock.

7. Eggs stowed away in lime till they have become black.

8. Peeled "water chestnuts," the root of a sort of lotus.

9. Cakes of cranberry jelly, very stiff and piled in pyramids.

10. Sliced boiled carrots and turnips similarly arranged.

11. Pinnacled pyramids of green olives kept in place by bamboo pins.

12. Ditto of greengages soaked in wine.

13. Ditto of tamarinds.

14. Ditto of pieces of dried red melon.

15. Small pieces of pastry rolled in brown sugar.

16. Sections of oranges, toasted melon pips and monkey nuts.

17. Small boiled dumplings with sugar inside, pink tops.

18. Patties similarly filled, for all the world like mince pies.

19. Baskets of pastry filled with brown sugar of the sandy sort.

20. Packets of pastry filled with mince meat folded as for post.

Now for the real "pieces of resistance"—eight big bowls containing:

21. Sea slug rissoles, the enjoyment of which was spoiled by information as to what they were, though certainly no worse than oysters.

22. Mutton stewed to shreds cut two inches long.

23. Fish tripe in white soup, not at all bad.

24. Stewed duck.

25. Stewed shrimps.

26. Stewed lotus seeds.

27. Sliced chicken stew.

28. Red sturgeon stew.

Then came eight smaller bowls:

29. Clear soup, styled on the Chinese menu, "Mouth nourisher."

30. Raw pigs' kidneys cut in the shape of an open flower.

31. Stewed shrimps' eggs.

32. Balls made of sliced ham.

33. Ducks' tongues stewed with ham, many dozens of them.

34. Sliced pigeon stew, the bird being cut up like a joint.

Thirty-five and thirty-six I failed to analyze, though I ascertained that the one was called in Chinese "the three silken strings," being composed of pigs' tripe, ham and chicken, and the other "precious shield hooks," the composition of which I could not learn.

37. Last, but not least, with the exception of huge bowls of rice brought in to fill up the corners, the dish that in these lands takes the place of bread—a sort of sweet pilau called "the eight precious things."

THE DEMON IN THE COFFEE POT

STUDIES IN CAFE DISSIPATION. ST. JAMES'S BUDGET

A measure was lately passed by the Chamber of Deputies to rescue the French people from the perils of spirit drinking. It appears that a second statute will soon be needed to deliver them from the dangers of coffee drinking. Just as the taste for tea has grown upon the English people, so has the taste for coffee grown upon the French. Each nation excels in brewing the beverage of its choice, and there is as little likelihood that the French woman will learn how to make tea as that the English woman will learn how to make coffee. Teapot and coffee pot symbolize the differences of character in the two races. It has been said that English people—especially women—drink much more tea than is good for them. We are now assured on high authority that the evils arising from coffee drinking in France are various and formidable.

At a recent meeting in Paris of the Société Médicale des Hôpitaux, Dr. Gilles de la Tourette and other medical men of note spoke of numerous cases of coffee poisoning that had come within their experience. They urged the necessity of giving more careful attention to the symptoms of chronic caféisme, as these were too often confounded in diagnosis with the phenomena of alcoholic poisoning. It was, moreover, declared that the two forms of intoxication often produced effects that were nearly identical. Such language must sound unpleasantly in the ears of those total abstainers from alcohol who have persuaded themselves and others that tea and coffee are innocent beverages. As it is ordinarily used in England, coffee is no doubt harmless enough. It is the strong coffee without milk to which the French are addicted, and which is drunk before the volatile properties of the berry have had time to escape, that acts so powerfully upon the nervous system. Women, it appears, are the chief sufferers from caféisme, on account of their weaker nervous organization, and the majority of those whom it sends into the hospital are laundresses. Certain bad habits become, without any special reason, associated with certain occupations, and it is well known that coffee drinking is the little vice—the *péché mignon*—of the Paris washerwoman.

Zola, who before he wrote *L'Assommoir* evidently studied these people very closely, did not overlook the important part played by the coffee pot in their daily life. It would seem that the work of ironing produces a craving for coffee, for even the young repasseuse who is just out of her apprenticeship must have a clear understanding as to the number of *petits noirs* she shall have a day before taking up the iron in the service of a fresh employer. And the employer is shrewd enough to know that nothing is lost by letting the coffee pot circulate freely among the women. It "winds them up," and sets them working with redoubled energy. If any-

body has the curiosity to look through the shop window of a Paris laundress—a blanchisseuse de fin—he will probably see it crowded with female figures moving their arms backward and forward like frantic marionettes. If he concludes that they have recently been wound up with coffee he is not likely to be wrong. But this system of working at high pressure, under the influence of a highly stimulating alkaloid, is apt to break down the human mechanism. It was the large number of laundresses, showing the same symptoms, who had recourse to hospital treatment, that caused the attention of Dr. Tourette and others to be directed to the immoderate use of coffee.

Having been put upon this track, they were not long in coming to the conclusion that coffee was responsible for a great deal of disease that had been commonly attributed to other causes—notably to the abuse of alcohol. For instance, a form of dyspepsia arising from excessive coffee or tea drinking, the active principle of both being much the same, produces phenomena hardly to be distinguished from those of alcoholic gastritis. The worst stage of coffee poisoning is described by the French doctors as *cachexie caféique*.

CRIMINAL USES OF WORCESTERSHIRE

WILLIAM L. ALDEN.....THE COOK

Various erroneous impressions exist as to the proper use of Worcestershire sauce, and of those who use it hardly one in ten uses it aright. The fact that the article in question is called a sauce is what misleads the multitude. They naturally fancy that it should be used like a true sauce, and of course the result is disastrous. There are, it is true, circumstances in which Worcestershire sauce may be made to do duty as a condiment, as, for example, when it is added to oyster soup, but it is not, and never can be, a true sauce.

It is believed, among barbarous eaters anxious to be looked upon by their neighbors as learned diners, that Worcestershire is a mark of intelligence and cultivation. Accordingly they always place it on the table and use it in the most reckless manner. In some families residing in Sheboygan it is credibly reported that Worcestershire is used as a distinct course at dinner, being placed between soup and fish, and served in small saucers; while in at least one Oshkosh family Worcestershire is treated as a liqueur, and served in small glasses. Shocking as these barbarisms must appear to every right-minded man, they are surpassed by the more frequent outrage of mixing Worcestershire with butter, and using it as a sauce for rice pudding and boiled chicken. The annals of rural crimes show that this is a common practice in many parts of the country, and it is whispered that it is not wholly unknown in Chicago and St. Louis. We hear occasionally of cases where Worcestershire sauce has been added to stewed tomatoes and to boiled asparagus, and there is a rumor that on one occasion an Ohio statesman set before his guests strawberries steeped in Worcestershire.

Crimes like these are hardly to be named among Christians, but they show us to what depths of prandial infamy ignorant and irreverent men may descend. The real design of the "nobleman of the county" of Worcestershire, who invented the com-

pound which, under the false name of sauce, has obtained such world-wide notoriety, was to furnish a universal table disinfectant, by the use of which objectionable food might be rendered tolerable. For this purpose Worcestershire sauce is admirably adapted. It extinguishes the native flavor of every object to which it is applied, and reduces all articles of food to a common level of taste. The prudent traveler who carries a bottle of Worcestershire with him can sustain life in the most barbarous Pennsylvania inn. The coarse liver, the dried beefsteak, and the aged mutton, when plentifully sprinkled with Worcestershire will lose their original taste, and will be indistinguishable from decent articles of food similarly treated with Worcestershire. Regarded as a table disinfectant Worcestershire sauce is an inestimable blessing to the diner who is compelled to trust his palate and stomach to the mercies of country tavern-keepers. It is only among the ignorant that Worcestershire is mistaken for a true sauce, whereas it should properly rank with carbolic acid and chloride of lime as a powerful and beneficent disinfectant.

WHAT SHALL WE EAT?

SCIENCE ESTIMATING NUTRIMENT.....TROY PRESS

W. O. Atwater, Ph. D., professor of chemistry in Wesleyan University, in a pamphlet issued under the auspices of the United States Department of Agriculture, says: A quart of milk, three-quarters of a pound of moderately fat beef, sirloin steak, for instance, and five ounces of wheat flour, all contain about the same amount of nutritive material; but we pay different prices for them and they have different values for nutriment. The milk comes nearest to being perfect food. It contains all of the different kinds of nutritive materials that the body needs. Bread made from the wheat flour will support life. It contains all of the necessary ingredients for nourishment, but not in the proportions best adapted for ordinary use. A man might live on beef alone, but it would be a very one-sided and imperfect diet. But meat and bread together make the essentials of a healthful diet. Such are the facts of experience. The advancing science of later years explains them. This explanation takes into account not simply quantities of meat and bread and milk and other materials which we eat, but also the nutritive ingredients or "nutrients" which they contain.

The chief uses of food are two: To form the material of the body and repair its wastes; to yield heat to keep the body warm and to provide muscular and other power for the work it has to do. Dr. Atwater has prepared two tables showing, first, the composition of food materials, the most important of which are the nutritive ingredients and their fuel value; second, the pecuniary economy of food, in which the amount of nutrient is stated in pounds. In the first table we find that butter has the greatest fuel value, fat pork coming second, and the balance of the foods mentioned being valued as fuel in the following order: Cheese, oatmeal, sugar, rice, beans, cornmeal, wheat flour, wheat bread, leg of mutton and beef sirloin, round of beef, mackerel, salmon. Codfish, oysters, cow's milk and potatoes stand very low as fuel foods.

From the second table we learn that the greatest

nutritive value in any kind of food of a specified value (Dr. Atwater takes twenty-five cents' worth of every kind of food considered) is found in cornmeal. In 10 pounds of cornmeal there is a trifle more than 8 pounds of actual nutriment. In $8\frac{1}{2}$ pounds of wheat flour there are over $6\frac{1}{2}$ pounds of nutriment; in 5 pounds of white sugar there are $4\frac{1}{2}$ pounds of nutriment; in 5 pounds of beans there are 4 pounds of nutriment; in 20 pounds of potatoes there are $3\frac{1}{2}$ pounds of nutriment; in 25 cents' worth of fat salt pork there are $3\frac{1}{2}$ pounds of nutriment; in the same value of wheat bread there are $2\frac{1}{4}$ pounds; in the neck of beef, $1\frac{3}{4}$ pounds; in skim milk cheese, $1\frac{3}{4}$ pounds; in whole milk cheese, a trifle more than $1\frac{1}{2}$ pounds; in butter, $1\frac{1}{2}$ pounds; and in smoked ham and leg of mutton about the same; in milk, a trifle over 1 pound; in mackerel, about 1 pound; in round of beef, $\frac{3}{4}$ of a pound; in salt codfish and beef sirloin, about $\frac{1}{2}$ a pound; in eggs, at 25 cents a dozen, about 7 ounces; and in fresh codfish, about 6 ounces.

PARISIAN FOOD REINCARNATIONS

RESTAURANT SECRETS.....THE LONDON GLOBE

We often hear people who have paid twenty-five-minute visits to Paris talk of the beauties of Parisian cuisine. Here are a few of them. Just as the Parisians, like the Cockney coffee-house keepers, have found out how to make coffee without coffee, so have also the Parisian restaurateurs found out how to make bouillon, or beef tea, without beef. At the gargotes, the lowest class of Paris restaurants, a species of very ingenious fraud has now been common for over half a century and maybe more. It consists in passing off warm water, colored and flavored with burned onions and caramel, and into which some little grease bubbles have been injected, as soup. It is true that bones which have been twice stewed, first by the larger restaurants, and secondly by the inferior class of *traiteurs*, and cast away as done with, are stewed in this water for the third time, in order that it may be impregnated, if possible, with some particle of animal substance; but as this operation fails to impart to it those little greasy bubbles which the French term "eyes," and for which the shrewd frequenters of these establishments invariably look, in order to satisfy themselves that the broth they drink has been actually made from meat, a clever cook got over the difficulty by blowing a spoonful of fish oil, which, falling into the cauldron or soup tureen, formed the eyes so dear to epicures of a certain type. The system was found to answer so perfectly that an employé aux yeux de bouillon, as the individual who performs this operation is termed, is now an indispensable necessity at all gargotiers in a large way of business.

Parisians of a certain class are inordinate eaters of ham; in fact, almost as many hams are eaten in Paris as could be furnished by all the pigs killed throughout the whole of France, even allowing for both shoulder and leg being cured in accordance with French practice. The demand used to be—and may be now—supplied in this wise. The dealers in cooked hams bought up the old hambones at a couple of sous a piece, and ingeniously inserted them into pieces of pickled pork, which they trimmed into shape, and coated with grated bread

crusts. In this way many bones did duty hundreds of times over, lasting, in fact, for years. They would leave the dealers in the morning and frequently return to them the same night, to quit them again the following day. Nevertheless, the supply could hardly keep pace with the demand. Only fancy the inconvenience of having to wait for your ham until your neighbor's servant took back the hambone which the charcutier relied upon receiving yesterday! It was to obviate such a state of things that an ingenious individual conceived the idea of manufacturing hambones wholesale, and ere long he drove a thriving trade at ten sous a dozen; since which time the stock of hams has augmented, and the delicacy has become less difficult of attainment. Much in the same way, another ingenious individual, knowing the immense consumption of cockscombs in Paris for ragouts, coquilles of cockscombs and vol-au-vents, and seeing the high prices the said cockscombs commanded, owing to the limited supply, set to work to minister to the demand.

This is the way our artist went to work. As the same method is largely worked at this day in London as well as in Paris—aye, and in New York and New Orleans—we purposely use the present tense for a time. He takes the palate of a bullock, cow, calf, sheep, or goat—either will do, though he prefers the first. After having blanched it in boiling water, he macerates it, and detaches the flesh of the palatic vault without in the slightest degree deranging it, and then places it under a stamping machine, which punches out cockscombs more perfect in shape than those produced by nature, yet sufficiently resembling them to deceive the connoisseurs. Still, there is a way of detecting the artificial production—the cockscombs of clumsy nature have papillæ on both sides, whereas those of art have them only on one.

Apropos of our subject, this man, in his intercourse with poulterers, got to learn that when they did not sell their turkeys off at once, they were obliged to lower the price about one-fifth every subsequent day a bird remained on hand, and so frequently had to submit to a loss, although the turkey might present the same appearance of freshness that it did when first killed. And yet no cook could be deceived, and this solely because the bird's legs, which were black and shiny on the day of its death, assumed a more and more grayish tone as time went on. This was quite sufficient for our man of genius. The shrewd manufacturer of cockscombs hastened home, and set to work to compound a varnish which should defy the attacks of time, and render turkeys' legs ever fresh and youthful. In a couple of days he returned triumphant to the market, and furnished the best proof of his success by deceiving the dealers themselves. Trials were next made upon the public, and turkeys with varnished legs were offered to the cunningest cooks, who, deceived by appearances, made their purchases without demanding the customary abatement, and the conservation of the brilliant lustre of turkeys' legs became from that time forward a regular trade; which certainly says little for the honesty of the poulterers, less for the judgment of the cooks, and least of all for the assumed delicacy of taste of the Parisian gourmets.

TREASURE TROVE: REVIVING OLD FAVORITES

Is There, for Honest Poverty.....Robert Burns.....Poems

Is there, for honest poverty,
That hangs his head and a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by,—
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that;
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden grey, and a' that?
Gi'e fools their silks and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that;
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that:
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak' a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might—
Guid faith, he mauna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense and pride o' worth
Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

The Jester Condemned to Death.....Horace Smith.....Poems

One of the kings of Scanderoon,
A royal jester,
Had in his train a gross buffoon,
Who used to pester
The court with tricks inopportune,
Venting on the highest folks his
Scurvy pleasantries and hoaxes.

It needs some sense to play the fool,
Which wholesome rule
Occurred not to our jackanapes,
Who consequently found his freaks
Lead to innumerable scrapes,
And quite as many kicks and tweaks,
Which seemed only to make him faster
Try the patience of his master.

Some sin, at last, beyond all measure
Incurred the desperate displeasure
Of his Serene and raging Highness:
Whether he twisted his most revered
And sacred beard,
Or had intruded on the shyness

Of the seraglio, or let fly
An epigram at royalty,
None knows; his sin was an occult one,
But records tell us that the Sultan,
Meaning to terrify the knave,
Exclaimed, "'Tis time to stop that breath:
Thy doom is sealed, presumptuous slave!
Thou stand'st condemned to certain death:
Silence, base rebel, no replying!
But such is my indulgence still,
That, of my own free grace and will,
I leave to thee the mode of dying."
"Thy royal will be done — 'tis just,"
Replied the wretch, and kissed the dust.
"Since my last moments to assuage,
Your majesty's humane decree
Has deigned to leave the mode to me,
I'll die, so please you, of old age!"

Ode On a Distant View of Eton College...Thomas Gray...Poems

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the wat'ry glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
Her Henry's holy shade;
And ye, that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights th' expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way:

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
Ah, fields beloved in vain!
Where once my careless childhood strayed,
A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales that from ye blow
A momentary bliss bestow,
As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second Spring.

Say, Father Thames, for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race
Disporting on thy margent green,
The paths of pleasure trace;
Who foremost now delight to cleave,
With pliant arm, thy glassy wave?
The captive linnet which enthal?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball?

While some on earnest business bent,
Their murmuring labors ply,
'Gainst graver hours that bring constraint
To sweeten liberty:
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare descry:
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possessed;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast.
Their buxom health, of rosy hue,

Wild wit, invention ever new,
And lively cheer, of vigor born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas! regardless of their doom,
The little victims play;
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day:
Yet see, how all around them wait
The ministers of human fate,
And black Misfortune's baleful train!
Ah, show them where in ambush stand,
To seize their prey, the murderous band,
Ah, tell them they are men!

These shall the fury-Passions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
And Shame that skulks behind;
Or pining Love shall waste their youth,
Or Jealousy, with rankling tooth,
That inly gnaws the secret heart;
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-visaged comfortless Despair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,
And grinning Infamy.
The stings of Falsehood those shall try,
And hard Unkindness' altered eye,
That mocks the tear it forced to flow;
And keen Remorse, with blood defiled,
And moody Madness laughing wild
Amid severest woe.

Lo! in the vale of years beneath,
A grisly troop are seen,
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their Queen:
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every lab'ring sinew strains,
Those in the deeper vitals rage;
Lo! Poverty to fill the band,
That numbs the soul with icy hand,
And slow-consuming Age.

To each his sufferings: all are men,
Condemned alike to groan;
The tender for another's pain,
Th' unfeeling for his own.
Yet, ah! why should they know their fate,
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies?
Thought would destroy their Paradise.
No more!—where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

The Exile of Erin.....Thomas Campbell.....Poems

There came to the beach a poor Exile of Erin,
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill;
For his country he sighed, when at twilight repairing
To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.
But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion,
For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,
Where once in the fire of his youthful emotion
He sang the bold anthem of Erin go bragh.

"Sad is my fate," said the broken-hearted stranger,—
"The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee;
But I have no refuge from famine and danger,
A home and a country remain not to me.

Never again in the green, sunny bowers
Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend the sweet hours,
Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,
And strike to the numbers of Erin go bragh!

"Erin, my country! though sad and forsaken,
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;
But, alas! in a far foreign land I awaken,
And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more!
Oh, cruel fate! wilt thou never replace me
In a mansion of peace, where no perils can chase me?
Never again shall my brothers embrace me?
They died to defend me, or live to deplore!

"Where is my cabin door, fast by the wild wood?
Sisters and sire, did ye weep for its fall?
Where is the mother that looked on my childhood?
And where is the bosom friend, dearer than all?
Oh, my sad heart! long abandoned by pleasure,
Why did it doat on a fast-fading treasure?
Tears, like the rain-drop, may fall without measure,
But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

"Yet all its sad recollection suppressing,
One dying wish my lone bosom can draw:
Erin, an exile bequeaths thee his blessing!
Land of my forefathers! Erin go bragh!
Buried and cold, when my heart stills her motion,
Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean!
And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion,—
Erin mavourneen! Erin go bragh!"

Go Where Glory waits Thee.....Thomas Moore.....Poems

Go where glory waits thee,
But while fame elates thee,
Oh! still remember me.
When the praise thou meetest
To thine ear is sweetest,
Oh! then remember me.
Other arms may press thee,
Dearer friends caress thee,
All the joys that bless thee
Sweeter far may be;
But when friends are nearest,
And when joys are dearest,
Oh! then remember me.

When at eve thou rovest,
By the star thou lovest,
Oh! then remember me.
Think, when home returning,
Bright we've seen it burning;
Oh! then remember me.
Oft as summer closes,
When thine eye reposes
On its lingering roses,
Once so loved by thee,
Think of her who wove them,
Her who made thee love them,
Oh! then remember me.

When, around thee dying,
Autumn leaves are lying,
Oh! then remember me.
And at night when gazing
On the gay hearth blazing,
Oh! still remember me.
Then, should music stealing
All the soul of feeling,
To thy heart appealing,
Draw one tear from thee;
Then let memory bring thee
Strains I used to sing thee,—
Oh! then remember me.

SOCIOLOGIC QUESTIONS OF THE TIMES

CRIMES PUNISHABLE BY DEATH

RENE BACHE.....PITTSBURG DISPATCH

To strike sixteen offences from the list of those punishable by death is the purpose of a bill now before the Senate, and which has been passed by the House. One might think that only in Russia or China is to be found so extensive a list of capital crimes. Yet that would be most unjust, for in Russia the death penalty is never pronounced except for treason, whereas in China it is imposed for only eleven offences. In the United States, no fewer than sixty-two different species of crimes may be dealt with under the law by hanging, shooting, or the electric chair.

Under the military code of the United States twenty-five offences are capital. Among these are striking or disobeying a superior officer, mutiny, sleeping on post, causing a false alarm in camp, cowardice before the enemy, disclosing a watchword, relieving a foe with money or food, desertion or persuading another to desert, and doing violence to any person bringing provisions into camp while in "foreign parts." Under the naval code twenty-two crimes are punishable by death, including absence from post, wilful injury of a ship, setting fire to property not in possession of an enemy or pirate, striking a flag to a foe without proper authority, shouting for quarter through cowardice, failing to inform a superior officer of the receipt of a letter from an enemy, and failure to encourage inferior officers in a sea fight.

The death penalty is applicable at all times in such cases, though ordinarily it is not inflicted except in war. But there are seventeen offences that are capital under the civil laws of the United States. Among these are the scuttling or burning of a vessel at sea, robbery on the high seas, robbery on shore by the crew of a piratical vessel, detention of negroes on board of a vessel, seizing negroes on a foreign shore, burning a dwelling house within a fort, laying violent hands on the captain of a ship, treason and any act of hostility against the United States, or any citizen thereof, on the high seas, under color of commission from a State, or on pretence of such authority.

From a comparison of the criminal laws of foreign countries with those of the United States it appears that we have undoubtedly the bloodiest code in the world. We also have the greatest number of murders in proportion to population, while the administration of justice for such crimes is the most uncertain. It is a strange reflection upon our boasted civilization that Judge Lynch's court furnishes the most general and certain method of punishing murderers and violators of women. The most atrocious offences are constantly committed with impunity. Of homicides not more than two per cent suffer the extreme penalty. The population of the United States within the last decade has increased about twenty per cent, the number of homicidal crimes has increased more than 400 per cent. During a period of peace and prosperity, they increased from one in 35,000 in 1882 to one in 10,000 in 1891.

The fewest murders in proportion to population

are committed in Maine, Rhode Island, Vermont, Michigan, Minnesota, and Wisconsin. Of the total number of legal hangings in the last ten years 518 have been in Northern States and 728 in Southern; of lynchings, 426 in the North and 1,150 in the South. It will be observed that nearly two persons in the South are lynched for every one that is executed under the law; in the North the number is not far from even. The State law of Alabama makes seven offences punishable by death; Georgia has ten, including perjury in capital cases and the burning of railway bridges; Arkansas has four, Louisiana seven, Missouri four and Maryland seven. Three crimes punishable by death in Maryland are burning a public building, or an arsenal, and setting fire to a mill, out-house, or hay stack. There are from 7,000 to 8,000 homicides in the United States each year. The executions average less than 200. Thus it would appear that to kill a human being is not a very dangerous performance. In 1895 there were only 132 executions under the law in all the states and territories; the lynchings numbered 171. The murderer's chief peril lies in his chance of being caught by a mob and summarily put to death. There has not been a year during the last decade in which the lynchings have not far outrun the hangings.

Many members of the present Congress would do away with capital punishment altogether. Foremost among these is General Curtis, of New York, who introduced the bill that is now before the Senate. He calls attention to the fact that a number of foreign countries have already done away with the death penalty, and with the happiest results. Russia led the way by abolishing it in 1753, except for treason, and no increase in social crimes has followed. Catherine II is quoted as saying: "We must punish crime without imitating it." Other countries that have followed suit are Belgium, Brazil, Holland, Italy, Portugal, Switzerland, Venezuela, Costa Rica, and, most recently, Guatemala. Switzerland has done likewise, though seven of her cantons still retain the old law.

Reports indicate that the change has proved a success, social security being not a bit disturbed, save only in Colombia and Ecuador. They tried it for a few years and found it a failure, so that they have restored the death penalty. Several of the states of the Union have done away with capital punishment. Michigan led the way in 1847, but restored it in 1895, followed by Rhode Island in 1852, Wisconsin in 1853, and Maine in 1876. Maine restored it in 1883 and abolished it again in 1887. The most eloquent advocate of this reform in her Legislature was Thomas B. Reed, now Speaker of the House of Representatives.

There has been a steady growth of public opinion in this country against capital punishment. During the first thirty-six years of the existence of our government there were 138 trials of homicide cases in the Federal courts, resulting in 118 convictions and 42 executions. During the years 1890, 1891, and 1892, there were 378 such trials, with only sixty three convictions and twelve executions. The trouble is that juries in the United States courts can-

not be persuaded to convict when they know that conviction means death to the accused. Under the Federal laws there is no discretion as to the punishment for murder; it must be death or nothing. Consequently, as a rule, the murderer gets off scot free—is acquitted in fact, no matter how strong is the proof against him. This signifies that the retention of the death penalty is actually a protection to the criminal. The latter, if he wants to kill a man, goes and does it without fear, because he knows that a jury can hardly be found to convict him for murder. This fact is largely responsible for the present lawless condition of affairs in Indian Territory, where the customary method of settling even a trifling dispute is by the pistol or the knife.

In Great Britain the only offences for which the sentence of death can now be inflicted are high treason, murder, piracy with violence, and the burning of ships of war, dockyards and arsenals. Practically the extreme punishment is confined to murder; the others rarely occur. We, it appears, have adhered to the obsolete English laws, while Great Britain herself has done away with them. General Curtis says that he does not approve of executing deserters and spies in wartime. There is nothing disgraceful or dishonorable about the work of a spy, who is selected usually for bravery and intelligence. If he is caught it does no good to kill him. Such a man is not deterred one bit by fear of death. On the contrary, an immense amount of valuable information during the late war was thrown away by the reckless hanging of spies. The same view of this question is taken by General Schofield, who is of the opinion that a commander in the field should have power of life and death, but ought very rarely to use it. During the rebellion the United States military authorities shot 160 white men and twenty-seven negroes; they hanged fifty-three white men and twenty-six negroes.

One matter that needs reform is the extra-territorial jurisdiction granted to United States Consuls by the statutes. Treaties made with Algiers, the Barbary States, China, Japan, Madagascar, Morocco, Muscat, Persia, Siam, Tripoli, and Tunis, give to our Ministers and Consular officers authority of life and death over American citizens charged with capital crimes. The Consular Court consists of the Consul and from one to four United States citizens, whom he may ask to sit with him on the trial. The Consul, however, awards the sentence, from which there is no appeal—except from the Consular courts in China and Japan, which are appealable to the United States District Court of California. From other Consular courts there is no appeal except to the President of the United States.

IN THE GEORGE JUNIOR REPUBLIC

CHILDREN AS CITIZENS.....ROMANCE

Its success last year has drawn a very large amount of attention to the George Junior Republic, the colony, or camp, of little waifs brought from the great city of New York and started by charitably disposed people in order to give the little ones a taste of country air. The camp, which is located at Freeville, in the western part of New York state, is a perfect miniature nation or government, conducted by the boys and girls. It has its legislature, its courts of justice, its post office, its police force, its

president and cabinet. It has a bank, a store, a barber shop and numerous useful occupations in which the boys and girls engage. It has its system of money, and conducts all things upon the identical plan which rules in our modern life at large.

The novelty of the idea consists in the absolute self-government of the community. It goes much further than Frœbel ever did in his scholastic experiment, in which the boys of a school were judged and punished for infractions of school law by a jury of their peers, for, in every particular, the George Republic is a diminutive of the government, social and political, under which we live.

At the head of it, and President of the Republic, is W. L. George, a young man of about thirty-three or thirty-four years, an enthusiast, whose early sympathies led him some five years or more ago to entertain some of the Fresh Air Fund Children at his home in Freeville, during the summer months. Disgusted to find that so many of the boys complained of the food they got, tore their clothing (knowing that they could get more from the charitable supporters of the fund), and were in general ungrateful for the kindness shown to them, in sheer desperation he put the two dozen boys in his care to picking up stones around the place. Finding that they then ate their dinner with zest, and grumbled at nothing, he gradually extended the plan until he evolved the idea of forming his colony into a little state, wherein the children would practically take care of themselves. In this way he hoped not alone to do away with the necessity of surveillance, but to teach the children useful lessons in economy, thrift, and justice.

If you drop in upon the camp at Freeville, this summer, you will find a community of boys and girls recruited from the slums. Some of them will be senators, others members of the assembly, others still doing duty as policemen. You will find bankers, millionaires and paupers, and boys wearing the prison stripes and doing penance just as many of them would do later but for the salutary foretaste of the shambles which the Junior Republic may have given them.

Every boy and girl who goes to Freeville enters the community upon the basis of exact equality with every other. He or she receives fifty cents of the current money of the colony each day, and with this pays for his meals and his lodging, and contributes a tax to support the government. Each meal costs ten cents, lodging ten cents, and the tax is three cents, forty-three cents in all. This leaves seven cents a day for luxuries. The money, bits of colored cardboard, is paid out weekly. As in real life, the spendthrift has soon squandered his portion and becomes an outcast and a pauper. The more prudent one has opportunities of investment, or can place his money in the bank. Among the boys there are those who become lawyers, others who conduct mercantile pursuits, and others yet who till the land, each of them earning thereby something to add to his daily portion. Having earned money, there are not wanting opportunities to spend it. While ordinary meals cost ten cents, the more successful children, who can afford it, dine at the twenty-five-cent table, while the paupers have a separate mess, which, as in larger communities, is paid for by tax.

In the pauper class the indolent only are to be found, and being supported by the thrifty, their indo-

lence is brought home to them in a way that hurts their "amour propre," if they have any. To be a pauper in the Junior Republic is to be an outcast, as it is in daily life. Indeed, it is in this department of the Republic that the only taste of dependence upon charity is to be had, for the paupers are supported by the tithes placed upon their fellows.

One could easily multiply parallels between the life of the Junior Republic and of society at large. The industrious, the prudent and saving, the intelligent among the boys rise during their sojourn to places of dignity and trust. At stated intervals—every two weeks—elections are had and legislators are chosen. The young orators, the youthful politicians come forward on these occasions, and the most deserving win the popular prizes. One of the great ambitions of the boys is to go on the police force. To be a "cop" has something fascinating to them. Regular civil service examinations are had, and patrolmen and roundsmen are appointed as a result. These preserve the discipline of the camp and, strange to say, their authority is thoroughly recognized. Even the prison gang, for the male-factors wear stripes in this lilliputian community, has its keeper armed with a gun. He maintains perfect control over the wards, who are made to do penance for the same sins that are recognized in larger communities.

There is no end to the amount that a brief sojourn in the Republic teaches the young boy or girl. The communistic arrangement teaches the young ones in a simple and effective manner, a thorough respect for the rights of others, a knowledge of economic truths, which they might never learn otherwise, and gives them a broad and healthy view of the relationship which the citizen holds to the government established and maintained by his fellows.

The labor which is performed is entirely voluntary, the boys joining the class in carpentry or farming and receiving regular pay for what they produce, the girls doing cooking or sewing or washing and also earning thereby through the labor of their hands, money enough with which to buy from the general stores, or to indulge in some coveted luxury.

None are permitted to go off bounds except they purchase a \$5 pass. Those who have set aside this sum can secure a pass from the government, and they are allowed to wander beyond the fences enclosing the forty acres of land. The establishment of this pass was wholly the work of the legislators, and originated with the boys, who previously had all been confined within bounds. When the bill was brought up, it occasioned great excitement, as did also the question of woman suffrage; the girls claiming, since they paid taxes, a right to vote for Senators and Congressmen. At one election of Congressmen an effort was made to rescind the "Five-Dollar Pass bill" as it was known, but though Congressmen pledged to repeal it were elected, it was forgotten that the concurrence of the Senate, which held over, was necessary, and so the law still stands on the statute books of the Junior Republic.

It is the testimony of the founder, Mr. George, that the scheme has proved effective beyond his most sanguine hopes. It has simplified the question of management and has made the annual outing of the little street boy of value to him for the rest of his life, without even a thought of the charitable intent

of its founder. Indeed, the boys actually earn and pay for their vacation. They work cheerfully, and at the end of their stay they redeem their card-board money of the government, which pays them in barrels of apples, in potatoes and in clothing. The indolent depart in debt to the government, and therefore in some disgrace among their fellows. This seems perhaps a little hard as the outcome of a holiday, but it is life as we all know it, and perhaps is a lesson that cannot be taught too soon.

As to the outcome of the experiment, "it is as large as the country itself," said its founder. "I do not look to see it adopted in the management of large bodies of boys and girls without antagonism, but it is the seed of a method of government and improvement applicable to the hosts of institutions of a reformatory character which all our states and cities possess."

THE SISTERHOOD OF WOMAN

THE ASCENT OF WOMAN....ROY DEVEREUX (ROBERTS BROS.)

Although the universal brotherhood of man lies avowedly in the background of the socialistic dream, no zealous Utopian has ever yet ventured to apply the same idea to the opposite sex. The bond of fellowship which exists between man and man simply by virtue of a common sex is entirely absent between woman and woman. It is, in fact, replaced by a fundamental antagonism, a vague enmity which renders the general attitude of a feminine creature towards her kind essentially different from that of the male creature in identical relations. In individual cases this feeling is counteracted by affection or by sympathy, but apart from personal sentiment it remains, severing every living woman from the rest of her sex. To a great extent this arises from woman's incapacity for impersonal feeling or abstract emotion. In life's fray she fights either for her own hand, or, more often, for some one man or woman whom she loves, but rarely for the welfare of her sex at large. Were it not for this strange lack of humanity in her nature, the emancipation of woman would not have been so grievously retarded. If the few women who suffered aforesaid under the restrictions which hedged in their liberty had been able to count on the sympathy and coöperation of all women, the time of their subjugation would have been enormously abbreviated. As it was, the first seekers after freedom met with more opposition from their own sex than they did from the other; nor, indeed, do they fare better to-day. It was not the great mass of womanhood who worked to obtain the Married Women's Property Act, nor the restitution of their municipal rights, nor the vindication of their personal rights by the Jackson case verdict. These enormous changes in their social status were effected by an inconsiderable minority of women brave enough and logical enough to impress the male powers that be with the justice of their demands. But for their courage they received no sympathy, and for their success not one word of thanks—nothing, in fact, but execration from the huge inert feminine mass in whose service their strength was spent.

It is in fact this essential disunion, this lack of cohesive power, which makes the economic position of woman what it is. The work which she is now doing with her might she owes more to the self-

interest of the employer than to her own energy. In many fields of labor women are ousting men from employment, because their work is as well done as men can do it, and done at about half the price. The emancipation of the woman-worker simply means that the capitalist has found the cheapest labor, and makes the best bargain he can. When it is struck the woman wails that she is underpaid, apparently unconscious that the remedy lies in her own hands. If each woman who works were to adopt the tactics of man and combine for the common benefit, instead of standing alone and making her own terms, the value of her labor would soon be equal to his. But this is just what she cannot do. She cannot form an alliance with her own sex, either offensive or defensive, and respect its covenant. That is why trade unionism among women is still almost a farce and its operation ineffectual, and why the associations formed by women for their betterment and governed by them are so apt to become disabled through internal strife. Whatever strength there is in woman, it is not the strength of unity; far less are equality and fraternity sequels to the liberty she claims. At the moment her most pretentious claim is for parliamentary enfranchisement. I am not here concerned with the justice—or injustice—of the claim, but with the contention that its success or failure depends almost entirely upon herself. If all womanhood were to demand the vote as with one voice, the days of her exclusion from political activity would be numbered. For the present obstacle to her obtaining it comes not so much from man's disinclination to grant it as from the passive antagonism of those women who do not want it.

Yet there never was a time when women were so interested in their own sex as they are now, though whether this interest is due to an impulse of morbid curiosity or to a genuine human sympathy is open to question. It is certain that an increasing number of women who are morally stainless give evidence of an extraordinary absorption in the character and condition of those whose lives are notoriously and avowedly vicious. Formerly, the barrier which separated the virtuous among women from the fallen was absolutely definite and impassible. On the principle that to touch pitch is to be inevitably defiled, those within the fold held no communication with the outcast, whose very existence they were expected to ignore. Of late, however, the pharisaical passing-by on the other side has been replaced by an abnormal attraction towards the gutter, and virtue's crown of virtue is won by devising schemes for the redemption of the fallen and the purification of the sinner through intercourse with the saint.

There are those who profess to perceive in this association the germ of a brave humanitarianism, the inauguration of a new and fervent charity that presages an era of feminine fellowship and amity. To my mind it has no such significance, but is simply a form of hysteria based upon a morbid appetite for coquetting with sin, so characteristic of the modern woman. The kind of sin which she has neither the opportunity nor the desire to commit has a fascination for her perverse, fainéant soul. She is like the little betrothed bride in one of Marcel Prévost's stories, and with charity's patchwork quilt for a cloak, she satisfies her curiosity by coming in contact with those who have drunk the cup of knowledge to the

dreghs. Yet her inveterate habit of throwing dust in her own eyes no doubt obscures the underlying motive of her devotion to what is called "rescue work." A vague pity for the Paula Tanquerays of this world she is conscious of, a pity which can easily be made to sound like that inexhaustible human sympathy which hopeth all things, believeth all things, and endureth all things.

Take, again, the friendship of one woman for another when both stand upon the same moral and social level. It is in nine cases out of ten devoid of the obligations of loyalty and honor which are inherent in the friendship between one man and another. In the lives of most men there are usually only one or two friendship-bonds riveted by years of intercourse, which nothing but undreamed-of treachery can sever. Women, on the other hand, make and discard friends with equal facility. If they are seldom true to men, their fidelity to their own sex is rarer far, for there are no Davids and Jonathans among women, no friendships founded on mutual faith and held in honor. Until woman learns to conduct her relations with her own sex on the same principle as that on which men act, the sisterhood of women will never come within measurable distance of the possible. She has learnt so much from man in this decade that it is not unreasonable to hope she may yet learn the true character of friendship as well as of combination. When woman stands shoulder to shoulder with her sister in public and in private life, she will stand at the gates of her kingdom.

FARMING COMMUNITIES IN VILLAGES

JOHN BOOKWALTER'S PLAN.....NEW YORK LEDGER

John Bookwalter, of New York, a large land owner in Nebraska, Illinois, and Ohio, proposes a plan to make life on the farm more attractive, and perhaps to make farm work more remunerative. His idea was obtained from observations in the rural districts of France and Switzerland, and may be productive of much good. It is simply to concentrate the rural population in villages of five hundred to five thousand persons, to give them the advantages of social life and modern luxuries and amusements. Mr. Bookwalter will begin on a 60,000 acre tract he owns in Nebraska, and proposes to organize a town with theatre, music hall, library, and other advantages.

In France, as is well known, the rural population is grouped in villages, the farms radiating in narrow strips from the town in the centre. Mr. Bookwalter claims nothing new for his idea, but thinks the French villages may be improved upon in this rich, new country, where large acreage may be laid out with the village idea, instead of growing by subdivision. There is no doubt the centering of population in this way would add greatly to the attractiveness of life on the farm. The social contact is one of the chief attractions of the city. Neither can there be much doubt that such community of the rural population would give it greater influence in state and national affairs, in legislation and administration. It would naturally lead to better sanitary conditions, to conveniences, to police and fire protection that are now lacking in the widely separated farm houses, and all this without detracting from the advantages of rural surroundings, such as trees, flowers and the supply of the best and freshest that the garden, dairy, orchard, and farm can produce.

AMONG THE PLANTS: IN GARDEN, FIELD AND FOREST

TRANSPLANTING A FOREST

UPROOTING MAMMOTH TREES....PHILADELPHIA RECORD

The patriotism of Bostonians in regard to the care of their historic Common is well known to every visitor to that city. Indeed, it is reported that the chief horticulturist, who has charge of the Common, receives a salary second only to that of the Mayor. A worthy precedent may be suggested by contrasting the popular apathy to the recent wanton destruction of historic trees in our own Germantown with the following description of the ingenious method contrived and conscientious care exercised for the preservation of certain trees on Boston Common. Owing to the filling up of portions of the Common to a higher level, these trees were in danger of being destroyed. Superintendent Dougue, however, successfully raised thirty-one trees, varying in weight from eight to forty-six tons. The method adopted was as follows: First of all a trench was dug around each tree at a distance of about five feet from the base, and of varying depth, according to the size of the tree, which in some cases necessitated an excavation of five feet. In all cases, however, the holes were deep enough not to disturb the principal roots of the trees. When this was done the earth remaining around the roots was frozen into a solid mass by means of refrigerating machinery, and then the tree and earth were raised by derricks in the manner usually employed for raising buildings. When raised sufficiently high the hole beneath was filled in with well tamped earth. In this way the larger and smaller roots were not disturbed from their usual intimate contact with the earth, and consequently no ill effects could result. The magnitude of the work is indicated by the fact that the largest tree treated in this manner had a diameter of two and one-half feet, with a circumference of seven and one-half feet. Its height is eighty feet, with a spread of sixty feet. The weight of the tree and earth raised was forty-six tons. Certainly the preservation of this majestic patriarch of the forest was well worth the trouble expended.

IMPROVING PLANTS BY CROSS-BREEDING

STRANGE FACTS AND FIGURES.....LONDON ANSWERS

The cultivation of plants for seeds has assumed such enormous proportions in recent years that, as practised under the intense systems of the present day, the occupation combines both an art and a science. The original individuals of almost every garden vegetable and every garden flower have been trained from a wild state, improved through cultivation and patient selection. The garden cabbage serves as a good illustration in this respect, for here we have the highest cultivated type of a useless plant that is still found growing in a wild state on the Kentish cliffs, and yet, if this pedigree form were not carefully guarded while in the hands of the expert, it would be only too ready to revert to its original condition.

As an example of the operation of cross-breeding, which has had so much to do with the improvement of the ordinary species, we will take the garden pea. The operator, we will say, is anxious to obtain a

variety with pods as long as that popular sort called "Telephone," only that he wants it two feet shorter in the haulm and to bear its pod three weeks earlier. His first course is to grow a row of two kinds side by side—which will, in his opinion, give the desired result. At the proper time he fertilizes the flowers of one with the other. As soon as the pods are ripe and the peas come to be shelled out it is sometimes found that they are composed of a regular mixture of round seeds in various shades of blue and white and wrinkled seed bearing similar distinctive characteristics, and this in face of the fact that the seeds of the parents were almost identical. The progeny are sorted and sown the following season in rows side by side, and the outcome is astonishing. One row will perhaps be quite a fortnight earlier than its neighbor. Another will only grow one foot high. A third will be six feet, and to such an extent does this variation exist that it quite negatives the old saying, "As like as peas in a pod." Sowings are repeated each season, always retaining those showing the points aimed at in the greatest degree, and it ultimately occupies six years before the selected variety is ready for placing on the market.

Hybridizing is quite a distinct process from the aforementioned—the one being the intermingling of two varieties of one species the other the fusion of two distinct species. As a very fair example we will take the hybrid fruit exhibited in London between a gooseberry and a black currant. Although the means to bring about such a curious result were applied by the art of man, the outcome can only be classed as a freak of nature. Among flowers there are many beautiful things that have been obtained by this means. With all the resources at man's command there are certain colors in flowers that have not yet been obtained, and a handsome fortune awaits the first lucky raiser of a blue dahlia, a blue rose, a yellow geranium, a blue carnation or a pure white or blue nasturtium.

It will astonish many who read this article to know that it requires several tons of such seeds as mignonette, sweet peas, nasturtium, nemophila and candytuft to supply the contents of the millions of packets that are distributed each season. One large London firm gets through six tons of mignonette and twelve tons of sweet peas, while among vegetables they have laid themselves out to distribute 50,000 bushels of garden peas. When it is stated that each bushel scales about half a hundredweight, it will be seen this represents the astounding weight of 1,250 tons, or sufficient to fill 13,000 sacks, or 156 ordinary railway trucks. Of turnip seeds they expect their crops to give them several hundred tons, the greatest market for this seed just now being New Zealand, where the root is largely grown for producing the mutton so popular in this country. Clover and grass seeds are also handled by the hundred tons in the course of a season. The little canary and other cage birds require several hundred tons of the canary grass seed every year. Astonishing as it may seem, it is nevertheless true that one seed firm distributed over 100 tons of this bird seed in twelve months.

Although certain seeds are handled in such enormous quantities, there are others that are worth many times their weight in gold. These mostly consist of choice strains of flowers. Take, as instances, the double begonia, worth about \$200 an ounce, calceolaria about \$60 and certain sorts of pansies \$10. Some of these seeds are as minute as dust, yet the contents of each tiny packet as offered for sale comprise so many seeds, the exact number being counted in by an operator skilled at the work and obliged to wear specially constructed glasses.

HOW PLANTS DIGEST THEIR FOOD

WONDERS OF BOTANIC LIFE.....MEXICAN HERALD

It is natural to have a pretty high opinion of anything that belongs to ourselves. While we have admitted for some time past that some very wonderful processes and things were to be found in the organization of the lower animals and plants, yet we have always had a feeling of conscious pride that the term "fearfully and wonderfully made" applied with special and unique appropriateness to the mechanism of our own bodies. Our complex and elaborate digestive system, for instance, is a case in point. It was a great blow to our amour propre to find that it was duplicated in every detail in the stomachs of our animal cousins, but we still clung to the facts that we had more kinds of digestive ferments than any other species, and that while we might deign to admit kinship with animals in this respect, we were still immeasurably superior to plants of any sort. But even this barrier, behind which our pride has entrenched itself, must also go down. No less distinguished authorities than Professor Marshall Ward and Pentland Smith have discovered a vigorous starch-digesting or diastatic process in the grains of the familiar maize and the tubers of the lowly potato. In both cases so soon as the bud or shoot begins to develop it secretes a ferment that attacks the starch of the mass and changes it into sugar for absorption by its cells.

But worse is to follow. Not only can this wretched cereal do with ease what our salivary glands and pancreas strain themselves red in the face over, but it also performs another feat that our elaborate human digestive apparatus is utterly incapable of, that of dissolving or "peptonizing" cellulose or woody fibre. The starch needed by the shoot for conversion is enclosed in cells with firm walls of cellulose, and these must be eaten through before it can be acted upon by the diastatic ferment. Accordingly another ferment is secreted that dissolves cellulose as our pepsin does proteids. Of the helplessness of our own ferment in the presence of cellulose we have all had personal and painful demonstration in the extraordinary vagaries indulged in by the festive cucumber and the frugal raw turnip when introduced into our unsuspecting and defenceless interior. In fact, the peptonizing power of the vegetable ferment is so much greater than that of the animal that, as we see daily, the papayotin of the pineapple, the pawpaw, and other fruits are becoming rivals of the porcine product.

Certain other plants display even more strikingly human characteristics in that they have actually become meat-eaters and meat-digesters. It has long been known that a large family of flowering plants, of which the "Sundew" and "Venus's Fly-

trap" are familiar examples, secrete upon the surfaces of their leaves a thick, sticky juice, which in the former simply entangles insects, and the latter attracts and holds them till they can be actually seized by the halves of the leaf closing upon them trap-fashion. Whether these were utilized in the nutrition of the plant was, however, an open question until quite recently, when a series of analyses of this viscid secretion was made, and it was found to contain both a peptic ferment and an acid, which together rapidly dissolved all the soft tissues of the insects, leaving only the wings and hard cuticular casing of the body and limbs. And what makes the resemblance to our own gastric processes most striking is that neither the acid nor the ferment is present in any quantity in the resting condition of the leaf, but both are poured out as soon as nitrogenous matter is placed upon the surface. Truly our pedigree is of wonderful length, and we must regard ourselves as not only "magnificent animals," but as superb vegetables. If our physiologic processes are so strikingly similar, what a flood of light may vegetable pathology be expected to throw upon our disease-processes!

THE LITERARY TREE OF THIBET

MANUFACTURING SACRED SOUVENIRS...LONDON TELEGRAPH

One by one, the traditions of antiquity and the illusions of youth are ruthlessly dispelled. Many people will hear with sorrow and regret that the sacred tree of Kum-Bum in Thibet, is, on no less an authority than Mr. Thistleton-Dyer of Kew Gardens, a fraud and an imposture, like the Mahatmas of that interesting but thoroughly mendacious land. Who has not heard of the wonderful tree which sprung from the spot where the mother of Toong-Kape shaved her worthy offspring's head when she dedicated him to the divinities and threw his matted hair on the ground? Ever since that memorable event the leaves on its branches and the bark on its trunk have not been the same as on ordinary trees, but contained sacred prayers and symbols, which were supposed to grow naturally on them and diffused a strong odor of incense. The priests were very jealous of it, watched over it themselves, and were careful to prevent strangers seeing either leaves or branches until ready to be sold with letters and signs on them. Travelers, however, have now managed to obtain specimens. The tree has recently been identified as an ordinary *syringa villosa*, common in China, and any marks which the leaves contain are impressed on them by the priests with molds, aided probably with heat. As Mr. Thistleton-Dyer remarks, the sacred tree is "an elaborate fraud." Kum-Bum, therefore, goes the way of the celebrated plant in Kent, which was believed to produce live geese in its branches. One of the early popes sent a messenger to investigate our southeastern county's phenomenon. When he arrived the people told him the tree grew in the midlands; in the midlands they said it was only to be found in Scotland; in Scotland they said it flourished solely in the Orkneys, and had he gone there he would very likely have been informed that the goose tree acted as the north pole. At all events, he could not find it. The sacred tree of Kum-Bum must now be placed in the same category of delusions and relegated to the dustbin of impostures.

CURIOSITIES OF NUMBERS: RECREATION IN FIGURES*

BY WILLIAM S. WALSH

If it be true that figures won't lie, that they won't even equivocate, that two and two exhibit an unbending determination to make four and nothing but four, at least figures do often play strange pranks. They abound in paradoxes, and though a paradox is rightly defined as a truth that only appears to be a lie, yet the stern moralist, who hates even the appearance of evil, looks with scant favor upon a paradox. Luckily, we are not all so stern in our morality. Most of us welcome a little ingenious trifling, an amiable coquetting with the truth; we are willing that Mr. Gradgrind shall have the monopoly of hard facts; we like to find romance even in our arithmetic. We don't have far to look.

There is the number nine. It is a most romantic number, and a most persistent, self-willed, and obstinate one. You cannot multiply it away or get rid of it anyhow. Whatever you do, it is sure to turn up again, as did the body of Eugene Aram's victim. Mr. W. Green, who died in 1794, is said to have first called attention to the fact that all through the multiplication table the product of nine comes to nine. Multiply by any figure you like, and the sum of the resultant digits will invariably add up to nine. Thus, twice 9 is 18; add the digits together, and 1 and 8 make 9. Three times 9 is 27; and 2 and 7 is 9. So it goes on up to 11 times 9, which gives 99. Very good. Add the digits together, 9 and 9 is 18, and 8 and 1 is 9. Go on to any extent, and you will find it impossible to get away from the figure 9. Take an example at random. Nine times 339 is 3,051; add the digits together, and they make nine. Or again, 9 times 2,127 is 19,134; add the digits together, they make 18, and 8 and 1 is 9. Or still again, 9 times 5,071 is 45,639; the sum of these digits is 27; and 2 and 7 is 9.

This seems startling enough. Yet there are other queer examples of the same form of persistence. It was M. de Maivan, who discovered if you take any row of figures, and, reversing their order, make a subtraction sum of obverse and reverse, the final result of adding up the digits of the answer will always be nine. As, for example:

$$\begin{array}{r} 2,941 \\ \text{Reverse, } 1,492 \\ \hline 1,449 \end{array}$$

Now, $1+4+4+9=18$; and $1+8=9$.

The same result is obtained if you raise the numbers so changed to their squares or cubes. Start anew, for example, with 62; reversing it, you get 26. Now, $62-26=36$, and $3+6=9$. The squares of 26 and 62 are, respectively, 676 and 3,844. Subtract one from the other, and you will get $3,168=18$, and $1+8=9$. So with the cubes of 26 and 62, which are 17,576 and 238,328. Subtracting, the result is $220,752=18$, and $1+8=9$.

*A selected reading from Handy Book of Literary Curiosities. By William S. Walsh. This book is an invaluable treasure-house of literary material, a field merely slightly represented by its title. Published by J. B. Lippincott Co.

Again, you are confronted with the same puzzling peculiarity in another form. Write down any number, as, for example, 7,549,132, subtract therefrom the sum of its digits, and, no matter what figures you start with, the digits of the results will always come to 9.

$$\begin{array}{r} 7,549,132, \text{ sum of digits}=31 \\ \underline{31} \end{array}$$

$$7,549,101, \text{ sum of digits}=27, \text{ and } 2+7=9.$$

Again, set the figure 9 down in multiplication, thus:

$$\begin{array}{r} 1 \times 9 = 9 \\ 2 \times 9 = 18 \\ 3 \times 9 = 27 \\ 4 \times 9 = 36 \\ 5 \times 9 = 45 \\ 6 \times 9 = 54 \\ 7 \times 9 = 63 \\ 8 \times 9 = 72 \\ 9 \times 9 = 81 \\ 10 \times 9 = 90 \end{array}$$

Now you will see that the tens column reads down, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, and the units column up, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9.

Here is a different property of the same number. If you arrange in a row the cardinal numbers from 1 to 9, with the single omission of 8, and multiply the sum so represented by any one of the figures multiplied by 9, the result will present a succession of figures identical with that which was multiplied by 9. Thus, if you wish a series of fives, you take $5 \times 9 = 45$ for a multiplier, with this result:—

$$\begin{array}{r} 12345679 \\ \quad 45 \\ \hline 61728395 \\ 49382716 \\ \hline 55555555 \end{array}$$

A very curious number is 142,857, which, multiplied by 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, or 6, gives the same figures in the same order, beginning at a different point, but if multiplied by 7 gives all nines. Multiplied by 1 it equals 142,857; multiplied by 2, equals 285,714; multiplied by 3, equals 428,571; multiplied by 4, equals 571,428; multiplied by 5, equals 714,285; multiplied by 6, equals 857,142; multiplied by 7, equals 999,999. Multiply 142,857 by 8, and you have 1,142,856. Then add the first figure to the last, and you have 142,857, the original number, the figures exactly the same as at the start.

The number 37 has this strange peculiarity; multiplied by 3, or by any multiple of 3 up to 27, it gives three figures all alike. Thus, three times 37 will be 111. Twice three times (6 times) 37 will be 222; three times three times (9 times) 37 gives three threes; four times three times (12 times) 37, three fours; and so on.

The wonderful procreative power of figures, or, rather, their accumulative growth, has been ex-

emplified in that familiar story of the farmer who, undertaking to pay his farrier one grain of wheat for the first nail, two for the second, and so on, found that he had bargained to give the farrier more wheat than was grown in all England.

My dear young friend, you who love to frequent the roulette-table, do you know that if you began with a dime, and were allowed to leave all your winnings on the table, five consecutive lucky guesses would give you a million and a half of dollars, or to be exact, \$1,450,625.52? Yet that would be the result of winning thirty-five for one five times hand-running.

Here is another example. Take the number 15, let us say. Multiply that by itself, and you get 225. Now multiply 225 by itself, and so on until fifteen products have been multiplied by themselves in turn. You don't think that is a difficult problem? Well, you may be a clever mathematician, but it would take you about a quarter of a century to work out this simple little sum. The final product called for contains 38,589 figures, the first of which are 1442. Allowing three figures to an inch, the answer would be over 1,070 feet long. To perform the operation would require about 500,000,000 figures. If they can be made at the rate of one a minute, a person working ten hours a day for three hundred days in each year would be twenty-eight years about it. If, in multiplying, he should make a row of ciphers, as he does in other figures, the number of figures would be more than 523,939,228. This would be the precise number of figures used if the product of the left-hand figure in each multiplicand by each figure of the multiplier was always a single figure, but, as it is most frequently, though not always, two figures, the method employed to obtain the foregoing result cannot be accurately applied. Assuming that the cipher is used on an average once in ten times, 475,000,000,000 approximates the actual number.

There is a clever Persian story about a wealthy Oriental who, dying, left seventeen camels to be divided as follows: His eldest son to have half, his second son a third, and his youngest a ninth. But how divide camels into fractions? The three sons, in despair, consulted Mohammed Ali. "Nothing easier," said the wise man. "I'll lend you another camel to make eighteen, and now divide them yourselves." The consequence was that each brother got from one-eighth of a camel to one-half more than he was entitled to, and Ali received his camel back again,—the eldest brother getting nine camels, the second six, and the third two.

There are many mathematical queries afloat whose object is to puzzle the wits of the unwary listener or to beguile him into giving an absurd reply. Some of these are very ancient. Many are excellent. Who, for example, has not at some period of his existence been asked, "If a goose weighs ten pounds and half its own weight, what is the weight of the goose?" And who has not been tempted to reply on the instant, fifteen pounds? The correct answer is, of course, twenty pounds. Indeed, it is astonishing what a very simple query will sometimes catch a wise man napping. Even the following has been known to succeed:—

"How many days would it take to cut up a piece

of cloth fifty yards long, one yard being cut off every day?"

Or this: "A snail climbing up a post twenty feet high ascends five feet every day, and slips down four feet every night; how long will the snail take to reach the top of the post?"

Or again: "A wise man having a window one yard high and one yard wide, and requiring more light, enlarged his window to twice its former size; yet the window was still only one yard high and one yard wide. How was this done?" This is a catch question in geometry, as the preceding were catch questions in arithmetic,—the window being diamond-shaped at first, and afterwards made square. As to the two former, perhaps it is scarcely necessary to say that the answer to the first is not fifty days, but forty-nine; and to the second, not twenty days, but sixteen,—since the snail, who gains one foot each day for fifteen days, climbs on the sixteenth day to the top of the pole, and there remains.

Numbers have a legendary and mystic significance. It is not only the mathematician that has been fascinated by them. The poet, the philosopher, the priest, have pondered over their changeless relations to each other, have seen in mathematical truth the one thing absolutely fixed and sure, and have come to look upon numbers and their symbols as in some sort a revelation from on high, things to be dealt with reverently and awesomely. And so almost every number has been given an esoteric meaning.

The number one, as being indivisible, and as entering into all other numbers, was always a sacred number. The Egyptians made it the symbol of life, or mind, of the creative spirit.

Three, in the Pythagorean system, was the perfect number, expressive of beginning, middle, and end. From time immemorial greater prominence has been given to it than to any other number, save perhaps seven. And as the symbol of the Trinity its influence has waxed more potent in more recent times. It appears over and over again in the Old Testament and the New.

When the world was created we find land, water, and sky, sun, moon, and stars. Noah had three sons; Jonah was three days in the whale's belly; Christ three days in the tomb. There were three patriarchs,—Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. Abraham entertained three angels. Job had three friends. Samuel was called three times. Samson deceived Delilah three times. Three times Saul essayed to kill David with a javelin. Jonathan shot three arrows on David's behalf. Daniel was thrown into a den with three lions for praying three times a day. Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego were rescued from the fiery furnace. The commandments were delivered on the third day. St. Paul speaks of faith, hope, and charity, these three. Three wise men came to worship Christ with presents three. Christ spoke three times to Satan when tempted. He prayed three times before his betrayal. Peter denied him three times. Christ suffered three hours' agony on the cross. The superscription was in three languages, and three men were crucified. The third day Christ rose again, and appeared three times to his disciples. And so on, and so on. It were tedious to continue the enumeration.

MODERN MEDICINE, SURGERY AND SANITATION

PEANUTS AND VINEGAR FOR CONSUMPTIVES

DR. BREWER'S METHOD.....JOURNAL OF HYGIENE

Dr. Brewer has a new idea concerning food for consumptives. His treatment consists of inhaling the fumes of vinegar and the eating of peanuts. He gives his patients as many peanuts as they can eat without injuring their digestive organs. Two young ladies, who had been the rounds of the doctors and taken cod liver oil and tonics till they were nearly dead, were put on this treatment and recovered. Concerning these cases Dr. Brewer says: "I now recommend feeding (do not laugh) peanuts. One would think this a very indigestible diet, but they crave them, and it has always been my policy to find out what my patients desire to eat, and unless it is too unreasonable, I humor them. Both young ladies have become quite plump, and after a year's inhalation have ceased coughing and I pronounced them well. The peanut was long known as an excellent fat producer, and much more agreeable than cod liver oil. While not all can digest peanuts, a great many even with feeble digestion eat them without discomfort. It beats the Koch lymph and is the most satisfactory treatment I have ever tried for these diseases."

DISEASES OF HIGH-PRESSURE CIVILIZATION

DR. SHRADY'S VIEWS.....NEW YORK JOURNAL

"Are there any new diseases which are the direct product of this age of high-pressure civilization—entirely new diseases which were unknown to physicians of the past generation?" "Yes," said Dr. George F. Shradly, the editor of the Medical Record, who is, perhaps, the best informed physician in New York on new diseases and new medical discoveries. "Yes, undoubtedly there are. Not many, but enough of them to have attracted the attention and demanded the study of the most eminent members of the medical profession. They are, in the main, nervous affections of a nature formerly unknown, and to this day unknown under calm, peaceful, rustic environment. There are also diseases of the eyes that have been brought on by modern metropolitan conditions. But nerves are behind all the modern and what some shallow people call the fashionable diseases."

"No, appendicitis is not one of them. The dangers that lurked in the vermiform appendix have long been known, but the name of appendicitis had not been invented, and science had not found its way to the heroic operation by which alone the life of the afflicted one may be saved. Formerly a grain or a seed strayed into the vermiform appendix, and the patient died of 'inflammation of the bowels.' The newspapers, especially the humorous writers, then did much to exploit the delicate and desperate operations. I smiled to myself when I saw the operation referred to as 'appendicitis,' and on one occasion when I informed a young woman that a relative of hers was about to undergo the operation for appendicitis, I was much shocked when she said, in tones through which a sense of family pride seemed to ring, 'Dear Pearl, she is always so stylish.'"

"Strictly speaking, the new nervous diseases can all be called neurasthenia. The symptoms are restlessness, insomnia, absent mindedness, weakness of memory, languid expression, drawling speech, tired gait, lack of enthusiasm, a tendency toward pessimism, headache, other aches, dyspepsia, constipation and general malaise. These are the physical and mental conditions brought about by the prevalent high-pressure mode of life, its sharp competitions, its exhausting rounds of amusement, its rivalry of wealth, its fads, follies, and fashions, its sensationalism, self-indulgence, luxury and unnatural stimulation. This nervous condition we call neurasthenia, and it is as well defined an ill as is malaria, in its way. It is a great mistake to suppose that neurasthenia is the disease of the rich. It is the disease of the refined and active mind and personality. A delicate, refined woman, undertaking the care of a family, under a distressing environment, such as associations that are disagreeable, or amidst the turmoil, say, of the continued rattle and roar of an 'L' railroad and the clanging cable cars beneath, succumbs to neurasthenia as well marked as that of the operator who aspires to be a Napoleon of Wall street."

"The conditions that undermine the forces of the swell tradesman are the same that wreck the physique of the merchant prince with millions at stake. I do not believe that neurasthenia is on an alarming increase. I believe that people in all walks of life are beginning to understand that nature requires relaxation. There will always be men who insist upon burning the candle at both ends, and there will always be nervous wrecks and asylums for the insane. The Saturday half-holiday, the summer outing, the frequent cessation from business on legal holidays, the bicycle, the Sunday sermon, the walk in the park, the trip down the bay, a day at the polo grounds, and, above all, some light and moral enjoyment, are the enemies of neurasthenia. The barber may find relaxation in amateur gardening, but that would be no relief to the tired carpenter. It is not hard work, but the monotony of the work is what causes the disease. That brings one to some distinct forms of nervous diseases that are new."

"There is the 'L' road disease. It affects people who live on the lines. The symptoms are a general crankiness and a halting in the speech. Talk to an uptown man and note his habit of pausing in his conversation, as if to permit a train to pass. His irritability is due to interrupted sleep. I am serious about this. Fifty thousand people in New York have shattered nerves, due entirely to their living on the line of the 'L' roads."

"A physician can detect distinct and unique nervous troubles in the average commuter. His life is so dominated by the time table and the 'making of trains' that he develops a hunted, nervous condition that is all his own. Piano players' nervousness, a common affliction, is the result of too constant practice. Here comes in the proof that it is the monotony, not the amount of work, that causes the breakdown. A pianist who puts in eight hours a day at the instrument and takes no relaxation will collapse

within a year. The girl who divides the waking hours between the piano, the theatre, her books and her bicycle will not be overtaken with piano players' nervousness or piano players' cramp. These afflictions of nervousness seem to be growing in frequency, and the medical papers are discussing violinists' cramp, clarinet players' and flute players' paralysis. In the case of the overworked violinist it is the fingers of the left hand and the muscles of the right or bow arm. In the case of clarinet and flute players laryngeal spasms are observed.

"Writers' cramp gave way for a while upon the introduction of typewriters, but the latter are now developing serious nervous complications, attended by muscular cramps and incipient paralysis, due to the monotony of their task. Telegraphers' cramp is notably on the increase. As to railroad shock, a nervous affliction that may develop months after the accident, medical men differ as to its existence, the doubt being thrown upon the conditions by the detection of numerous malingerers, who were simulating injuries to extract damages from railroad companies. The new-woman diseases are all the result of prolonged nervous strain without complementary forms of relaxation. The growth of eye troubles is in the main due to the American habit of reading on moving street and railroad cars by either day or night. The amount of damage to the eyes of New Yorkers to be attributed to the gloom of the 'L' road cars is incalculable. This failure to illuminate is really a matter affecting the public health, and one that the board of health should take in hand.

"In the general line of discovery the development of bacteriological science has enriched the medical vocabulary, and new names are being given to specific forms of diseases that have always been known and treated, but fate has given the world in the line of fevers, lung, blood and liver troubles nothing that can be called new. As a matter of fact, the physical condition of the world is steadily improving, and many ills that were common in the days of our youth are rare in these days, while the number of diseases that are themselves necessarily fatal after once obtaining a foothold are diminishing rapidly. Smallpox, diphtheria, meningitis, scarlet fever and many zymotic and pulmonary troubles that formerly meant doom now yield readily to treatment. On the whole, the doctors have the best of the fight. As to the new nervous diseases, it is within the power of any one to avoid them."

HYGIENIC FREEZING AS A TONIC

THE COLD AIR BATH FAD.....BOSTON BEACON

Cold air baths are to be the next therapeutic agents brought into the service of mankind. We are, if dyspeptic, to be introduced into refrigerating chambers, where the temperature is many degrees below our "zero," warmly wrapped up in furs, and there left to freeze for about ten minutes, when we shall emerge with excellent appetites, and with good digestion waiting thereupon. If left too long we might freeze altogether, and become so many icy statues, and perhaps the subject of intensely interesting experiment. Whether we could be brought to life again would depend on the manner in which we were thawed. Cold-blooded animals, such as snakes, will revive after being frozen stiff—there

is a fable anent that, which, if not scientific evidence, at all events shows a long-continued belief—that there have been cases recorded where animals of a similar blood circulation to our own have been resuscitated after being frozen stiff. Writers of fiction have seized upon the notion—Jules Verne, for instance, and W. Clark Russell in the *Frozen Pirate*. John Hunter believed that it would be possible to freeze people up and bring them to life again, if kept in a frozen state, after many years. The speculation opens out a vast prospect. People disgusted with the present times might have themselves kept for a more enlightened age. Men of science might take a few years in succeeding centuries, and watch the progress—or otherwise—of mankind, and compare results with theories.

ELECTRICITY AS A MEDICINE

PROGRESS IN ELECTRO-THERAPEUTICS.....BOSTON TRANSCRIPT

It is evident that the dependence of medical science upon electricity for diagnosis, prognosis and therapeutic aids is every year growing greater. Witness, for example, the recent discovery of the Röntgen rays, by means of which it is possible to discern the bones of the body, and which have already become a most important adjunct of surgery. Then, too, most of the aids rendered by electricity are such as cannot be obtained by other means. It is hardly realized at the present day how great this dependence is, much less that the future holds still greater developments in store. Late researches in chemistry have led to the belief that the atoms forming the ultimate particles of all matter are held together by the attraction of unlike electric charges resident in them, and that chemical reactions are to be regarded as a rearrangement or an association and disassociation of these charges. If this should prove to be true, then pathological conditions would result obviously from some alteration in the amount or character of these charges, and means will doubtless be discovered for neutralizing such abnormal conditions and restoring the organs to their natural state. In support of this theory it is known that pathological conditions of the different organs of the body are attended by changes in the electric resistance of such organs, and the action of such parts when subjected to electric currents is different from what it is when the organs are in a healthy condition. It is also known that during the processes of building up and nourishing the body electric currents are generated in it, and, though exceedingly minute and little understood, yet, like all other problems of exact science, they cannot fail of solution when further experiments have furnished added data.

Progress in electro-therapeutics—that is, the science of electricity as applied to the treatment of pathological conditions of the human body—has been seriously hampered and obstructed by the impositions of charlatans and quacks, who, acting on the gullibility of the public in regard to anything connected with electricity, claimed marvelous electrical cures in cases where, in reality, there was not even an application of electricity. This unfortunate state of affairs caused scientists, unwilling to be classed with humbugs, to dismiss all claims of electrical treatment without investigation. Recent great advances in this subject, however, have

caused the medical fraternity to take up the subject and rescue it from the hands of impostors. Electricity is applied in electro-therapeutics under many different names, as franklinic, galvanic and faradic, and it might be thought these names referred to different kinds of electricity. This, however, is manifestly not so, as there is but one kind of electricity, and all forms are but different manifestations of this one force. These names are given to the electric currents, distinguishing them by the sources by which they are produced. The franklinic, or frictional electricity, from the influence or frictional machine; the galvanic, that produced by the ordinary battery, or galvanic cell; and the faradic, or that produced through the medium of an induction coil.

One of the methods of applying electricity in electro-therapeutics is by introducing medicine directly into the system by means of the electric current, called cataphoric medication. It is known that the passage of an electric current between two poles through a conducting liquid medium, such as is formed by the fluids of the body, is accompanied by a decomposition of the liquid and a transportation of the particles forming the positive pole through the liquid and the deposition of them in the neighborhood of the negative pole. Thus, when two poles connected to a suitable source are formed of sponges and applied at any desired part by placing them in contact with the skin over such parts, and the positive pole is moistened with the liquid it is desired to introduce into the body, the passage of an electric current will be attended by the introduction of the particles or molecules forming the solution on the positive electrode and deposition of them in the neighborhood of the other pole, which may be located wherever is most desirable. Numerous experiments have shown that the passage of certain forms of electric current through the body is also attended by an increased stimulation of the tissues, similar to that which would be produced by the application of massage.

Electricity may also be applied to the disintegration of malignant growths, acting on the principle above referred to, of the decomposition of the positive pole and the subsequent deposition of the particles in the neighborhood of the negative pole. Platinum electrodes, or needles, wrapped in absorbent cotton and moistened with iodine or carbolic acid, are applied to mucous surfaces for its local caustic or alterative effect. Some varieties of cancer are effectually destroyed by zinc-amalgam cataphoresis, a blunt amalgamated zinc electrode being passed into the growth, after it has been rendered insensible by anæsthetics; and after repeated applications the malignant tumor is destroyed. The surgeon's knife has been displaced by the electric cautery, by means of which wounds may be quickly, conveniently and effectively cauterized. The electric cautery consists of platinum knife or snare, which is heated to a white heat by the passage of an electric current. The heat being maintained constant at any desired temperature, such work can be done with great rapidity.

Magnetism has never been found to produce any effect whatever on the most delicate organs of the human body. It has, however, been found valuable as applied in the electro-magnet to remove iron particles from the eye, and forms an important part of

the armamentarium of the specialist. The electro-magnet frequently has been successful in removing iron particles lodged in the vitreous chamber, which would otherwise have necessitated operations of uncertain results and certain mutilation of the eye. Tiny electric lamps have been used for exploratory purposes by introduction into the cavities of the body, a very powerful light being obtained with a very small lamp and without uncomfortable heat. This has even been done to the extent of inserting an incandescent lamp in the stomach so as to permit an examination of the condition of its interior from the outside. This process is known as transillumination.

One of the newest applications of electricity is that of the electric hemostat, a device for the stoppage of hemorrhages; which is valuable in abdominal surgery. The principle involved is the coagulation under pressure of the albuminous elements of the tissues at a temperature between 90 and 190 degrees Fahrenheit, which temperature may be conveniently obtained by the use of electric heat applied locally to the desired tract. Electro-therapeutics has grown very rapidly since the marvelous power of electricity as a remedial agent has been demonstrated. This growth is well illustrated by the annual convention of the American Electro-Therapeutic Association, which gathers together every year many of the most prominent physicians from all over the country, and now that the sphere of electricity and medicine has been more widely broadened by the discovery of the X-rays, we are justified in the belief that the future progress will be still greater. It may be of interest to know in this connection that the New York Post Graduate Hospital College has been equipped with the proper apparatus for the production of radiographs, or X-ray pictures. One of the leading medical institutions of London has been already equipped with such apparatus, where it is possible for a doctor to accompany his patient and obtain pictures of the desired parts, thus enabling him to diagnose certain cases with great exactitude. The value of this discovery to surgery can hardly be overestimated and ranks in value hardly lower than anæsthetics.

DURATION OF LIFE OF PHYSICIANS

STATISTICS OF MEDICAL MEN.....NEW YORK TRIBUNE

In the *Wratsch M.* Lelande gives some remarkable figures relating to medical practitioners' mortality in Prussia. There are, it appears, in that country between 15,000 and 16,000 physicians, and during the years 1891, 1892, and 1893, a study of the mortality statistics pertaining to them was carried on by M. Lelande. This showed that the average mortality each year in that profession was 13.9 per cent, the total number dying in the three years being 642, in 417 of these the cause of death not having been obtained, but the remaining 225 being classified. The foremost place is filled by contagious diseases, such as typhus fever, diphtheria, cholera, etc., a total of 71 such cases; the second place is occupied by tuberculosis, which caused the death of 15.1 per cent of the whole number of physicians dying, while in general statistics it furnishes but 11 to 13 per cent of all the deaths. Suicide is relatively very frequent among Prussian physicians, reaching 8.8 per cent.

THE SKETCH BOOK: CHARACTER IN OUTLINE

IN THE HEAT OF BATTLE

STEPHEN CRANE.....THE LITTLE REGIMENT.....McCLURE'S MAG.

The fog made the clothes of the column of men in the roadway seem of a luminous quality. It imparted to the heavy infantry overcoats a new color—a kind of blue which was so pale that a regiment might have been merely a long, low shadow in the mist. However, a muttering, one part grumble, three parts joke, hovered in the air above the thick ranks, and blended in an undertone roar, which was the voice of the column. The town on the southern shore of the little river loomed spectrally, a faint etching upon the gray cloud-masses which were shifting with oily languor. A low row of guns upon the northern bank had been pitiless in their hatred, but a little battered belfry could be dimly seen still pointing with invincible resolution toward the heavens.

The enclouded air vibrated with noises made by hidden colossal things. The infantry tramlings, the heavy rumbling of artillery, made the earth speak of gigantic preparation. Guns on distant heights thundered from time to time with sudden nervous roar, as if unable to endure in silence a knowledge of hostile troops massing and of other guns getting into position. These various sounds defined an immense battle-ground, described the tremendous width of the stage of the prospective drama. The voice of the guns, slightly casual, unexcited in their challenges and warnings, could not destroy the unutterable eloquence of the word in the air—a meaning of impending struggle which made the breath halt at the lips.

The column in the roadway was ankle deep in mud. The men swore piously at the rain which drizzled upon them, compelling them to stand always very erect in fear of the drops that would sweep in under their coat-collars. The fog was as cold as wet clothes. The men stuffed their hands deep in their pockets and huddled their muskets in their arms. The machinery of orders had rooted these soldiers deeply into the mud precisely as almighty nature roots mullein-stalks. They listened and speculated when a tumult of fighting came from the dim town across the river. When the noise lulled for a time, they resumed their descriptions of the mud, and graphically exaggerated the number of hours they had been kept waiting. The general commanding their division rode along the ranks, and they cheered admiringly, affectionately, crying out to him gleeful prophecies of the coming battle. Each man scanned him with a peculiarly keen personal interest, and afterwards spoke of him with unquestioning devotion and confidence, narrating anecdotes which were mainly untrue.

When the jokers lifted the shrill voices which invariably belonged to them, flinging witticisms at their comrades, a loud laugh would sweep from rank to rank, and soldiers who had not heard would lean forward and demand repetition. When were borne past them some wounded men with gray and blood-smearred faces, and eyes that rolled in that helpless beseeching for assistance from the sky which comes with supreme pain, the soldiers in the mud watched

intently, and from time to time asked of the bearers an account of the affair. Frequently they bragged of their corps, their division, their brigade, their regiment. Anon they referred to the mud and the cold drizzle. Upon this threshold of a wild scene of death they, in short, defied the proportion of events with that splendor of heedlessness which belongs only to veterans.

The regiment sometimes looked sideways at its brigade companions, composed of men who had never been in battle; but no frozen blood could withstand the heat of the splendor of this army before the eyes on the plain, these lines so long that the flanks were little streaks, this mass of men of one intention. The recruits carried themselves heedlessly. At the rear was an idle battery, and three artillerymen in a foolish row on a caisson nudged each other and grinned at the recruits. "You'll catch it pretty soon!" they called out. They were impersonally gleeful, as if they themselves were not also likely to catch it pretty soon. But with this picture of an army in their hearts, the new men perhaps felt the devotion which the drops may feel for the wave; they were of its power and glory. They smiled jauntily at the foolish row of gunners, and told them to go to blazes.

The column trotted across some little bridges and spread quickly into lines of battle. Before them was a bit of plain, and back of the plain was the ridge. There was no time left for consideration. The men were staring at the plain, mightily wondering how it would feel to be out there, when a brigade in advance yelled and charged. The hill was all gray smoke and fire-points. That fierce elation in the terrors of war, catching a man's heart and making it burn with such ardor that he becomes capable of dying, flashed in the faces of the men like colored lights, and made them resemble leashed animals, eager, ferocious, daunting at nothing. The line was really in its first leap before the wild, hoarse crying of the orders.

The greed for close quarters which is the emotion of a bayonet-charge, came then into the minds of the men and developed until it was madness. The field, with its faded grass of a southern winter, seemed miles in width to this fury. High slow-moving masses of smoke, with an odor of burning cotton, engulfed the line until the men might have been swimmers. Before them the ridge, the shore of this gray sea, was outlined, crossed, and recrossed by sheets of flame. The howl of the battle rose to the noise of innumerable wind-demons. The line galloping, scrambling, plunging, like a herd of wounded horses, went over a field that was sown with corpses, the records of other charges.

Bursting through a smoke-wave, the scampering, uniformed bunches came upon the wreck of the brigade that had preceded them—a floundering mass stopped afar from the hill by the swirling volleys. It was as if a necromancer had suddenly shown them a picture of the fate which awaited them, but the line, with a muscular spasm hurled itself over the wreckage, and onward, until men were stumbling amid the relics of other assaults, the point where the

fire from the ridge consumed. The men, panting, perspiring, with crazed faces, tried to push it, but it was as if they had come to a wall. The wave halted, shuddered in an agony from the quick struggle of its two desires, then toppled and broke into a fragmentary thing which has no name.

Veterans could now at last be distinguished from recruits. The new regiments were instantly gone, lost, scattered, as if they had never been. But the sweeping failure of the charge, the battle, could not make the veterans forget their business. With a last throe, the band of maniacs drew itself up and blazed a volley at the hill, insignificant to those iron entrenchments, but nevertheless expressing that singular final despair which enables men to coolly defy the walls of a city of death.

THAT WILD RIDE OF MATHEWSON'S

E. K. ROUNTREE.....OVERLAND MONTHLY

In May, 1857, John Mathewson, a pioneer in hydraulic mining, to whom belongs the credit of building the first water-derrick in California, had both legs broken while erecting a derrick at Washington, on the North fork of the Yuba River, twenty-five miles north of Nevada City. He was taken out from the ruins of his derrick and word sent to Nevada City for an ambulance.

O. S. Olin was the driver of the daily stage between Washington and Nevada City, and he at once placed a bed in the Concord coach and drove over from Nevada City. Next morning the injured man was tenderly placed in the coach and made as comfortable as possible.

At the Cold Spring House, six miles from town, Olin pulled up to water his horses, winding the ribbons around the brake before leaving the box.

A dog ran a drove of hogs under the horses' feet, and in a flash the spirited animals were tearing down the ridge.

Some one at Nevada City happened to be scanning the road through a field-glass and suddenly shouted, "The stage is coming hell bent for 'lection an' Olin ain't on the box!"

The news spread through the town like wild-fire and in an incredibly short time the whole town turned out and all who had field-glasses were anxiously watching the swaying stage in its mad career along the ridge towards the steep grade leading into town. It was still some four miles distant.

What would happen at the grade? Men blanched at the thought of the certain death to the passenger within the coach.

The excitement was intense. Everyone knew that Mathewson, helpless and weak, lay inside, at the mercy of the four blooded animals. The wheelers especially were a splendid pair of mettlesome stallions and the leaders carefully selected. No power on earth could have stopped them on that ridge. Down the grade they plunged. The speed was terrific. Strong men turned away in horror, expecting from moment to moment that the stage would go crashing into the cañon below.

Half the distance towards town had been accomplished in safety when a hoarse cry broke from the watching multitude. "The stump! the boulder!" Three miles from town the stage-road led between a stump on the lower side and a boulder on the upper side of the grade.

With long plunging strides the animals approached this danger point.

The crowd was too horrified to shout. Only a stifled groan, more eloquent than words, could have been heard.

"A few rods more and God help poor Mathewson," reverently murmured a grizzled miner, as the tears flowed down his wrinkled face. Many a hard-looking but tender-hearted man near him murmured, "Amen."

Gaining increased momentum at every bound, the stage ran into a cloud of dust just before reaching the stump and boulder. Awed, pallid upturned faces gazed with fascinated intentness at that little cloud of dust.

"They've done it," whispered a man in front, with eyes still glued to his glass.

With only fourteen inches to spare on either side of the stage it had passed through in safety. But the danger was not yet over. The steepest and roughest part of the road was yet to come.

As the stage reached town the people gave way on either side, none dreaming of trying to stop the foam-covered stallions in their wild run.

Along Coyote Street they whirled, then making a flatiron turn entered Main; still on they dashed, wheeling into Commercial, then up into Pine and still at full speed to Broad, heading for the destination of the stage in front of the National or Pierson's Hotel in the middle of the block.

Arthur Hagadorn, the owner of the stage line, was standing, pale with excitement, close to where the stage usually reined in. None can ever know how it came about, but at the sight of the familiar figure the four intelligent animals slowed up and came to a stop within a foot of where they would have been driven, had Olin been on the box.

Stepping up to the leading horse Hagadorn stroked his wet neck and said, "Noble fellow, you've done your last day's work."

Mathewson was unhurt and feebly thanked friends and acquaintances who crowded around the stage to congratulate him on his miraculous escape from death.

Such is the record of one of the wildest stage rides ever taken by man.

RUGGSBY, THE HERO OF THE MINE

A SCARED DARKEY'S STORY.....HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

Ruggsby was black, and it would have been a difficult matter to discern him in the dark tunnel of the mine were it not for the little flickering lamp he carried, and his occasional "Go 'long there, Lazy-bones!" that he addressed to his patient mule.

Ruggsby drove a tram car through the tunnels of a coal mine, and all his little life was wrapped up in the mule, the miners and the click of their picks. But Ruggsby is a hero, and the way he became one is best told as he describes it:—

"You see, boss, it wuz jes like this. De mule an' I wuz er workin' up toward de upper gallery on de steep grade when Ise heerd a rumblin'. Ise knew what dat meant. One of dem trams had slipped de brake an' wuz er comin' down de grade mighty fast. Tell yer, boss, Ise wuz er scared little nigger. Way down de grade, in de narrow part, der wuz er lot er men widenin' de tunnel, an' Ise knew de car would be on dem befo' dey could git outen de way. Ise hit

ol' Lazybones er smash wid der whip, an' he he! dat wuz funny! He nebber felt in dat way befo'.

"He gib an awmighty kick, an' started pullin' like mad. Yer see, dere wuz a switch 'bout a short bit ahead er me, an' er blind sidin' ran offen it. If Ise could get dere befo' de train got dere Ise could throw de switch an' send her plum into de wall at de end o' de sidin'. But, boss, Ise mos' frightened; dat rumblin' was growin' louder an' louder, and Ise spect dat Ise would be too late. Ise could see it er comin', an' ol' Lazybones saw it, an' he done gone an' balked, a thing he neber done befo'. Ise jumped off de car an' ran as fast as Ise could to de switch. It wuz stiff, an' Ise tugged at it till de car wuz on me. Ise felt a smash an' Ise knew de switch turned, but somethin' hit me.

"Say, boss, when Ise come to dey had me up to de surface, an' all de crowd cheered like dey does 'lection times. I wuz hurt bad, but Ise been a hero eber sence, an' de foreman gib me a job up here in de engine room."

HOW ROLLY WATCHED FOR HIS MASTER

ON THE OVERLAND TRAIN.....NEW YORK EVENING POST

They say that the name of the station is changed, and that the dog is dead, but I remember, and I think I shall remember always.

In a sharp V of a valley between two tall, unheeding mountains, stood a little brown station, all alone. It looked like a knot in the end of a brown rag of road that hung over the low ridge beyond it. "Hope" was the name in the middle of the weathered sign-board, with "Winnipeg, —miles," at the nearer end, and "Vancouver, —miles," at the farther.

There was small token of life about the building so far as even we in the observation car could see, so when the conductor came back from the office with his orders we wondered why the train did not go on. But pretty soon a tall old man with a red flag under his arm came up the track ahead of the station platform. Some of us had alighted, and to us he volunteered, while he rolled his flag closer:

"Rock on the track."

"Is it very large?" asked some one.

"Nope, they'll git it off purty soon; like 'nough in 'bout ten minutes."

That accent was unmistakably from the "States," and I came nearer where I could hear all he said. He sat down on a pile of boxes and in reply to some remark said meditatively:

"Nope, trains don' hev much 'casion to stop here long nowadays. Used to be a purty decent mine up yonner," jerking his head toward the little road; "then they war some doin's here."

"Mine abandoned?"

"Eaup," he was going on, when another idea struck him; he looked round uneasily.

"They hain't none o' you seen Rolly, hev you?"

"Who's Rolly?"

"W'y, Rolly, he's the dorg"; his eyes grew anxious; "he's a great institution 'round these parts, Rolly is."

He rose and went quickly to the door of the station, opened it, and put his head inside. We heard the click of the telegraph instrument.

"Say, Bennie, where's Roll?" he called. His voice was different from that in which he spoke to the men outside. The answer was inaudible.

"Humph! Curious, ain't it? When did he go?" Again the inaudible reply.

"Well, he must 'a' heard the whistle."

He came back to the travelers, but with his eyes on the brown road over the ridge.

"Didn't it pan out?" asked one.

"Huh? Oh, the mine! I dunno, I guess 'twould ef —" but the old idea was too strong—his eyes sought the slope again. "Now where in time is that dorg? He hain't use' to missin' trains."

"What was the matter at the mine?"

"Oh, there was ghosts came there, 'n' that scart everybody, 'n' now they won't no one go nigh but Rolly, and he's interested. Wish 't he'd come, anyhow."

"Well, what is it about Rolly, my friend, is he your dog?" asked a big, quiet man standing near his wife.

"Nope. That is, he is and he ain't—one way he's mine and two he ain't—one way he's mine, 'cause I feed 'im and hanker after 'im ef he ain't 'round. One way he ain't mine, he's Bennie's, 'cause everything I've got that Bennie hankers after is his'n, an' he thinks a heap o' Rolly. Bennie's the telegraph here.

"'Nother way he ain't mine nor Bennie's neither. He hisself thinks he b'longs to a man 't hain't been 'round here quite a spell—the last contractor at the 'Hope.' He left in a leetle hurry one night, bein' found with some mine pay-money mixed in his own inside pocket by mistake, 'n' he forgot the dorg."

One traveler, acquainted with Western euphemisms, asked:

"Did they hang or shoot him?"

The old fellow grinned.

"Shot 'im; sent the remnants East in a box. We hain't lookin' for 'im back, but Rolly is. Yes, sir, he's on hand every train, an' between times he goes up to the mine to see if his man has slipped by unbeknownst an' gone up there."

Just then the conductor, passing, said:

"Nearly ready; all aboard."

We started reluctantly for the car, all of us with our eyes on the brown road now. The old man walked with us.

"Can't think what on 'arth keeps 'im. He'll cry all day ef he misses this train."

We were all on board now. The conductor stood, watch in hand, his eyes too on the road.

"There he is!" some one shouted.

"He knowed he was late an' took the short cut," exclaimed the old man.

Our eyes left the road, and at the other end of the platform met a small, smooth-coated, black-and-white mongrel, all dusty and panting, crouched with quivering flanks by the steps of the last car, a Pullman.

The dog's eyes were on the porter. The porter looked to the conductor for a sign; the conductor looked at his watch and his orders and nodded. Then the porter lifted the eager little brute into the car vestibule.

We in the observation car all waited with eyes on the door of the nearest Pullman; all but the quiet man who had retired into the front corner of the car behind his newspaper.

"Blest if I want to see the beast disappointed," he said to his wife.

"Does he go through the whole train?" I asked of the old man.

"Yes, miss, all but the col'nist car and the em'grant; he knows that hain't the kind."

Just then the Pullman door opened and the porter came through followed by the dog, stepping high and nervously. There were a great many in the car and the dog was bewildered. The porter picked him up and put him on one of the seats, a double row of which ran back to back down the centre of the car. The dog put his paws on the back of the seat and looked all around, ears up, nostrils moving, flanks quivering, tail straight out and slowly waving. His intense feeling was manifest in every turn and move, in his search for his lost master.

Suddenly he gave a sharp yelp and bounded over the centre seats down the aisle like a young tornado and stopped with both paws on the quiet man's knees, yelping, dancing, tearing the newspaper down upon himself.

The man took the paper away and the dog leaped toward his face with a squeal. But the squeal broke half way, and the dog fell back on all fours, still as a stone. The quiet man looked at him kindly and put out a hand to pat him. The dog came closer, his eyes always on the man's face, and softly put his paws on the knees again. The man said:

"Well, Rolly!"

The dog's head went on one side in a moment; the name was all right, but the voice—the voice——

He got down and backed off, his tail between his legs, his ears wavering; he gave one low, questioning whine, then slowly answered the porter's call.

At the top of the car-steps he paused and came back. With head on one side and paw raised he looked again, and then with a sharp sort of bark turned back and went down.

A moment afterward the conductor's watch snapped; he waved his hand and the train drew out, up the broad cañon of the Chanting Bow. But our eyes were all turned back to the platform, where the dog stood, poised, head on one side and foot lifted, looking after us.

The quiet man didn't draw back till we had rounded a curve; then he found a cinder in his eye.

"Nice scenery," he said.

MUSIC BY THE CHOIR

DESCRIBED BY A PHILISTINE.....BOSTON HERALD

After the church organist had played a voluntary, introducing airs from 1492, and the Black Crook—which, of course, were not recognized by the congregation—the choir arose for its first anthem of the morning.

The choir was made up of two parts, a quartette and a chorus. The former occupied seats in the front row—because the members were paid. The chorus was grouped about and made a somewhat striking as well as startling picture. There were some who could sing; some who thought they could; and there were others.

The leader of this aggregation was the tenor of the quartette. He was tall, but his neck was responsible for considerable of his extreme height. Because he was paid to lead that choir he gave the impression to those who saw him that he was cutting some ice. A greater part of his contortions were lost because the audience did not face the choir.

The organist struck a few chords and without any preliminary wood-sawing the choir squared itself for action. Of course, there were a few who did not find the place till after rising—this is so in all choirs—but finally all appeared to be ready. The leader let out another link in his neck, and while his head was taking a motion similar to a hen's when walking, the choir broke loose. This is what it sang:—

"Abide-e-e—bide—ab—abide—with abide with—bide—a-a-a-a-bide—me—with me-e-e—abide with—with me—fast—f-a-a-s-t falls—abide—fast the even—fast fa-a-a-lls the—abide with me—eventide—falls the-e-e-eventide—fast—the—the dark—the darkness abide—the darkness deepens—Lor-r-d with me-e-e—Lord with me—deepens—Lord—Lord—darkness deepens—wi-i-th me—Lord with me—me a-a-a-a-abide."

That was the first verse. There were three others.

Everyone is familiar with the hymn, hence it is not necessary to line the verses.

During the performance some who had not attended the choir rehearsal the Thursday evening previous were a little slow in spots. During the passage of these spots some would move their lips and not utter a sound, while others—particularly the ladies—found it convenient to feel of their back hair or straighten their hats. Each one who did this had a look as if she could honestly say: "I could sing that if I saw fit"—and the choir sang on.

But when there came a note, a measure or a bar with which all were familiar, what a grand volume of music burst forth. It didn't happen this way many times, because the paid singers were supposed to do the greater part of the work. And the others were willing.

At one point, after a breathing spell, or a rest, as musicians say—the tenor started alone. He didn't mean to. But by this break the deacons discovered that he was in the game and earning his salary. The others caught him at the first quarter, however, and away they went again, neck and neck. Before they finished, several had changed places. Sometimes "Abide" was ahead, and sometimes "Lord," but on the whole it was a pretty even thing.

Then the minister read something out of the Bible, after which—as they say in the newspapers—"there was another well-rendered selection by the choir."

This spasm was a tenor solo with chorus accompaniment. This was when he of the long neck got in his deadly work. The audience faced the choir, and the salaried soloist was happy.

When the huddling had ceased the soloist stepped a trifle to the front and, with the confidence born of power, gave a majestic sweep of his head toward the organist. He said nothing, but the movement implied, "Let 'er go, Gallagher."

Gallagher was on deck, and after getting his patent-leather shoes well braced on the sub-bass pedals, he knotted together a few chords, and the soloist was off. His selection was—that is, verbatim:—

"Ge-yide me, ge-yide me, ge-yide me, O,
Thor-or gra-ut Jaw-aw-hars-vah,
Pi-il-grum thraw-aw this baw-aw-raw unlarnd."

And he sang other things.

He was away up in G. He diminuendoed, struck a cantabile movement, slid up over a crescendo,

tackled a second ending by mistake—but it went—caught his second wind on a *moderato*, signified his desire for a raise in salary on a trill, did some brilliant work on a *maestoso*, reached high C with ease, went down into the bass clef and climbed again, quavered and held, did sixteen notes by the handful—payable on demand—waltzed along a minor passage, gracefully turned the *dal segno*, skipped a chromatic run, did the *con espressione* act worthy of a De Reszke, poured forth volumes on a measure hold, broke the centre of an *andante* passage for three yards, retarded to beat the band, came near getting applause on a *cadenza*, took a six-barred triplet without turning a hair—then sat down.

Between whiles the chorus had been singing something else. The notes bumped against the oiled natural wood rafters—it was a modern church—ricochetted over the memorial windows, clung lovingly to the new \$200 chandelier, floated along the ridgepole, patted the bald-headed deacons fondly and finally died away in a bunch of contribution boxes in the corner.

Then the minister preached.

THE BOY WHO SWALLOWED A MUSIC BOX

MAX ADLER.....OUT OF HURLY-BURLY*

When Mr. Chubb, the elder, returned from Europe, he brought with him from Geneva a miniature musical box, long and very narrow, and altogether of hardly greater dimensions, say, than a large pocket-knife. The instrument played four cheerful little tunes for the benefit of the Chubb family, and they enjoyed it. Young Henry Chubb enjoyed it to such an extent that, one day, just after the machine had been wound up ready for action, he got to sucking the end of it, and in a moment of inadvertence it slipped, and he swallowed it. The only immediate consequence of the accident was that a harmonic stomach-ache was organized upon the interior of Henry Chubb, and he experienced a restlessness which he well knew would defy peppermint and paregoric.

Henry Chubb kept his secret in his own soul, and in his stomach also, determined to hide his misery from his father, and to spare the rod to the spoiled child—spoiled, at any rate, as far as his digestive apparatus was concerned.

But that evening, at the supper-table, Henry had eaten but one mouthful of bread when strains of wild, mysterious music were suddenly wafted from under the table. The family immediately made an effort to discover whence the sounds came, although Henry Chubb sat there filled with agony and remorse and bread and tunes, and desperately asserted his belief that the music came from the cellar, where the servant girl was concealed with a harp. He well knew that Mary Ann was unfamiliar with the harp. But he was frantic with anxiety to hide his guilt. Thus it is that one crime leads to another.

But he could not disguise the truth forever, and that very night, while the family was at prayers, Henry all at once began to hiccough, and the music box started off without warning with *Way Down Upon the Suwanee River*, with variations. Whereupon the paternal Chubb arose from his knees and grasped Henry kindly but firmly by his hair and shook him up and inquired what he meant by such

conduct. And Henry asserted that he was practicing something for a Sunday-school celebration, which old Chubb intimated was a singularly thin explanation. Then they tried to get up that music box, and every time they would seize Henry by the legs and shake him off the sofa cushion, or would pour some fresh variety of emetic down his throat, the instrument within would give a fresh spurt, and joyously grind out *Listen to the Mocking Bird* or *Thou'lt Never Cease to Love*.

At last they were compelled to let that musical box remain within the sepulchral recesses of young Chubb. To say that the unfortunate victim of the disaster was made miserable by his condition would be to express in the feeblest manner the state of his mind. The more music there was in his stomach, the wilder and more completely chaotic became the discord in his soul. As likely as not it would occur that while he lay asleep in the middle of the night the works would begin to revolve, and would play *Home, Sweet Home* for two or three hours, unless the peg happened to slip, when the cylinder would switch back again to *Way Down Upon the Suwanee River*, and would rattle out that tune with variations and fragments of the scales until Henry's brother would kick him out of bed in wild despair, and sit on him in a vain effort to subdue the serenade, which, however, invariably proceeded with fresh vigor when subjected to unusual pressure.

And when Henry Chubb went to church, it frequently occurred that, in the very midst of the most solemn portion of the sermon, he would feel a gentle disturbance under the lower portion of his jacket; and presently, when everything was hushed, the undigested engine would give a preliminary buzz and then reel off *Listen to the Mocking Bird* and *Thou'lt Never Cease to Love*, and the scales and exercises, until the clergyman would stop and glare at Henry over his spectacles and whisper to one of the deacons. Then the sexton would suddenly tack up the aisle and clutch the unhappy Mr. Chubb by the collar and scud down the aisle again to the accompaniment of *Home, Sweet Home*, and then incarcerate Henry in the upper portion of the steeple until after church.

But the end came at last, and the miserable boy found peace. One day while he was sitting in school endeavoring to learn his multiplication table to the tune of *Thou'lt Never Cease to Love*, his gastric juice triumphed. Something in the music box gave way all at once, the springs were unrolled with alarming force, and Henry Chubb, as he felt the fragments of the instrument hurled right and left among his vitals, tumbled over on the floor and expired.

At the post mortem examination they found several pieces of *Home, Sweet Home* in his liver, while one of his lungs was severely torn by a fragment of *Way Down Upon the Suwanee River*. Several particles of *Listen to the Mocking Bird* were removed from his heart and breast-bone, and three brass pegs of *Thou'lt Never Cease to Love* were found firmly driven into his fifth rib.

They had no music at the funeral. They sifted the machinery out of him and buried him quietly in the cemetery. Whenever the Chubbs buy musical boxes now, they get them as large as a piano and chain them to the wall.

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RANDOM READING: MINIATURE ESSAYS ON LIFE

DISCONTENT, THE SOURCE OF PROGRESS

STUDIED FROM BOTH SIDES...LONDON SPECTATOR

Prince Bismarck just at present tries to say popular things, and we suppose he said a popular thing recently when he uttered his dithyramb in praise of discontent as the source of progress, and therefore of all that the West admires. The whole West will, we doubt not, agree with him, and consider that he has given utterance to a great thought; and one wonders whether it is a great thought, and whether the East, which rejects it with the whole force of its soul, and holds that content is the only right attitude for the mind of man, has really nothing to say for itself. If so, it is a little odd, for the question is at bottom a philosophical and moral one, and the East has thought out most philosophies, and, as the mother of all the successful creeds, has some right to be heard upon a question of morality. We should like just for a moment, amid all the bustle caused by the millionaires, and with a full sense that we shall not be listened to, to state her side as nearly as a Western pen can state any Eastern thought of the kind which, being accepted as beyond cavil, is rarely reduced to words. To begin with, the East declares that Western arguments seem to her, when considered as arguments leading to a practical method of life, singularly confused. "You seek," she says, "or say you seek, happiness as the end of life, and yet you praise discontent, which, so far as it is real and not a mere method of expressing aspiration, is necessarily fatal to happiness of any kind. Happiness implies tranquility, and a willingness to continue in the state which is happy, and discontent implies unrest, and a desire to alter the state which exists, if not for *any* other, at least for *some* other real or imaginary one.

"Your most perfect expression is the American man of enterprise, and ours is the Buddhist priest, and on which face is written the look of inherent care? There is no peace where there is unrest, and no complete enjoyment for the mind struggling with its surroundings, and where there is a struggle there can be no ease. Divine discontent is in fact a contradiction in terms, for the mind cannot even conceive of a discontented Deity. You Westerns," the East continues, "yourselves acknowledge this occasionally, for when you try to describe heaven it is always a place of rest, wherein effort has no entrance, and discontent is, at worst, only a remembrance of a passed-away disease suffered upon a vanished earth. Prince Bismarck says content would make you all Otaheitan, but neither the Elysian Fields of the Pagan nor the Heaven of the Christian are Otaheitan. Judged, therefore, as you Westerns all wish to judge, by practical rules, Prince Bismarck's preaching is erroneous, for if your object is happiness for all, which is the assumption at the basis of all your civilization and all your democracy, discontent is a positively evil quality which you are bound not to promote or even to tolerate, but to the extent of your power—and your power in that direction is limitless if you but cultivate your wills—you are under obligation to keep down and suppress. You would do much better,

for practical ends, to be less fussy, to will yourselves happy if you want to be happy, or at all events to sit quiet and wait till the Will that is stronger than you has expressed itself more clearly.

"For, after all, you Westerns must admit that your discontent, which Prince Bismarck eulogizes, must be, cannot help being, radically immoral. You admit in words as fully as we do that God, whether he be the formless All or a sentient and individualized being, settles your fate, rules your lives, decides without consulting you whether any one of you shall be born prince or peasant, athlete or sickly, a man of toil or a man to whom all things come even before he orders them; and as that Ruler, be he what he may, has right as well as almightiness upon his side, your duty is submission, and submission is not perfect or true while there is discontent. You must cut that out of your hearts to be even loyal subjects of the Most High, which you all in words protest that you wish to be. We, the children of Shem, all notice that you, the children of Japhet, preach by every death-bed the supreme virtue of resignation, but we never see that you are resigned to anything. If the misfortune is a fierce wind that blows, you insure your ships; if it is a bad drain, you make somebody clean it; if it is want of food, you accuse the king, or the employer, or what you call society, that is, everybody except yourselves. There is no resignation in you, and if you spoke the truth you would acknowledge that you, like Prince Bismarck, hold the quality in profound contempt. We do not. We strongly believe in a divine government of the world, and therefore we take what comes, not complaining even in our thoughts; if it is disease or death by starvation, lie down on our beds, or cover our faces, and so blessing the Supreme pass on to the next stage. Children of Japhet, is it you with your discontent, or we with our submission, who are the pious? Yes, and perhaps even the strong, for the greatest attribute of strength is durability, and the children of Shem survive unchanged while the children of Japhet pass away. You boast of your momentum, but what is it compared with our enduring immobility?—only the stroke of the lightning bolt upon the mountain side, which, if scarred for an instant, still lasts on, and then grows green again."

The children of Shem, we think, scorned as their thoughts are on this side of the world, have something to say for themselves, though, being Westerns, we reject their teaching, and recognize in some dim way where the answer to it is. It is, in brief, that discontent is but another and a contemptuous, and therefore false, name for the desire to struggle towards the light. The children of Japhet struggle on towards an unknown goal, because they hold that this is the will of the Supreme, that they were gifted with powers for accumulating experience in order that they should advance, that their duty consequently is to advance morally, intellectually, and even physically towards an ideal higher than the state they live in. That this perception, often unconscious and always dim, has bred in them a habit, which, like every other habit, is often purely

mechanical, and is not infrequently inconvenient both to themselves and others, they acknowledge; but the duty none the less remains. They are here in a world which you, O children of Shem, whom no thoughtful man despises, acknowledge to be full of evil as well as good, with orders to abate that evil and pursue that good, and often blindly, sometimes with passion, always in too much haste, they obey these orders.

Quiescence is not the only form of loyalty, and to be truly loyal you must learn not only that the Master is to be obeyed, but in what he conceives obedience to consist. Take, as the best illustration, this very question on which East and West turn their faces so irritably from one another, this question of putting down disease. You, O children of Shem, meet an epidemic which scatters death as the sower scatters seed-corn, with a noble quietude, with a courage beyond all praise, never raging, never repining, holding that to blame would be impious, and that as death must come to all men it may come to them in showers without the justice of the Supreme being in the smallest degree impugned. That is fine, O children of Shem, and fine, too, with a fineness of which perhaps we, the restless and easily excited children of Japhet, are incapable, but then we read our duty in another way. If the Supreme has implanted in us an instinctive desire of life he meant us to preserve it, to live on while it is possible, and not merely to be fearless of death, and how can we do that unless we use our minds to that especial end? It is not only out of fear, but from a sense of right, that when the epidemic comes we rage, and accuse ourselves of negligence, and worry the earth with drains, and bring sweet water down from the far-off hills, and ransack the world for drugs that we know, or at all events believe, will give us help. There is no submission truly, and no resignation, but then our conception is that submission is base, that it is not submission to God, but to a dirty little enemy called cholera or typhoid, that we are fighting a dacoit, not a messenger from above, that resignation is as shameful as it would be to sit down on the field of battle and let the enemy win. No doubt with most of us the impulse to fight disease is a constitutional instinct rather than a result, as your submissive faith is, of endless meditation, but the instincts are not all wrong, and this one agrees with the highest thought.

So, also, in the social movement for which you so despise us, we are endlessly restless because we are endlessly seeking, often with a foolish display of useless and malodorous torches, for a higher organization, one nearer to the ideal. You say, therein departing, O children of Shem, from your wisest thought, that we thereby forfeit happiness, but we reply either that effort is happiness, even if the effort produce no fruit, or that if your saying is true the pursuit of happiness must be abandoned, for there are nobler things to seek. Our restlessness is not weakness or foolishness, but in great part eagerness, the movement of the regiment which feels the shot and is eager to charge, but does not yet see the foe. You say, O children of Shem, that we are impious because we will not sit still and possess our souls in patience, but we reply that although it is eternally true that they also serve who

only stand and wait, the messengers of God, who are in eternal movement, are at least to be reckoned among his servants. May there not be an Angel of Healing as well as of Death? It is true that in our idea of loyalty we are rapid, restless, ever unsatisfied, but where have you learned that immobility is divine? that He did not create the waves which are never still, yet did create the mountains which never stir? We hold that immobility is an attribute of things that are lower than man, that the word "change" and the word "life" are scientifically interchangeable, and that the total cessation of movement is the one unmistakable sign of death. You are wise folk, for all the senseless ridicule that has fallen upon your opinions, but in this matter at least Bismarck, as representative of the children of Japhet, must be acknowledged to be right.

INDIVIDUALITY AND EDUCATION

WILLIAM GEORGE JORDAN.....CHICAGO INTER-OCEAN

The aim and end of all true education should be to teach the individual to develop his individuality. One great weakness of our present system of education is that it does not do this. It makes men not thinkers, but cold-storage warehouses for facts. It is a system of constant acquisition, not of growth. Our system of education does not teach the individual how to think, how to know his own mind, how to strengthen and quicken its action, and how to control and direct it. The education of to-day gives the mind thousands of facts to learn and to memorize. At stated times examinations are held, stock-takings, inventories, not to determine the degree of the growth from the mental food, but to see what percentage still remains intact. It is like putting food into a refrigerator—the food may be retained, in some form, but the refrigerator itself is not strengthened. Thousands of individuals to-day, hear the same lessons, are questioned in the same way, taught to learn exactly the same facts, and unless they can present these same facts on examination they fail to progress to higher classes. This is death to originality, to individuality, to all true growth. It tends to make the educational system a machine conforming all men, so far as a system can defy nature, to the sameness and uniformity of bricks. Our education of to-day is grand in its eagerness, its liberality, its enthusiasm; but in so far as it fails to teach thinking, it is unpardonably weak. The claim is that anything like individual teaching is impossible, because of the enormous expense incurred by the increase of teachers. This is but a specious objection. The simplifying of the curriculum would permit the same number of teachers to do better work in less time. It would substitute "mental training" for "mental straining," developing the mind instead of stifling it.

What is needed is that thinking be taught as a system, that studies which stimulate individual thinking be encouraged, that others which do not develop it be put aside as we would food that gives no strength to the body. If "thinking" in all its phases were taught, there would be assimilation and digestion of all mental food, there would be perfect classification and preparation of facts for use, everything would be made individual. This one study, introduced in all its fullness and strength into our school and college curriculum would act as a leaven

that in natural development would work out the salvation of education in gentle, easy way. It is daring to speak thus of the "sacred school system," as the orator terms it when he swings out in his orotund voice: "Palsied be the hand that touches our sacred school system." But if this "education" were not such a power for good its weakness might be passed over in hopeless silence. Whatever is not equal to its possibilities, its opportunities, is to that degree a failure. The education of to-day by giving too elaborate a course of studies, appeals too much to memory and fails to develop individuality. It does not teach the individual to know himself or his powers. Its growth has been so generous and wonderful that it has tended to diffuseness; but now it needs simplifying, it needs pruning. The locomotive of to-day is a great, heavy piece of machinery, made up of nearly 6,000 pieces. In perhaps ten or twenty years, in our progress, it will be simplified to a dynamo and a few simple bars, levers and push buttons. So it is with our educational system. I believe that within twenty or thirty years from now we will look back upon the educational system of to-day as a most gigantic, complicated and involved process.

For from five to twenty years of age the student studies faithfully the prescribed course, and at the end of that time is pronounced ready for the battle of life. Those fifteen years have been years of preparation for this, and if they have not prepared him they have not been equal to the need. They should have taught him thinking, quick action of the mind, instant grasp of relation, power and command of the mind, conservation of its energy, and the thorough coöperation of the developed senses. Two or three years of athletic training develops the muscles, quickens them, strengthens them, and gives command and control of them. True education should give precisely this same power in the mind. And it can be done through trained thinking, a system that all teachers can master and can teach. Conversation, the instant ability to express one's thought, to defend one's position, to gain from others, to speak on any subject, is in its best forms rare in life. It is a vital subject as part of the development of the individual. It is vital because it concerns him not merely as spectator but as a participant. But it is not taught in our schools. It should form part of a course in trained thinking. So should the development of the senses, the quickening of memory, true reading, perfect observation and other exercises not necessary here to note. All this training would reveal to the individual his mind, it would vitalize latent powers, intensify natural aptitudes, and teach the individual to develop himself.

But what is the individual and how can things be made individual to him? The individual is the sum of his memories, physical, mental, moral. It is the sum of these that makes the man. We enter this world with a certain stock of memories, through heredity. These memories are but dispositions, traits, tendencies and the like. As the days go on, through the developing senses, we receive new impressions, and these impressions become memories. We think over them and our deductions then become memories. In the true sense of individuality we may say that nothing is of real importance to man's individuality except as it reaches his mind

and affects his memories. The more constant, instant, unconscious and perfect is the coöperation and harmony between the memories the more delicate and developed is the individuality. The mind with all its memories is like a great society with a million members. When a new fact is admitted, a new impression enters into mind, it should be presented to all the others, it should be permeated by the spirit of all. It is as when a grain of carmine is put into a hoghead of water; there is thorough absorption. Every drop of that water is a perfect union of water and carmine. This is but a type of what I mean by making anything individual. If the mind receives a new impression and gets no good from it, makes no deduction from it, does not seek to bring it into harmony with its other memories, it is not making that impression individual. Trained thinking would do this. All these impressions that are brought to the mind come but as elements.

To properly understand individuality we must see it in three circles of relationship: First, the duty of the individual to the individual; second, the duty of the individual to his neighbor, his city, and his country; and, third, the duty of the individual to his God. There can be no perfect individuality unless there is perfect harmony in these three unities of relationship. There is no natural opposition between them, nor can perfect justice be done to one if either of the others be slighted. The failure of the best men and women in life is in the first relation—the failure to realize the duty to their individuality. There are women to-day who suffer for others, suffer sorrow, suffer blindly, suffer for fear of gossip, trials, brutality—suffer, perhaps, *because* they feel it is a virtue to bear and forbear. They *carry* self-sacrifice too far. Their self-sacrifice becomes mental, physical, spiritual suicide. That life is changing them, fretting them, weakening them, lessening their powers to do their duty to their children, to themselves, to society, and to their God. And they are bearing for what? There is perhaps no clearly defined object, but self-sacrifice is not always a virtue. Self-sacrifice in this spirit, if made universal, would make all the best surrendering to the worst in life, the good all paying heavy tribute constantly to the selfishness, the weakness, the brutality of the wicked; it would make the angels all slaves to the devils of the world. A certain amount of self-sacrifice, of bearing meekly whatever others give, is beautiful, it is a virtue. Beyond that it is a sin against individuality, a wrong to one's self. Science to-day can tell the precise melting point of all the metals, a point at which they can no longer bear the heat. The individual should have his melting point beyond which his justice to himself should assert itself. Bear quietly, bear meekly as long as it is just, then there is but one step—rebellion! Righteous rebellion is the beautiful crown of beautiful suffering. It is the assertion of justice to one's individuality. The Almighty himself bore with the wickedness of the cities of the plains for a time, then He smote Sodom and Gomorrah from the face of the earth forever.

We can never appreciate individuality in all its importance until we see it in a three-fold light. Individuality is the song and the singer, the possessor and the possession. It is the man, and the instru-

ment by which he meets the world. If this individuality be not recognized in its duty to itself, man not only suffers, but he weakens the *means* by which he can do good to his fellows. This view of individuality would not develop *selfishness*, caring only for one's self, making that ultimate: it would develop *selfness*, making self but an individual to whom we should render justice. In the development of selfness there will be harmony in the two other relations of the individual, for the true perfecting needs all. In this developed selfness a man in his education would not be satisfied with mere memory absorption, he would think. He would say: "To me, in honesty with myself, the symbol of power, the semblance of knowledge, is nothing. I want that power, that strength of knowledge itself. I am not strengthened because others think I have it. My real, my only true life, must commence with perfect justice from my individuality to me, an individual." Such a man, in perfect *selfness* could not wrong his neighbor by mere *selfishness*. He would say: "I would be doing injustice to myself, to my neighbor, to that large extending circle of relation to God and external law." These three circles of relation are so true, so perfect, that there can be no perfect obedience to one until the others are satisfied, and the larger includes the lesser as the duty of the individual to his God can only be satisfied when he has done his duty to himself, his neighbor, society, and the state.

We fail in our duty to our individuality when we have our thinking done for us by proxy. The pressure of modern civilization has developed this to an alarming degree. We have had the "Stone Age," and the "Bronze Age," and the "Iron Age," and the other ages. To-day is the Canned Food Age. Our opinions are formulated for us, our views on political and social questions are condensed and put in "extract" form by our favorite paper. Boston issues its bulletins of the literary god to be worshipped for the season as London decrees the cut of our clothes. The special phrases current for the month in art and musical circles are all given to us "ready for use," like our canned foods. "Cut the can carefully at the thin end and serve hot or cold." But in this "prepared" sameness in conversation we rebel occasionally and long for a sample of individuality, something a man has thought out for himself—to feel we are plucking a peach from the tree where it has been *growing*, not from a can where it has been *packed*. But for the most part this individuality, in its fresh, delightful form, is missing. It would be real and living if the costly educational menu of our schools were cut down to a few studies with "trained thinking" constantly on the table as a relish. But we do not get much of this individual thinking; it is done like all other work—by "syndicates." Man may feel it is right for him to do a certain thing; from his careful study of it in all its relations it seems to him, in his honest judgment, to be right. But society will not understand it. He then perhaps stands in terror before some presbytery, social or ecclesiastic, so he silences his conscience, and bows before Public Opinion. His conscience was his own—his duty to his individuality should make him obey. Public Opinion is but a conscience owned by a syndicate. If it were right what does it matter what "people say"? In

the Dark Ages man stood in terror of one lord or master. This he called "slavery." We throw our individuality, our right to think for ourselves, to the winds. We stand in terror of a million masters, prostrate before society, before Public Opinion; but this we call "liberty." There is not in this plea for individuality the slightest trace of anarchy in thought. It is most perfect recognition of law and the duty of obedience to it, for it represents perfect harmony in the three great relations of life. The plea for individuality is but a plea for "thinking," so that man may use the beautiful mind that has been put into him to the full of its power to serve himself, society, and the world.

All the great questions of life come to man as an individual. All our deepest sorrows come to us alone. We all pass nights alone in our Gethsemanes face to face with the awful majesty of sorrow as individuals. Every moment of life is one of choice, of decision, of weighing, of accepting, of taking position, of revealing our standard, of meeting issues as individuals. If we would reform the world we must reform the individual. Let us begin to perfect that individual who is nearest to us—ourselves. Let us put this individual into perfect harmony in the three unities of individual relation, and we have modified the life of the whole world. All nature is most beautiful recognition of individuality. We see anything only by the light that comes from it, the light it individually sends, yet on all earth and in the endless heavens the billions of lines of relation between each object and our eye are preserved perfect and complete. So in each of the other senses nature recognizes individuality in all things.

There was something beautiful about that prayer of the Pharisee: "Lord, I thank Thee I am not as other men are." But he should have thanked God not that he was superior, or greater, or richer, but only that he was a little different; that he was himself—individual.

THE REAL PRIVILEGE OF LIVING

ERNEST RENAN.....GREAT THOUGHTS

I have found this life, which it is the fashion to calumniate, good, and well worth the appetite which youth shows for it. The one real illusion of which you are guilty about it is to believe it is long. No, it is short, very short; but even thus I assure you it is well to have existed, and the first duty of a man towards that infinitude from which he emerges is to be grateful. The generous rashness which makes you enter, without the shadow of "arrière-pensée," upon a career, at the close of which so many enlightened folks aver that they have found nothing save disgust, is really very philosophic after its kind. Forward, therefore, with good hearts; suppress nothing of your ardor—that flame which burns within you is the same spirit which, providentially spread throughout the bosom of humanity, is the principle of its motive force. Forward, forward, say I; lose not your love and passion for living. Speak no evil of the boundless bountifulness from which your being emerges; and, in the special order of individual fortunes, bless the happy lot which has bestowed on you a generous country, devoted teaching, kind relations, and, conditions of development in which you have no longer to strive against the old barbarisms.

VANITY FAIR: FADS, FOIBLES AND FASHIONS

THE VANITY OF PUBLIC WEDDINGS

THE VOICE OF PROTEST.....WESTMINSTER BUDGET

The spring marriage market has been brisk, unprecedented in quantity, magnificent in quality, say the experts. Again and yet again have we, the outsiders, been bidden to the wedding feast, our part being to give first and to personally attend afterwards. Patience and purse alike exhausted, we have openly announced that this would be our last appearance, only to find ourselves assuming the correct attitude on the very next occasion. It is curious to note the deep resentment aroused by any attempt at defaulting on a wedding invitation. No one minds, the hostess least of all, the refusal to assist at a dinner or a luncheon. But try to wriggle through the meshes of the matrimonial acquaintance net, and you are "marked," and not with a white stone.

An ideal wedding—and the ideal should here govern—is primarily a Supreme Emotion for two. But this emotion must not only be shared by the scanty group of onlookers who alone should be bidden; to it they must distinctly contribute. It need not be a soul-stirring, much less a countenance-distorting one, but "moved" must every person present be, or the "blend" will be a failure. Above all, barren criticism must stand afar off, and never gain foothold within the church doors. Criticism here is both ugly and misplaced. More, it jars the finer sense, and poisons what should be a delicious loving cup of mixed flavors. Let the bride-maidens be limited in number, else are they too distracting, taking away from the central figure more of interest than is their due. Everyone present should care, and everyone who cares should be present. The man who would himself have chosen to fill the principal male rôle should be on the spot, and along with him the maiden who sighs lightly as she greets the bridegroom, she who "would an she could," their joint contribution being of great value. Of the greatest importance is simple primitive feeling. The mother who parts with her son and "minds" is wanted; so too is the father who cannot keep a certain wandering fierceness from out his eyes as he looks at the man who is going to carry off his "little girl." If uncles and aunts are to be admitted—we own to grave doubts—they must draw from somewhere or other, no matter how difficult the task, an ample supply of honest family affection, and arrive with it in their bosoms, pressed down and running over. Away with the Indifferents! Here is not their place. They destroy what should be an exquisite moment for an exquisite few, robbing one of the last of life's poems of its innate mystery and charm.

Look on this picture and on that. Consider what we, many of us, have for our folly had lately to undergo in dull and deadly repetition. The late-comer at one of these joyless festivals has to stand at the door near the "dear little boys in their nightgowns"; the devoted friends of the parties fill every seat. The east wind of criticism whistles audibly through the church before even the arrival of the bridesmaids. One ear catches a brilliant aperçu of "Jude the

Obscure"; the other, like the second wing of the confession box, receives at the same moment a severe attack on the bridesmaids' frocks. "See," says the whisperer, "the fourth girl's skirt. It is all up and down hill." The blasé little boys are wholly occupied with their own affairs; the bride has to wait—a delay which her military father attempts to make up for by a forced march to the next station, his intention being perceptibly checked by the self-possessed bride in her just knowledge of the high value of slow movements. Then follows the scuffle—of guests to the house; of guests up the stairs, a step a minute, after the bride; of guests down the stairs, after the presents, after the refreshment-room. If anyone desires to curb a too exuberant optimism let him examine the countenances of the crowd as it in its turn examines the labeled gifts on the billiard table. Said, sympathetically, a guest at the close of one of these dismal four hours' shifts to the haggard mother as she stood amongst the rice and the footmen, vainly trying to reënter her own house, "You must be so tired." "Tired!" replied the lady with grim humor; "and now I've got to go and pack up all those horrible presents."

Strange and sad revelation, this, of the real reason for these hideous and unseemly carnivals. Were it not for the display of the substantial charity invoked, neither guests nor hosts would submit to the degradation. The detective, now as imperative as the cake, sits with a cleanly and composed countenance. He is always the best-looking man present, for is he not filled with the self-respect born of conscious utility? What chance beside him has the mere guest, suffocated as he is with the sense of his own futility, of the still greater futility of his offering, and, last of all, of the overwhelming futility of every unit in the congregation of 500 gathered together to see John Jones take Mary Brown to his wedded wife?

Checks have been lighted on ere now, placed for security under tumblers, like butterflies or busy bees, and the sight was sickening. "Presents of money," wrote the immortal Sam Slick, "injure both the giver and the receiver." May we add to the list of the wounded the sad beholder on a wedding-day? Why, we ask, in the name of creeping common sense, should it be compulsory on every man, woman, and child of Mary Brown's acquaintance to bestow upon her something more or less useless because she is about to do the ordained thing and marry John Jones? The answer, in its commercial effrontery, is not pretty. Lists go round of "things wanted," always, we are informed, headed by "Jewelry"; and, though salt cellars and clocks may find themselves displaced by blankets and tablecloths, never is jewelry deposed from its proud position. "Thank you so much," wrote a young and artless fiancée, "for the lovely brooch you have sent me. John [le futur] is enchanted. He always rejoices so over every fresh bit of jewelry I get."

For weeks before her great day, the whole time of the maiden is divided between writing foolish notes to acknowledge foolish presents, and in trying on perfectly unnecessary clothes. "Take away that

devilish hat," murmured, incoherently, an overwrought bride of an hour, whose brain had been temporarily affected by the courses of clothes prepared for her consumption by an adoring mother.

It has really come to this, that the only weddings now tolerable are the weddings of widows. For discretion's sake they cannot invite their visiting list in its entirety, and their offerings, whether many or few, are, thank the gods, hid from view. We have long had and cherished in our midst a Society for the Organization of Relief and the Suppression of Mendicity. Is not this the right psychological moment for the formation of a new society on similar lines? Its aid would be given to the neglected upper and upper middle classes. It might be christened the Society for the Total Abolition of Public Weddings. Plenty of earnest men and women would flock to its support, and would gladly join its executive committee. The superfluous guest and the superfluous gift would both disappear. So should we dismiss our vulgarest panorama, and put an end to the thrall of an acquaintance tax which, in its monstrous growth, bids fair to rival the death duties.

LAWFUL EXPENDITURE AND EXTRAVAGANCE

MRS. LYNN LYNTON.....ST. JAMES'S BUDGET

A controversy has always raged round the point where lawful lavishment ends and unjustifiable extravagance begins. The dicta of prudence, coupled with the demands of charity, are brought into play here; while there, the general good following on the distribution of wealth, is shown to be like the touch of a moral Midas, turning the base metal of extravagance into the gold of a public benefit. In truth, nothing is less positive nor more elastic than this matter of the lawfulness or the unlawfulness of expenditure; the whole value or discredit lying in proportion, and the individual conditions of each case. A great many good people hold expenditure to be wrong as contrasted with charity; and to give seems to them a better thing than to employ. They speak with a fine disdain of certain sons of Mæcenæ who will spend say a thousand pounds on the flowers of an entertainment; and they substantially echo the reproach of those who murmured against the use to which was put that "alabaster box of ointment of spikenard, very precious," which might have been sold and the money given to the poor, as they speak of the many poor people who are starving, and contrast their destitution with the lavishment which gives so large a sum of money for things which will last only a few days at most. But they do not remember that this sum represents the work and wages of dozens of industrious men; while giving in charity simply helps to breed beggars and increase pauperism. Yet, if this thousand pounds given by a millionaire is represented by five given for the decking of a small dinner table by one who perhaps has five hundred a year all told, then "if one will" the extravagance is criminal, and the sneers of a censorious world are not undeserved.

The spendthrift squandering his patrimony on worthless companions and degrading pleasures, till he touches the bare boards, has ever been a figure in human society, and a lawful butt for the shafts of the satirist. Wherever he has been found—in

Athens, Rome, Paris, London—he has cut the same sorry figure, and earned the contempt with which his name has been covered. Even when something less than this—when only more free-handed than prudent, and of the kind who is no one's enemy but his own—he has wrought for condemnation; and the wiser thinkers do not even love him for his generosities, nor say other than Dr. Johnson, "I do not call a tree generous that sheds its fruit at every breeze." When the astute meet with the soft the contest is unequal, and the result a foregone conclusion. Those who cannot take care of themselves can hardly expect others to be their guardians. And though we except from this general disdain both sailors and women, and look for neither prudent suspicion from the one, nor resolute resistance from the other, still, even these must lie in the bed they themselves have made; and if that bed be emptied of its feathers and stuffed full of thorns instead, who is to blame but themselves? Talking of women, the oddest contradictions in the way of expenditure meet in their bosoms. Extravagant beyond all measure, so that they bring husbands and lovers to ruin for mere whims of fancy, they are mean in small things, and crazy for cheap bargains to the extent of a national disaster. She, who will drain an exhausted purse for a diamond necklace worth six thousand pounds, will haggle over a pound more in the yearly wages of a good servant, or fret out her soul over the introduction of an extra scullery maid in her ample kitchen. A millionaire's bill of portentous dimensions is contrasted with the order for Australian mutton and margarine for butter. The golden stream flowing freely from the bung-hole is sought to be checked by plugging up the minute trickle at the spigot. By which the two characteristics are satisfied—the desire for beautiful things no matter what the cost, and the love of small economies no matter what the intrinsic valuelessness of the saving.

Where the revenue is royal, expenditure ought to be royal too; else is the owner a curmudgeon whose material wealth but the more clearly shows his moral poverty. Of what use to starve his employees to amass those piles which he cannot take with him? Grant that he founds an institution that shall bear his name and perpetuate his memory, how long does the individuality of that memory last? Of all the charities distinguished by the name of their founders, who knows anything, or cares anything, about their personality? Lost in the darkness of backward time, that name is the familiar "*vox et præterea nihil*"; and of what avail to the dead the mere name that stands for nothing better than a color, a signpost, an adjective to the living? Doubtless many charities have been founded by men who were sincerely philanthropic; men who thought they could not employ their money better than by making human lives so far brighter and happier for all time. But when not of this purely benevolent kind, these grand donations and the like have been the very culmination of egotism in the desire to be renowned in the future, though at the expense of the present. It is the same spirit as that which makes a man grind the faces of the poor, stint his wife and under-educate his family, that he may "cut up" well in the Court

of Probate, and be quoted as a warm man who left his plum with all the bloom on it.

In nothing is character more convincingly shown than in the amount and quality of a man's expenditure. One goes in for unique curios, for which he gives fancy prices in nowise represented by the intrinsic worth of the article. Another will have his money's worth in material, and looks on taste and pedigree as no better than so many bulrushes in my lady's vase. A third must have bold luxury in the mounting of his household; and a fourth contents himself with a modest plenty in the house, while giving all his strength to his garden, his greenhouses, his outbuildings, his estate. After these, with their lawful lavishness, pants the crowd of feeble imitators; the haunters of old bric-à-brac shops and eager purchasers of rubbish; those who content themselves with cheap imitations of costly ornaments; those who spend on show what ought to go in substance; those who give to peddling little "improvements" what they take from the butcher and the baker. The millionaire's wife wears sables which cost a king's ransom; and is justified. The extravagant little wife of a poorly-paid professional spends half her yearly allowance on a collarette that is out of place in her wardrobe. The wealthy bibliophile with a taste for bindings and rare editions has his imitator in the impecunious connoisseur, who gives the price of his week's food for a book with a damaged binding and illegible text. A youth of "precious" tendencies will ruin himself on old prints, old lutes, old crucifixes, old altars; and when reproached for maladministration of his slender income, pleads the æsthetic value of his purchases, and the spiritual comfort they give him. And but few recognize the exact relation between income and expenditure, or can draw the line where the lawful ends and the unlawful begins—between, say, the superb splendor of a ducal marriage where nothing is beyond allowance, and the disproportion of a wedding costing fifty pounds where the income of the young couple is under two hundred a year.

MYSTERIES OF A ROYAL WARDROBE

THE CLOTHES OF A PRINCE.....CHICAGO NEWS

The Prince of Wales is by no means the dumpy little man which most of his pictures seem to indicate. It is not every man turned fifty, with a forty-five-inch chest, who can boast of a waist of no more than forty inches. If he occasionally appears stouter it is because he likes his clothes to be loose and easy. This is especially the case with those particular suits known as "dittoes." For these he never under any circumstances pays more than \$40. A few years ago Sir Francis Knollys, his private secretary, finding that his tailors were overcharging him, fixed upon eight guineas as the uniform price for each suit. They are ordered in half-dozens at a time. There is likewise a regular and fixed price of \$12 for his trousers, which under no pretext whatsoever, save in the case of uniforms, is exceeded.

The Prince has a horror for evening dress, which he considers hideous. He prefers the style to uniform, however, and uses twelve suits of these a year, at a fixed price of \$80 a suit. Let me add that the prince never wears any pair of trousers more than four times, and that as the discarded

clothes of royalty are not allowed to be appropriated by the valets, but are all preserved, there is a stock of thousands of them at Marlborough House.

This need surprise no one. For when King George IV died his clothes were sold by public auction, which lasted over three weeks, there being no less than 500 fur-lined coats alone. All the prince's clothes, old and new, are kept at Marlborough House in what are known as the "brushing rooms," several men being employed to look after them. All his hats, especially the old ones, are for some reason or other kept at Sandringham. He abominates the high silk hat; his favorite head-gear being that which is known in this country as the "derby," and in England as the "bowler." The high hats which he wears are by preference a bell in shape and with a roll brim. No one can dress quicker than does the prince. A valet is of but little use to him, and from the moment when he gets out of his bath until his dressing is completed not more than ten minutes have elapsed. To give an idea of the value of his wardrobe it may be mentioned that his uniforms and state robes at Marlborough House have been insured for \$70,000.

THE REIGN OF BLUE DELFT

PRETTY FAD IN PLEBEIAN CHINA....NEW YORK PRESS

One of the most recent of the pretty fads of fashionable people is to use and decorate their homes with blue delft. The plates and dishes that were common articles of domestic furnishment in colonial houses make pretty ornamentation nowadays, and thus do plebeian articles come to artistic uses. It is only in country houses that this style of decoration is in vogue. Everything must be in harmony, and it would not be easy to arrange the common delftware so that it would seem in keeping with the luxurious furniture of the millionaire's city mansion.

One of the prettiest dining rooms set off with delft is that of George Gould, at Lakewood. The walls are papered in blue and white in quaint, old-fashioned design, and the furniture is mostly of white wood, with blue denim cushions. Then the dishes are set forth in glass corner cupboards and on the little shelves that run around the walls and form a kind of dado. There are old-fashioned mugs, with pewter lids, odd-shaped dishes and tiles, all in the style of a century ago. The complete effect is inexpressibly cool and inviting. Mrs. Norman L. Munro's dining room in her country house is a poem in blue and white. Tiles and dishes are disposed artistically, with woman's touch to make the meter exact. Then there are high-backed wooden settees, inviting "sleepy-hollows," and low rockers of various old-fashioned designs appeal to the guest to be seated and comfortable.

Vassar College has also its blue delft room. It is called the "senior-room," and is full of odds and ends of blue and white in crockery and woodenware. Altogether, it can be seen that the idea has taken a firm hold on the affections of the leisure class. Most of the work is done in New York, and "old blue delft" is turned out to order. The cool-looking blue denim that is found to be so useful for furnishing country houses is much used for hangings, and altogether the "blue room" is generally the most attractive in the house.

CHILD VERSE: CHARMING BITS OF PRATTLE

Hushaby Song.....The Dream Children.....New York Sun

Lie still, O my baby, and listen, and listen

To the song of the Dream Children coming to thee;
Far off through the darkness we see their oars glisten
As they row softly over Sleep's beautiful sea.

They are coming to thee,

They are singing to thee.

Lie still, O my baby, and listen, and listen!

There! hush thee, my baby; and rocking and rocking.

Far out on the waves of the beautiful sea,
We may hear the Dream Children a-talking and talking
Of all the sweet things they are bringing to thee.

From over the sea

They are coming to thee

While out on the waves we go rocking and rocking.

So rest thee, my baby, lie still on thy pillow,

The breath of the Dream Children blows over thee.
They catch thee, they kiss thee, on each shining billow,
As they paddle thy boat over Sleep's rosy sea.

I give thee, I send thee.

The Dream Children tend thee.

Thou goest to sea on the sail of thy pillow.

Little Old Peddler of Dreams...Eben E. Rexford...Chicago Record

Listen, children, and I will tell

Of the little old man who has dreams to sell.

This little old peddler is bent and brown;
His chin turns up and his nose turns down;
You would think him first cousin to Santa Claus
If ever you looked in his face, because
He has the very same twinkling eye.

But never a child of all that buy

His dreams has seen him; for when he knocks,

No matter what the time by the clocks,

The lids of the children's eyes shut down,

And shut they must stay till he's out of town.

He comes when the stars begin to shine,

Calling out: "I have dreams in this pack of mine,

Here's a dream of sugar plums — isn't it sweet?

And caramels, fit for the king to eat!

Here's one of a dolly that laughs and cries,

And a puppy that barks and rolls its eyes.

Here's a dream of a drum and one of a tree

That bears apples and raisins and nuts! And see —

Here's one that you'll like, of dear little Bo-Peep,

And the boy in the haystack fast asleep!"

Listen, my dearies! I think I hear

His step on the threshold. Isn't it queer

That grown-up people can see right well

This little old peddler with dreams to sell,

While the children cannot? Your eyelids fall —

I hear his step coming down the hall!

Your eyes shut fast — and he's here in the room,

And opens his pack in the drowsy gloom.

Choose your dreams, my dearies, and give to me,

For each dream that's chosen, a kiss as fee,

And I'll pay, in a way that suits him well,

This little old man who has dreams to sell.

Problems...Regina Armstrong Hilliard...Memphis Social Graphic

My little one was restless,

And his face was flushed and bright,

As he said in pouting murmurs

His babyhood's prayers to-night.

So I crept to his bedside softly:

There were tears on his lashes deep,

Which he bravely hid with his fingers

His own little sorrows to keep.

And I said: "Come tell me about it,

And I will kiss it all away."

"But this is sure enough trouble,
And it comes most every day."

"But mother can help you, dearest,
I am sure; now tell me it all."

"Well — it's cos I can't work them 'zamples
What they puts up on the wall.

"They calls them plus and minus,
And they writes them just this way:
X, that's plus, and means addition,
And subtraction, — is minus, they say."

"Is that all that gives you trouble?"
And my arms held a closer touch.

"Now add: if I give you two kisses
And you give me two, how much?"

"Why, two, of course!" "No, no, dear;
I'm afraid you're a little dunce.

How can two twos be two, pray?"

"Cos we does it both at once!

"An' I can 'splain that plus an' minus
That worried me so to-day:
Plus is jus' putting together,
An' minus is taking away."

And the tired eyes closed gently,

And wrapt in dreams he lay;

Aye, "Plus is jus' putting together

An' minus is taking away."

Ah, dear little dreamer! I wonder

If after life's problems we say,

A mother's dear arms shall enfold us

And her lips kiss the worry away.

For all of its hopes, loves and longings

Are summed up in thy childish lay,

"Plus is jus' putting together

An' minus is taking away."

Baby Logic....Pleading a Technicality....Galveston Daily News

She was ironing her dolly's new gown,

Maid Marion, four years old,

With her brows puckered down

In a painstaking frown

Under her tresses of gold.

'Twas Sunday, and nurse coming in

Exclaimed in a tone of surprise:

"Don't you know it's a sin

Any work to begin

On the day that the Lord sanctifies?"

Then, lifting her face like a rose,

Thus answered this wise little tot:

"Now don't you suppose

The good Lord he knows

This little iron ain't hot?"

Young Night Thoughts.....Robert Louis Stevenson.....Poems

All night long and every night,

When my mamma puts out the light,

I see the people marching by,

As plain as day, before my eye.

Armies and emperors and kings,

All carrying different kinds of things,

And marching in so grand a way,

You never saw the like by day.

So fine a show was never seen,

At the great circus on the green;

For every kind of beast and man

Is marching in that caravan.

At first they move a little slow,

But still the faster on they go,

And still beside them close I keep

Until we reach the town of Sleep.

MATTERS MUSICAL, ARTISTIC AND DRAMATIC

TISSOT'S MARVELLOUS SERIES OF PAINTINGS

PICTURING THE LIFE OF CHRIST.....DUBLIN FREEMAN

In all the history of modern art there is nothing more interesting than the life-work of Monsieur Tissot. Twenty years ago, when the Grosvenor Gallery was first opened, the work of Tissot represented all that was clever, modern, "chic," mondaine, and even demi-mondaine. At the first show one end of the big room was devoted to *The Days of the Creation*, by Burne Jones, the other to the heroic allegory of *Love and Death*, by Watts. The side walls were divided into panels, each panel devoted to some painter, head of his school. Whistler with his nocturnes had one such panel, E. J. Gregory and his portraits another, and J. J. Tissot, with his smartly dressed ladies in hammocks, had a third. The grass in Monsieur Tissot's pictures was always bush, the trees were those heavy umbrageous trees peculiar to our sunless climate, his skies were overcast and low; generally the scene was "up the river," and the ladies whose charms were set off by the moist landscape were always much too well dressed to be correct. Very correct persons passed quickly over M. Tissot's panel, and dismissed him as a "horrid vulgar man."

But for artists and art students his work had the fascination that comes of mastery; one might deplore the vulgarity of the mind that could waste talent on such subjects, one must be amazed that a painter so accomplished should have so little imagination, but everyone interested in the technical side of painting, felt respect for M. Tissot's achievements; there was never a fault in his drawing, and we all envied his power of transferring grass, silk, cambric, woollen stuffs, and powdered faces to canvas. No one in England has less sympathy with M. Tissot's subjects than I had, yet I could not withhold interest and admiration for his talent. To this day I remember the "kilted flounces" round a certain yellow "Princess robe" as a tour de force never surpassed in the qualities of cleverness. Year after year M. Tissot was a prominent exhibitor at the Grosvenor; his vulgarity and his modernity made him out of place in the "greenery yallery" home of æstheticism, but no gallery which espoused the cause of "art for art" could reject the work of such a consummate artist. What became of his pictures I know not. It is difficult to imagine that anyone whose artistic knowledge was great enough to appreciate their good qualities would tolerate their triviality.

As for M. Tissot himself he lived in St. John's Wood, in the house which, after much alteration and extension, has become the home of Mr. Alma Tadema. In the French phrase, he "lived the life of an artist;" in the English phrase, he was a regular Frenchman. Then suddenly he disappeared, both as a man and an artist. He left London and he sent no more clever, tricky pictures to the Grosvenor Gallery. Then, after a few years it was said that Tissot was in the Holy Land, and the rumor spread of the supposed conversion of this hardened worldling. No one thought much about the matter until this exhibition of 365 pictures, taken from the Four

Gospels, amazed Paris last autumn. These 365 pictures are now in the Doré Gallery in Bond Street, and they are the most thoughtful and devout, the most humbly truthful and simple, religious paintings that have appeared in our time. There have been better religious paintings than any one of this series, but as a whole they are incomparable, and to find any parallel to their patient devotion we must look back across the centuries to the days when Fra Angelico and other accomplished monks painted to the glory of God in their cloisters.

The first thing that you will remark about this series is its humility. "How small they are!" you cry, for they are about the size of the average water color drawing. At the first you resent this a little. Glancing round the walls you think such tiny "sketches" are beneath the dignity of the sacred subjects, but from the moment that you fix your attention on any one the feeling disappears. The paintings are as highly finished as an old illumination. Many a twelve foot square canvas has not half the work of the simplest of these little pictures, and not one tithe of the thought. The thought, the imagination, the enthusiasm expressed in the whole 365 seems to me the most beautiful and touching incident in modern art.

M. Tissot started on his pilgrimage on the 15th of October, 1886, and was then just fifty years old. His aim was to depict the scenes of the Gospel as they really happened, or to quote his own words: "to restore to reality—I do not say to realism—its usurped rights. . . . This is why, attracted as I was by the Divine figure of Jesus, and by the entrancing scenes of the Gospel story, and desiring to present them, as faithfully as I could, in their different aspects, I determined to start for Palestine, and to visit it as a devout pilgrim."

Where it is a question of 365 finished pictures supplemented by drawings, studies and sketches, it is inevitable that there shall be some failures. It may be said truly that M. Tissot fails with the supernatural, for the Annunciation, the vision of St. Joseph, the scenes of the Temptation, and the dead rising from their graves, are not his best successes—they are not distinguished, still less inspired, compositions, and in looking at them one thinks that as it was denied to the Man of Blood to build the Temple, it is denied to the reformed Bohemian, as to Moses, to see the Promised Land. But look at the wise men journeying to Bethlehem, at the four pictures of the Calling of the Apostles, at Jesus Preaching in the Ship, at the Sick Waiting by the Wayside, at Jesus and His Disciples Going up to Jerusalem, and you feel that you have seen the true representation of the sacred story. Look, too, at the marvellous picture of Jesus hearing His death sentence, and of Jerusalem as it was in His day, and you will have learned a great deal, no matter whether you are a student of art, of antiquity, of history, or of human nature. One thinks of the chic, easily painted pictures which Tissot thought good enough for the world, and looks at the marvellous finish and detail of the pictures he has devoted to religion.

Again you will be struck with the extraordinary

portrait-like personality of his tiny figures; how characteristic are the heads of St. Matthew, St. James the Great, Pilate, and above all, St. Peter. The Christ is more conventional, and the Madonna is a failure, but the male saints are always full of character, and each is easily recognized in every picture; for that matter, the male heads are almost all very masterly and characteristic. Look, for example, at the charming composition of Our Lord sitting in the midst of the doctors, in which every head is full of individuality. But the outdoor scenes are those which remain most vividly in the memory; the impression they make can never be effaced, for they depict as nearly as may be the real scenes of the Holy Story, scenes which "will doubtless soon be swept away, in the age of engineers and railroads, by the irresistible tide of overflowing modern spirit." We, and our children and our grandchildren, owe a debt of gratitude to the painter who has taught us as much of the outdoor aspect of life at Galilee as Mr. Holman Hunt has taught us of its details.

Compared to the Tissot exhibition there is no other new thing of interest in London. After it all other topics seem paltry or vulgar or lifeless. Not only is it the talk of the hour, but we know that it is but once in a lifetime that we have a subject so interesting to talk about, for these most reverently painted little pictures are like no other sacred pictures in the world. Some we like much, others we like less; a few, such as the beautifully painted *Magnificat*, are prosaic and unsatisfactory. M. Tissot, like all artists, has his limitations. He cannot paint the spotless girlhood of the Virgin, nor the unequalled tenderness of the Madonna, nor can he see the unseen. These, you will say, are grave limitations in the painter of holy things, but, wisely, he has not attempted them very often, and the daily life and ministry of Our Lord has never before been portrayed with more truth and love and reality. Perhaps you will not be satisfied with half the pictures in the show, but even the less satisfactory give something to think about.

I must, in conclusion, tell you that the Gospel pictures are preceded by views of Jerusalem, and by one allegory called "Inward Voices." Read what M. Tissot himself has written about this composition: "Two poor wretches have taken refuge in a ruined building. 'O, God!' they moan amid their complaining. Thus unwittingly they call upon him. A thrill creeps over them; a Being is near. He shows them his bloodstained hands. They instinctively know the Christ. They are made to understand the meaning of atonement through suffering—that ransom of the soul—of redemption by sacrifice. The glorious mantle which covers him, symbolizes the hierarchy of the church. The embroidery upon the golden cope represents the first sin of Adam and Eve, the origin of man's fall; then the Passion—the kiss of Judas signifying the moral suffering, and the pierced hands the physical sufferings. A cheering warmth emanates from this Divine contact, and they are comforted and take courage, as they listen to the 'Inward Voices.'"

Who shall say whether a soul's history be not confessed in this allegory; in any case it forms the prelude to a series of extraordinary interest. To make the round of the 365 pictures is to make a pilgrimage, and in whatever mood we begin it, we end

it in a devout and serious temper, steeped in the lofty beauty of the Gospel, and full of respect and sympathy for the man who, at the age of fifty, could renounce his life, his art, his "chic," his cleverness, and devote ten years of endless, patient toil and loving, prayerful thought to a work which in method, subject and intention is an undoing of his past.

LEOPOLD FREGOLI AND HIS ART

ROBERT STODART.....LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

The most novel and extraordinary entertainer in town is Leopold Fregoli, the gifted son of Italy who is just now amusing himself—and his audiences—by starring in a few plays and operettas at Hammerstein's wonderful Olympia, without, as one might say, any visible means of support. Were Signor Fregoli a "legitimate" actor, instead of a music-hall mime, his lot would not be a happy one, for inevitably the man's unique ability to engage with a soulless manager for the personal enactment of a twenty-character melodrama would occasion bitter, burning envy and rage among his less-favored professional brethren. Think of the saving in railroad fares to the aforesaid soulless manager—though, to be sure, this would be offset in some degree by excess baggage charges, as Fregoli carries over a hundred costume trunks.

A bit of biography may not be out of place here. Leopold Fregoli, whose father was an inn-keeper, was born in Rome. In 1890 he joined the volunteer army and went with it to Massorah. He used to entertain his fellow-soldiers with his powers of mimicry, and, this coming to the ears of the general, Fregoli was, to put it pleasantly, relieved from further military duty. He then returned to Rome, and there made his first public appearance. In Genoa, whither he soon went, he was very successful, and Spain approved his art. Subsequently he toured South America with profit and applause, and later on, returning to Spain, filled an eight-months' engagement at the Theatre Apollo, Madrid. The most striking feature of Fregoli's performance is the well-nigh inconceivable celerity of his metamorphoses. The majority of these are effected in from five to ten seconds, the comedian-vocalist-mimic receiving silent and unseen assistance from a numerous body of trained dressers who guard every entrance. The entrances are curtained—an obvious aid—and the thread of interest is never dropped for an instant, since Fregoli carries on his speeches in a clearly audible tone during the few seconds that he is invisible to the audience.

At this writing the Italian's best-received offering is a trifle called *El Dorado*, which depicts in diverting fashion the tribulations of a manager who, like many another in real life, finds himself bereft of his artists' services through his inability to meet their just demands. Here, however, the similarity ends, for this particular manager resolves to give the whole show himself, and accordingly essays the parts of a German prima-donna, a French tenor, an eccentric comedian, and a skirt-dancer, not to mention various minor characters. In this sketch Fregoli is irresistibly humorous. To see him, for instance, as Richard Wagner, poke his baton hard at the right wing of the orchestra for the brasses to sound out is to see something that would compel laughter from a confirmed Ibsenite. Leopold Fre-

goli is a phenomenon worth a long journey to see. He is, in very truth, a man of mystery, and one who has a big stock of surprises up his sleeve for the person used to conventional entertainers. Behold! a stranger and a Roman has sailed far over seas to new Olympian halls, there to pluck the laurel wreath even from the brow of their ruler—erstwhile the most picturesquely versatile figure in the amusement life of New York. And this is much.

SECRETS OF STAGE "MAKE-UP"

GREEN ROOM CONFIDENCES.....PHILADELPHIA TIMES

It is a well-known fact that all stage folk are required to "make up," or paint their faces, when they appear in the glare of the footlights, but the reason they are forced to do so, and the principles underlying the custom are understood by but few, while the tricks and minor details that go toward making this branch of dramatic work a fine art are almost unknown outside of the profession. An actor explained to the writer some of the details of stage "make-up." When the newspaper man entered his dressing room he found the Thespian already seated at his dressing table putting on his paint for the evening's performance. The various articles of "make-up" that littered the table were interesting in themselves. Most prominent among the grease paints were the "foundation colors," that looked like great sticks of sealing wax, an inch in diameter, ranging from pale pink to ruddy reds, each bearing on its paper and foil cover a printed number designating the shade. Then there were a half dozen or more other sticks, very much thinner, which included among their colors white, black, dark brown, steel gray, very pale pink, scarlet and maroon. Near by was a brush, comb, scissors, numerous other queer pencils, a box of French "Rouge-de-Theatre," a hare's foot, bottles of ether and alcohol, a pound can of vaseline, another can of cold cream, a porcelain box of lip "salve," several artists' stubs, and three or four cans with screw tops, each containing a powder of a different shade, ranging from pure white to a decided red. But most prominent of all were a thick, fat bottle of sticky glue, and ropes of crimped hair ranging in shade from palest blonde, through the browns and reds to iron gray, black and snowy white. These were the most notable articles of make-up, but there were a dozen and one other things on the table, in the tin "make-up" box or suspended from the walls.

"To begin with," the actor remarked, "a person must paint his face for the stage because the light is so intense, and falls upon the features from so many different points that its very brilliancy gives the skin a pale, or almost deathlike grayness, while the distance and position of the audience distorts relative parts of the face in their line of vision. The lights from above throw the eyes into shadow, and the lights from below tend to create ridges and depressions that are, to say the very least, disagreeable and unbecoming. Stage make-up is of several different classes. The women generally use a foundation of cold cream or liquid color, rubbed evenly into the skin, and powdered, with an over-dressing of rouge. For very fine work, such as shadows, emphasizing of eyelashes and the like, compositions known as 'water colors'

are used, the powders and pigments being mixed with water and applied with a camel-hair brush. But in the great majority of cases grease paints, put up by half a dozen different makers in this country, are utilized exclusively. They are composed of grease, mixed with vegetable colors, and put up in these sticks, and are said to be harmless."

The speaker then proceeded to put on what he called a "juvenile" make-up, explaining that this experiment would show exactly how much paint is required to make a face look natural on the stage. First, he took a stick of "foundation color"—a pale pink in this case—rubbed it here and there over the face, and then blended and manipulated it with his fingers until every feature was overspread evenly, and every crack and crevice penetrated. "This color will make the face look lifelike," he continued, "but there would still be heavy shadows here and there, especially about the eyes. It is a well-known fact that red increases the size of any feature, and will kill or deaden these same shadows, so everywhere they occur or a feature is to be enlarged, a brighter color must be used." Acting upon this theory, he rubbed and blended a brilliant scarlet paint in the sockets of the eyes, across the cheek-bones, and into the slight depressions between the eyes and ears, rubbing it into the foundation color around the edges until it was gradually merged into the paler shade. Then he "made up" the eyes. "They are an actor's greatest asset," he said, "but unless their size is increased and emphasized a spectator one hundred feet away sees very little of them. They are emphasized by drawing a fine line of brown or black, or if they be blue, of gray or blue paint along the lower lid close to the lashes. This emphasizes the pupil, but also gives it a staring, doll-like prominence. To overcome this, a broader line or shadow is drawn along the upper lid, thus softening the expression very materially. The next step in the operation was applying the powder, to deaden the shine which the grease left upon the face and soften the colors. It was rubbed on thickly with a puff, then rubbed with a soft, fine brush. This left the skin faultlessly smooth and soft, and so delicately tinted that a professional beauty would have turned green with envy had she seen it. "The advantage of such a make-up," my informant remarked, "is that it will not rub off or be damaged should the face be bathed with perspiration, and can be freshened in a moment with a little fresh powder and a touch of rouge rubbed on with this hare's foot." The make-up was completed by coloring the eyebrows brown, coating the eyelashes with the same color, melted to a liquid state in a nearby gas jet, and rubbing a trifle of dark red grease upon the lips, so as to emphasize their color.

"This is the foundation of all make-ups," the actor remarked, "but there are a thousand and one little things that will transform a face as if by magic," and he set about illustrating the fact by playing a few tricks with his features. "Here is a wig, for instance. It is not unlike the one Trilby wears in the play of that name, but this one is technically known as the 'club,' and is of a style affected in the Richard III and Louis XI periods. It gives the face a peculiarly hard and sinister look." Then the Thespian painted his upper lip white

and carried the color down to the mouth, and the high light of the color gave the features a very long look, like that of an Irishman. Next he rubbed his beard and upper lip with a bluish gray paint and immediately an unshaven expression was given to the face. The eyebrows were entirely obliterated with a heavy coating of "flesh" foundation color, and new eyebrows painted diagonally across the forehead, resulting in a quizzical expression to the eyes. He took a stick of "nose putty," not unlike the common commercial article in looks, and worked the sticky material under the surface of the water in a nearby wash basin. When it was soft and pliable he fastened it upon his face, being careful to always keep his fingers wet. In this way he changed the contour of his nose and made moles and similar blemishes ad libitum, afterward covering the putty with melted grease paint until the artificial portions could not be distinguished from the rest of the face.

The lower lip was made to protrude by painting it a brilliant red, thus adding to its prominence, and leaving the upper lip unpainted. The size of the mouth was increased by drawing lines on either side and emphasizing the whole with red. Teeth were knocked out most recklessly by covering them with shoemaker's wax; the eyes were given an expression of soreness by drawing red lines along the lower lashes, and of heaviness by shading of dark red along the upper lids. "These tricks are very useful," he explained, "in what are known as 'character' make-ups, or when the actor assumes a rôle with strong peculiarities. But the face is given the appearance of age by simply holding the mirror up to nature, as it were. For an old man the actor has a foundation color that is either extremely pale or has almost any degree of sallowness. Then he uses one of the dark shades, brown, gray or deep red, to create shadows around the eyes, across the temples, from the bridge of the nose to the chin, in the cavities of the neck and on the cheeks near the ears. Just as red gives prominence to any part of the face and kills a shadow, so gray or brown will decrease the size and accentuate the shadow.

"Except in a few instances where shadows are created arbitrarily, to give a peculiar expression, the safest guide in this class of make-up is to follow the natural depressions of the face, or create shadows where they would appear should the face grow thin and pinched. As a consequence of this theory, an actor, when he appears upon the stage and gives full play to his facial expression, will find the shadows an aid to his work, because they are reflections of himself, and the audience will be the more deceived because every shadow is in its proper place and therefore looks perfectly natural.

"The same rule applies to lines and wrinkles. The face is first drawn up into wrinkles and the lines are painted exactly where those wrinkles occur, and as a result an actor when he wrinkles his face while before an audience, causes the painted line to emphasize the natural one, without the appearance of artifice. It will be noticed, however, that in the wrinkled features of old age a depression is generally accompanied by a parallel ridge of flesh, and when a young actor with a perfectly smooth skin wishes to reproduce this wrinkled and

parallel ridge he is forced to resort to artifice. He draws the wrinkles in dark paint and the parallel ridge of flesh with very light paint, afterwards blending them by passing a finger over the two and deadening the whole with powder. In the same way the shadows upon the cheeks or about the mouth are emphasized by contrasting lines or areas of light paint, the high light of the one increasing the depth of the shadow. The general principles of make-ups," he continued, "vary but slightly in their application to half a dozen different characters, and in order to make the face different for each occasion the actor resorts to the use of hair." In initiating the novice into the mysteries of his wig box, first he brought out a couple of long beards, in which the hair was fastened, strand by strand, upon fine gauze silk, shaped to fit the chin, and held in place by an elastic band that passed over the top of the head. When in position this band was concealed beneath the wig, or had the hair of the wearer combed over it, provided no wig was worn. These beards, as well as mustaches similarly constructed, were fastened about the mouth with "spirit gum," a glue made for the purpose out of ether, gum mastic, resin, or perhaps white shellac.

"These beards built on gauze," he remarked, "are used when some arbitrary shape is required, where the whiskers are very long, or where an actor must make up very quickly, for it is an easy matter to apply them. One of their disadvantages, however, is that they always look artificial, and it is almost impossible to regulate their contour. The most natural beards, and the class which are capable of the finest work in detail, are made out of this 'crepe hair.'" He displayed a long rope of hair, plaited around two lines of twine, but easily unraveled from either end, so as to leave closely crimped tufts. This hair is bought by the yard, and comes in almost every conceivable shade. The writer's informant pulled out a handful of this from the coil and worked it with his fingers until every knot and tangle was pulled out. Part of the hair was then shaped upon a comb and fastened to the chin with glue. Another portion was wet and stretched around a hot steam pipe until dry, this operation straightening all the curl out of it. This was glued to the upper lip. Other tufts were fastened to the jaws from the chin to the ears, after which the whole was skillfully trimmed with scissors, and shaped by the fingers until a "Vandyke" appeared upon the chin, and the other portion was almost "skin close" in shortness.

"And now to get the make-up off," he said, with a laugh, "for that is what an actor generally enjoys most of all. A few quick pulls will remove the crepe-hair beard and then the remnants of the glue are taken off with alcohol and a rag. The mass of paint and powder is reduced to a paste by rubbing the face thoroughly with vaseline, cold cream or cocoa butter, and the whole is wiped off with a cotton cloth. If it be a cold night and the actor is afraid a cutting wind will chafe his skin, or if his face is tender, he wipes the grease off carefully and does not wash until reaching his hotel. But as a usual thing he removes every particle of grease by a good scrubbing with soap and water before leaving the theatre."

IN THE WORLD OF RELIGIOUS THOUGHT

THE LIFE OF THE SPIRIT

REVELATION THROUGH CHARACTER.....THE OUTLOOK

It is quite impossible to drop the plummet of thought to the bottom of the word character; so deep and so manifold are the meanings of this highest and most enduring of all the aspects of human life. There is, however, one function of character which is rarely fully taken into account, and yet which is, in some respects, its divinest office: the function of revelation. The noble characters in each generation are the prophets of God. It matters little whether they are gifted with speech or not; there is an eloquence in their spirit, their aims, and their lives which no language can compass. Speech is effective and convincing only while it is audible; character makes golden tongues out of silence itself. It was once said of a jurist of great force and learning, who was on trial for professional misconduct, that while he was speaking the charges against him seemed to have no weight; but when he sat down, they instantly became damning again. So long as he could speak he could influence his fellows, but when he ceased speaking he had no character to plead for him. His genius could not overcome the disclosure of what he really was, which his character unconsciously conveyed.

Hume once said that when he thought of his mother he believed in immortality; there was that in her character which he could not reconcile with final dissolution. The supreme and convincing witnesses to the great truth of the endless life are the good, the pure, and the self-sacrificing, whose aims and spirit are so harmonious with eternal life that they are inexplicable without it. They bring eternity with them, and make time seem part of it. Their whole dealing with life involves its continuity; and there flows from them a stream of faith. Righteousness is never so real as when it finds its illustration in a human life. Many a man knows that righteousness is immutable and sovereign in this world because he remembers what his father was. The momentary successes of bad men and corrupt methods do not for an instant confuse one who has been in close touch with a pure and true human soul; a soul which was not only unpurchasable, but which made the barter of principle incredibly mean and base. One righteous man confutes all the specious arguments against the supremacy of righteousness in this world; such a man makes it clear that righteousness is not only sovereign, but that it is the only reality.

And character is not only a disclosure and confirmation of righteousness and immortality; it is also a revelation of the spirit and methods of God. There is no higher function which a human soul may take upon itself than this: to make men see and love God. It imparts to those who rise to its opportunities a sanctity and beauty past all power of speech to express. In countless households there are women who are patiently, in sweet unconsciousness of their saintly service, spelling the ways and mysteries of God in words so simple that he who runs may read. Year in and year out in these blessed homes God becomes real, near, and divinely

compassionate through this silent revelation of character. Character, it has been well said, is salvation; and it is salvation not only for ourselves but for others. We are saved by the character of others, because that character breeds character in us. There are many to whom God seems afar off; they do not doubt him, but they cannot lay hold of him as a companion in the hour of need. To such natures it is a blessed providence when some human soul becomes a translator and revealer of that Divine Helper who has not yet become a Divine Father in the thought and feeling of a weak and sinning child. Human love becomes in this way the prelude to divine love. For we hold fast to the mother or wife whom we love; we long to gain and hold her confidence; we do the things that please her, and we leave undone the things that distress her; we square our lives with her out of pure love of her. Unconsciously to ourselves, we are also conforming our lives to God's will, because we are shaping them after the pattern of one of God's holy ones.

There is more, however, than the steady striving to give our lives the order which another loves; there is a constant breaking in upon us of a deepening consciousness of God. A beautiful human soul always suggests God, as the shining in the still waters at night makes us instantly aware that a star is above us. We do not need to look at it; we know that it is there. Whoever in this confused world has the supreme blessedness of living close to a beautiful human soul cannot look into the pure depths of that soul day after day without a constant vision of God. In such a relationship, to one who gradually enters into it, there is not only a growing purification, but there is also a deepening reverence; a consciousness, becoming constantly more distinct, that one is living near a shrine and that a human fellowship is silently becoming transformed into a divine fellowship. Human love can bring to one who evokes it no higher tribute than this consciousness, nor can it take on any higher form or manifestation than this revelation of the divine love. When it rests here, it seems already of heaven rather than of earth, and it carries in its heart the assurance of its own immortality.

CHRISTIAN UNITY

PHILIP S. MOXOM.....THE RELIGION OF HOPE (ROBERTS BROS.).

What is the state of the Church to-day, with respect to these types of unity—unity that is confounded with uniformity? There are many different creeds, and different interpretations of the same creed; widely different sects, and different theories of ritual and ecclesiastical order in the same sect. The failure thus far to secure doctrinal, or sacramental, or administrative uniformity in the entire Church has been complete. Christianity has not failed; it has spread wider and penetrated deeper and grown more powerful continually. The elemental gospel of Christ is in the present time as manifestly and as mightily "the power of God unto salvation" as at any time in the past. We may go even farther, and say that essential Christianity has

a profounder influence on the heart and mind of humanity than ever it has had. Now, what is the reason of the failure to which I have referred?

1. In the first place, Dogmatic unity requires universal assent to certain detailed and sharply defined propositions. But men will think individually; they have done so in every other field, and they will do so in the religious field. Thought cannot be coerced. Under certain conditions the expression of thought may be regulated or even suppressed; but the moment the mind begins to act it illustrates that freedom of the will which, however strenuously it may be denied by a school of philosophers, is a dictum of consciousness. Of course thought is never independent of those conditions, existing in heredity, habit, and environment, which shape both the individual and the collective life; but within the sphere of these conditions, in the very nature of the case, thought is unrestrained and unrestrainable. Besides, there are certain fundamental laws that inevitably govern the mind's action. Man may be trained or persuaded to a certain uniformity of belief, but the uniformity is always precarious because of the force of individuality in thinking. Then, too, the world grows. New facts, new points of view, and new ideas, born of increasing knowledge or changing experience, require continual modification of formulas. Such modification is written all over the history of theology. Dogmatic unity could scarcely be secured before it would be broken. Growth is fatal to uniformity. The tendency of progress is toward ever-increasing diversity. That tendency is specially marked in great and critical revolts from established orthodoxy, as, for example, in the Protestant Reformation of the sixteenth century, and in the very real, though unnamed Reformation, in our own time.

The diversity of theological view which has prevailed with increasing force during the last three hundred and fifty years is charged by Roman Catholic writers to Protestantism; and on this ground Roman Catholic writers have invoked from all religious people the condemnation of Protestantism. But Protestantism is simply a name for a spirit or tendency in the world. The diversity should be charged not to Protestantism but to progress. If Luther had not broken the solidarity of the Roman Church in Europe, some one else would have broken it. The awakening mind that revealed itself in the Revival of Learning and in the new spirit of discovery and enterprise which had its remote spring, in part, in the Crusades, inevitably, sooner or later, must have disrupted the fetters of the defective religious ideas as well as of the defective political and scientific ideas which had so long held Europe in bondage. But is there not, in the intellectual life of men, a tendency toward unity? Yes, but it is unity in simple, elemental principles. As in nature there is a unity of law underlying limitless diversity of manifestation, as in species there is unity of type underlying great variety of feature and function, so in the world of mind there is the unity of fundamental principles of reason and morality as the regulative basis of astonishing diversity of idea and expression. In the realm of religious thought no creed has yet been devised at once simple and comprehensive enough to furnish a perfectly satisfactory basis for dogmatic unity. Not even that

noble symbol, "the Apostles' Creed," is adequate.

2. In the second place, Ritual unity requires the universal acceptance of certain definite rites which fully and agreeably express the religious sentiments and adequately meet the æsthetico-religious needs of men. But men have different needs and susceptibilities and tastes. The same man has different susceptibilities and tastes at different times in his life. Rites appeal differently to different temperaments and different moods. Some people are exceedingly dependent on the expression of religion in forms and ceremonies and mystical emblems; some find these not only not a help but a hindrance. As a matter of fact, the ritual diversities in the Church run all the way from the bare simplicity of the Friends to the elaborate ceremonialism of the High Church Episcopalians or the Roman Catholics. Uniformity in the use of rites does not exist save within comparatively narrow circles.

3. In the third place, Ecclesiastical unity demands adherence to a certain fixed organization and administrative order. But the churches exhibit nearly as wide differences in policy as they do in creed or ceremonial, and the differences are due to much the same causes as those which render dogmatic conceptions and ritual observances various. The element of individuality is as powerful, as irresistible, in the practical, as it is in the theoretical realm. Differences of ecclesiastical order and administration are due, in part, to the same causes as those which make civil order and administration various. Political tendencies and forms undoubtedly affect ecclesiastical ideas and methods. For example, democracy is unfavorable to a hierarchy; at least, it is far less favorable than absolute monarchy. Roman Catholicism has been consistent with its fundamental idea in supporting a monarchical form of government. Roman Catholicism in America, instead of being an exception, proves the rule. It has been confessedly strong, and, until recently, reactionary, partly because of its historic genius, and partly because it has been recruited continually from countries in which men are trained in its fundamental ideas of authority and administration. Yet in America it is changing, slowly but surely moving toward democracy. It feels the stimulus of freedom and the moulding force of the eager life about it; and inevitably, if slowly, is modifying its peculiarities. The Roman Church is one thing in Spain; it is quite another thing here in America. Congregationalism is the creation of men bred with the instincts and passions of liberty. It is strongest where political liberty is greatest, as in England and America. Congregationalism comprehends, of course, several other bodies than that one technically designated Congregationalists, as for example, the Unitarians and Baptists.

Now, Ecclesiastical unity requires universal assent to a certain type of ecclesiastical organization. But where is the type? The absolutely comprehensive type does not exist. Each of the polities represented in the various denominations, or groups of denominations, has enormous defects. Few thoughtful men are perfectly satisfied with the church of which they are members. This is not due to mere discontent with their peculiar situation or relations. It simply shows that the ideal is larger and other than the real.

PHILOMELA'S CHORUS: SONGS OF THE NIGHTINGALE

COMPILED BY FANNY MACK LOTHROP

Ode to a Nightingale.....John Keats.....Poems

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
 My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk;
 Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
 One minute past, and Lethe-ward had sunk.
 'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
 But being too happy in thy happiness,
 That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,
 In some melodious plot
 Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
 Singest of Summer in full-throated ease.
 Oh, for a draught of vintage that hath been
 Cooled a long age in the deep-delved earth,
 Tasting of Flora and the country green,
 Dance, and Provençal song, and sun-burned mirth!
 Oh, for a beaker full of the warm South,
 Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
 With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
 And purple-stained mouth—
 That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
 And with thee fade away into the forest dim:
 Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
 What thou among the leaves hast never known—
 The weariness, the fever, and the fret;
 Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
 Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs;
 Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;
 Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
 And leaden-eyed despairs;
 Where beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
 Or new love pine at them beyond to-morrow.
 Away! away! for I will fly to thee!
 Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
 But on the viewless wings of poesy
 Though the dull brain perplexes and retards;
 Already with thee, tender is the night,
 And haply the queen-moon is on her throne,
 Clustered around by all her starry fays;
 But here there is no light,
 Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
 Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.
 I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
 Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs;
 But, in embalmèd darkness guess each sweet
 Wherewith the seasonable month endows
 The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild:
 White hawthorn and the pastoral eglantine;
 Fast-fading violets, covered up in leaves;
 And mid-May's oldest child,
 The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
 The murmurous haunt of bees on summer eves.
 Darkling I listen; and for many a time
 I have been half in love with easeful Death,
 Called him soft names in many a musèd rhyme,
 To take into the air my quiet breath;
 Now, more than ever, seems it rich to die,
 To cease upon the midnight, with no pain,
 While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad,
 In such an ecstasy!
 Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
 To thy high requiem become a sod.
 Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird!
 No hungry generations tread thee down;
 The voice I hear this passing night was heard
 In ancient days by emperor and clown.
 Perhaps the self-same song that found a path

Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
 She stood in tears amid the alien corn:
 The same that oft-times hath
 Charmed magic casements opening on the foam
 Of perilous seas, in fairy lands forlorn.
 Forlorn! the very word is like a bell,
 To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
 Adieu! the Fancy cannot cheat so well
 As she is famed to do, deceiving elf,
 Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
 Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
 Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep
 In the next valley-glades:
 Was it a vision or a waking dream?
 Fled is that music—do I wake or sleep?

Philomela.....Matthew Arnold.....Poems

Hark! ah, the Nightingale!
 The tawny-throated!
 Hark! from that moonlit cedar what a burst!
 What triumph! hark—what pain!
 O wanderer from a Grecian shore,
 Still—after many years, in distant lands—
 Still nourishing in thy bewildered brain
 That wild, unquenched, deep-sunken, old-world pain—
 Say, will it never heal?
 And can this fragrant lawn,
 With its cool trees, and night,
 And the sweet, tranquil Thames,
 And moonshine, and the dew,
 To thy racked heart and brain
 Afford no balm?
 Dost thou to-night behold,
 Here, through the moonlight on this English grass,
 The unfriendly palace in the Thracian wild?
 Dost thou again peruse,
 With hot cheeks and seared eyes,
 The too clear web, and thy dumb sister's shame?
 Dost thou once more essay
 Thy flight; and feel come over thee,
 Poor fugitive, the feathery change
 Once more; and once more make resound,
 With love and hate, triumph and agony,
 Lone Daulis, and the high Cephisian vale?
 Listen, Eugenia,
 How thick the bursts come crowding through the leaves!
 Again—thou hearest!
 Eternal passion!
 Eternal pain!

Death of the Nightingale.....John Ford.....Plays

Menaphon. A sound of music touched mine ears, or rather
 Indeed entranced my soul. As I stole nearer,
 Invited by the melody, I saw
 This youth, this fair-faced youth, upon his lute,
 With strains of strange variety and harmony,
 Proclaiming, as it seemed, so bold a challenge,
 To the clear choristers of the woods, the birds,
 That, as they flocked about him, all stood silent,
 Wondering at what they heard. I wondered too.
Amethus. And so do I; good! on—
Menaphon. A nightingale,
 Nature's best-skilled musician, undertakes
 The challenge; and for every several strain
 The well-shaped youth could touch, she sung her own.
 He could not run division with more art
 Upon his quaking instrument, than she,

The nightingale, did with her various notes
Reply to; for a voice, and for a sound,
Amethus, 'tis much easier to believe
That such they were than hope to hear again.

Amet. How did the rivals part?

Men.

You term them rightly;

For they were rivals, and their mistress Harmony.
Some min'tes thus spent, the young man grew at last
Into a pretty anger, that the bird,
Whom art had never taught clefs, moods, or notes,
Should vie with him for mastery, whose study
Had busied many hours to perfect practice.
To end the controversy, in a rapture
Upon his instrument he plays so swiftly,
So many voluntaries, and so quick,
That there was curiosity and cunning,
Concord and discord, lines of differing method,
Meeting in one full centre of delight.

Amet. Now for the bird.

Men.

The bird, ordained to be
Music's first martyr, strove to imitate
Those several sounds; which when her warbling throat
Failed in, for grief down dropped she on his lute,
And brake her heart. It was the quaintest sadness,
To see the conqueror upon her hearse
To weep a funeral elegy of tears;
That, trust me, my Amethus, I could chide
Mine own unmanly weakness that made me
A fellow-mourner with him.

Amet.

I believe thee.

Men. He looked upon the trophies of his art,
Then sighed, then wiped his eyes, then sighed and cried,
"Alas, poor creature! I will soon revenge
This cruelty upon the author of it;
Henceforth this lute, guilty of innocent blood,
Shall never more betray a harmless peace,
To an untimely end."

To the Nightingale.....Richard Barnfield.....Poems

As it fell upon a day,
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made,
Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,
Trees did grow, and plants did spring;
Every thing did banish moan,
Save the nightingale alone.
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn;
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty
That to hear it was great pity.
Fie, fie, fie! now would she cry;
Teru, teru, by-and-by;
That, to hear her so complain,
Scarce I could from tears refrain;
For her griefs, so lively shown,
Made me think upon mine own.
Ah! (thought I) thou mourn'st in vain;
None takes pity on thy pain;
Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee:
Ruthless bears, they will not cheer thee;
King Pandion, he is dead;
All thy friends are lapped in lead:
All thy fellow-birds do sing,
Careless of thy sorrowing!
Whilst as fickle Fortune smiled,
Thou and I were both beguiled,
Every one that flatters thee
Is no friend in misery.
Words are easy, like the wind;
Faithful friends are hard to find.
Every man will be thy friend
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend;

But if stores of crowns be scant,
No man will supply the want.
If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful they will him call;
And with such-like flattering,
"Pity but he were a king."
If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him they will entice;
But if Fortune once do frown,
Then farewell his great renown;
They that fawned him on before,
Use his company no more.
He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need;
If thou sorrow he will weep,
If thou wake he cannot sleep.
Thus, of every grief in heart,
He with thee doth bear a part.
These are certain signs to know
Faithful friend from flattering foe.

The Nightingale's Death-Song....Felicia D. Hemans....Poems

Mournfully, sing mournfully,
And die away, my heart!
The rose, the glorious rose, is gone,
And I, too, will depart.
The skies have lost their splendor,
The waters changed their tone,
And wherefore, in the faded world,
Should music linger on?
Where is the golden sunshine,
And where the flower-cup's glow?
And where the joy of the dancing leaves,
And the fountain's laughing flow?
Tell of the brightness parted,
Thou bee, thou lamb at play!
Thou lark, in thy victorious mirth!
Are ye, too, passed away?
With sunshine, with sweet odor,
With every precious thing,
Upon the last warm southern breeze,
My soul its flight shall wing.
Alone I shall not linger
When the days of hope are past,
To watch the fall of leaf by leaf,
To wait the rushing blast.
No more, no more, sing mournfully!
Swell high, then break, my heart!
The rose, the royal rose, is gone,
And I, too, will depart.

The Nightingales...J. M. Neale...Five Minutes' Daily Readings

"How glorious were the nightingales last night,
'Neath the dim April, warm, half-moonlit sky!
As from wood choirs and temples of delight,
The dewy streamside grass, the black thorn nigh,
They poured their melody."
"Indeed! I heard it not! I looked around,
And deemed that night and silence had their fill;
From forest, fallow, distant lane, no sound
Save the dull dronings of the water mill:
The nightingales were still."
"O dull of ear to hear! but mark thou this:
My ears were sharpened by a bed of pain;
Thus, out of sorrow God works often bliss,
And that flits by, and this shall still remain.
The nightingales, no strain!"
But *sursum corda*! may it not be so
That those sweet strains on Jordan's further side,
Unheard by souls who only this world know,
May yet to them not wholly be denied
Who drink the cup of woe?

FACTS AND FIGURES: THE LITTLE ENCYCLOPEDIA

The British Empire has an area of 11,399,316 square miles and a population of 402,514,800 persons, the former being equal to twenty-one per cent of the supposed surface of the land, the latter twenty-seven per cent of the population of the world.

At the present time a perfect ruby of five carats will average at least five times the value of a diamond of the same size and quality.

The largest permanent store of coined money in the world is in the imperial war treasury of Germany—a portion saved for emergencies from the £200,000,000 paid by France after the Franco-Prussian war, and locked up in the Julius tower of the fortress of Spandau. It amounts to the value of \$30,000,000.

The flags to be hoisted at one time in signaling at sea never exceed four. It is an interesting arithmetical fact that, with eighteen various colored flags, and never more than four at a time, no fewer than 78,642 signals can be given.

Divorce has been legal in France now for eight years. The first year the number granted was 1,700; the second, 4,000; in 1894 it was 8,000; the total for eight years is 40,000. The working classes supply the largest proportion, forty-seven per cent; the peasants the smallest, seven per cent.

Strange to say, the improvement in firearms has not increased the murderous results of battles. The battles which have been fought in the South American wars since 1890 show that only one out of each seventy-nine men engaged was killed. In the Franco-German war of 1870-71, one in each fifty-three met death, while in the Crimean war one in each thirty-five of the effective force was left dead on the field.

Little oak trees, an inch and a half high, are grown by Chinese gardeners. They take root in thimbles.

The average depth of the sea, in yards, is as follows: Pacific, 4,252; Atlantic, 4,026; Indian, 3,658; Antarctic, 3,000; Arctic, 1,690; Mediterranean, 1,476; Irish, 240; English Channel, 110; Adriatic, 45; Baltic, 43.

The accuracy of "finger prints" as a test of personal identity is well shown by some recent photographs of Francis Galton. In a case of twins, their photographs and measurements were closely alike, but the minutiae of their finger prints were quite different. An enlarged photograph of the print of the hand of a child eighty-six days old shows the development of the distinctive little ridges on the skin even at that early age.

As a means of showing how far the world is from being overpopulated, economists assert that the entire population of the United States could live comfortably in the single State of Texas.

It would require 12,000 cholera microbes to form a procession an inch long.

Expert hydrographers say that in its deepest parts the ocean's waters are so dense that a sunken iron-clad would never reach the bottom.

The Missouri is the longest river, and the Mississippi really joins the Missouri. But the Mississippi was discovered first, and obtained the reputation of being the principal stream.

Over 300,000 specimens of fossil insects have been collected from various parts of the world. Of these, butterflies are among the very rarest, as less than twenty specimens all told have been found.

With the completion of the trans-Siberian railway in 1900, the tour of the world in thirty days will become an accomplished fact. The entire fare is calculated to be from \$250 to \$400.

Asbestos towels are among the curiosities of the day. When soiled it is only necessary to throw them into a red-hot fire, and after a few minutes draw them out fresh and clean.

The title and position of Cardinal is the highest dignity in the Roman Catholic Church, next to the Pope. Cardinals are divided into three classes—six cardinal bishops, fifty cardinal priests, and fourteen cardinal deacons.

In France there are 22 botanical gardens; in Germany, 35; in Great Britain and Ireland, 11; in the Indian Empire, 9; in Italy, 22; in Russia, 14; while there are but five public botanical gardens in the whole of the United States.

The British regular army consists of two regiments of life guards, one of horse guards, seven of dragoon guards, and sixteen of light dragoons, as cavalry. The infantry is three regiments of footguards, ninety-nine of the line, and a rifle brigade, besides the staff and colonial corps, which are considered to form part and parcel of the English army.

The Bay of Fundy has the highest tide in the world. It rises a foot every five minutes, and sometimes attains a height of seventy feet.

The Vatican is one of the coldest palaces in Rome, because of its immense size—eleven hundred rooms.

The leading religions are represented by the following figures: Protestant Christians, 200,000,000; Roman Catholic Christians, 195,000,000; Greek Catholic Christians, 105,000,000; total Christians, 500,000,000. Hebrews, 8,000,000; Mohammedans, 180,000,000; heathens, 812,000,000; total non-Christians, 1,000,000,000.

The 124 largest cities in the country show a steady and almost uniform decrease in the average size of a family.

The government always withholds the fractions of a penny in their periodical distribution of dividends on account of the national debt. From this source the state has accumulated in the last hundred years the sum of \$750,000.

Some idea of the vast extent of the surface of the earth may be obtained when it is noted that if a lofty church steeple is ascended, and the landscape visible from it looked at, nine hundred thousand such landscapes must be viewed in order that the whole earth may be seen.

STORMING THE KING'S CASTLE: THE REDS OF THE MIDI

BY FELIX GRAS

[A selected reading from *The Reds of the Midi*. An episode of the French Revolution. Translated from the Provençal of Felix Gras by Catharine A. Janvier. The story deals chiefly with the march of the Reds of the Midi, the Marseilles battalion, to Paris. They were fierce fighters, brave men, not the cutthroats and thieves the historians describe. Out of patience with the lethargy of the troops of Paris with their procrastinating, unstable policy, three men of the Reds determine by strategy to fire the cannon that is to give the signal for the assault on the castle of the King. A fuller notice of this stirring book appears on another page. (Published by D. Appleton & Co.)]

Margan and Peloux and I broke from our ranks and went out on the bridge to where the National Guards barred the way. Margan knew French, and by drawing his nose together and speaking through it he could talk just like a Parisian; we being close behind him, he fell to talking away with three men who stood a little in advance of the enemy's line.

But he found in no time that they were not enemies at all. They were good friends of the nation, and they wanted as much as anybody to make the Revolution a success. Then Margan saw his way to what he wanted (though that was more than we did) and said to them: "Since you are good patriots, show it by doing what I ask. Lend us your cocked hats and do you take in place of them our red caps. It will be only for five minutes—while we go up to the Pont-Neuf and come back again. But in that five minutes the nation will be saved!"

They were good fellows, those Parisians. Without stopping to ask questions they did what Margan wanted, and in the darkness—that they might not be questioned by their companions—they drew away toward our ranks.

Margan did not keep us waiting long to find out what he was driving at. In a low voice, but dead in earnest, he said to us: "If you are good Federals, good Reds of the Midi, you will put on those hats and follow me. We are going to the Pont-Neuf and we'll leave our skins there or we'll fire that gun! Do you, Peloux, get ready a good fuse that will burn well; and do you, Pascalet, get flint and steel that you may light it when the moment comes. I will tackle the officer in command on the bridge, and while I keep him in talk you must manage between you to touch off the cannon and give the alarm."

Then we understood, and we were ready to jump for joy! Peloux got out a good fuse—and with it, in case the cannon should need priming, a handful of powder—and turned over to me his flint and steel; and off we started through the darkness and the crowd. In five minutes we had reached the Pont-Neuf, where we were halted with a sharp "Qui vive?"

"Friends," Margan answered. "An order from the Commandant of the Pont-Saint-Michel."

"Pass!" and we were on the Pont-Neuf, walking along between two files of the Anti-Patriot guard. But we were safe enough under our blue-plumed cocked hats. They took no notice of us—and in a moment we had come to the middle of the bridge and were close to the gun. It was trained toward

the river, and standing around it were the four men of its crew.

"Attention!" cried Margan, as though he had commanded gunners all his life; and as the men stepped forward—no doubt thinking he was an officer with orders—he pulled a paper out of his pocket, opened it slowly in the dull light that came from the bridge lamp, and held it up as if he were going to read.

Peloux and I did not lose an instant. As the gunners came forward, we slipped into their places; while Margan got out his paper, Peloux made sure of the priming and I struck my flint and steel together and the flying sparks lighted the fuse; and just as Margan held up the paper, as though to read it, we got the burning fuse to the touch-hole, and—bang!

That gun-shot—only a blank cartridge, that did not even ripple the quiet-flowing river over which it roared—shook the world; for it knocked to pieces the throne of France!

Even before its echo came back from the walls of the king's castle, every belfry in Paris was ringing out the tocsin of the Revolution. Our own drums—joining with a hundred other drums—began to beat over on the Pont-Saint-Michel. We heard their lively sharp rattle in the same quickstep that so often had cheered and helped us in our long march northward. But what brought tears to our eyes and made our hearts beat high was hearing our brothers of the battalion burst forth with the "Marseillaise."

"Allons enfants de la Patrie,
Le jour de gloire est arrivé;
Contre nous de la tyrannie,
L'étendard sanglant est levé."

"Onward, children of our land!
Now the day of glory dawns!
Blood-stained banners rise to flout us
Held aloft by tyrant hands!"

"Who dared to fire the alarm-gun?" cried the officer in command on the bridge, rushing at us and speaking in a voice hoarse with rage.

And instantly we three, Margan and Peloux and I, as though we had settled it all beforehand, had our pistols leveled at his head and were shouting "Vive la Nation!"

"Vive la Nation!" shouted the gunners after us, for they too were good Patriots.

That settled the commandant—who went white as a sheet when he saw in front of his nose the three muzzles of our pistols, and then turned around and stammered an order to his men. But his men, who heard the assembly beating everywhere, had so lost their heads that they paid no attention to orders; and a moment later up came two Patriot battalions from the Faubourg Saint-Marceau and took possession of the Pont-Neuf without striking a blow.

We had done what we came to do, and away we went again to join our fellows on the Pont-Saint-Michel. There we waited for our supporting column, the Patriot troops from the Faubourg de Gloire, while all around us we heard the call of trumpets and the roll of drums.

While we stood there, chafing to go forward, a commotion of some sort—a tremendous pushing and crushing—began in the closely pressed crowd over on the other side of the Pont-au-Change. We heard cries and roars without knowing what they meant—until twenty or thirty patriots burst out from the crowd and came upon our bridge, dragging along a dead body hacked to pieces and covered with blood. It was the body of the Commander-General, Mandat.

"Liberty or Death!" we shouted, and all the crowd with us—and then the traitor's body was dragged to the middle of the bridge and tumbled over into the stream. For a moment it whirled around under the arches like the body of a dead dog, and then it was gone. From the Faubourg de Gloire all the way to the castle rose shouts of "Vive la Nation!" And all the bells, as though they too wanted to shout with us, pealed louder and louder the tocsin of the Revolution.

We heard the rattle of drums advancing from the Faubourg de Gloire, and knew that our support was coming up. "Forward!" cried Commandant Moisson, and off we started to take the lead—for we were determined that the first to march to the attack, and the first to step over the threshold of the King's castle, should be the Reds of the Midi!

The street of Saint-Honoré, into which we turned, was wild with noise and confusion. Our two drums beat steadily. We sang the "Marseillaise" with all our lungs. The wheels of our gun-carriages and of the forge clanged on the pavement. Behind us the battalions of the Faubourg de Gloire were shouting the "Ca ira" to the rattle of their fourteen drums. All together we went on through the quarter of the aristocrats like a furious torrent, like a mighty wind.

Now and then a high-up window would be opened and a shot fired down at us—but we laughed and marched on. "We can't stop for pop-gun work now," cried long Samat, hoisting still higher his banner of The Rights of Man. "We'll attend to them to-morrow," cried Margan. "Then they shall swallow the same sort of plum-stones that we'll give to the tyrant to-night!"

As we drew closer to the castle the fire got hotter. Shots kept popping out at us from cellar-windows, from balconies, from the roofs. But nothing stopped us. On we marched, faster and faster—and roaring louder and louder the "Marseillaise."

So we came to the Place du Carrousel, and found it full of Anti-Patriots: grenadiers, pike-men, gendarmes. But they fell back as we advanced. The gendarmes broke in no time. The grenadiers and pikemen held their ground a little better; but as we pressed upon them—with our howling chorus, "Tremble, tyrants! And you, traitors!"—they too gave way. In a moment their ranks were broken and they were crowding back against the iron gates of the castle court; and in another moment the gates were opened and the whole pack of them, gendarmes, grenadiers, pikemen, had rushed pell-mell inside. The Place du Carrousel was ours!

Our battalion halted, and we formed our lines in front of the gate of the Cour Royale—the gate that had just banged to on the backs of the runaway soldiers of the King. We were separated from the

castle only by its three courts—the Cour Royale in front of us, the Cour des Princes to the right, the Cour des Suisses to the left. Day was breaking, and the castle no longer loomed up before us a mere black mass. We could see it all plainly; and we could see the mattresses piled in the windows, with loop-holes left through which the guards could fire as we came on.

Our support came up—the battalions from the Faubourg de Gloire; the battalions from the Faubourg Saint-Marceau, wearing their plumes of cocks' feathers; the Federals from Brest in their red coats—and we greeted each other with shouts of "Vive la Nation!" that rang in the air.

At that instant, as our great shout of Liberty went upward, the first sunrays of that August morning struck upon the highest walls of the castle; and we saw that the sun was rising, as he had set, blood-red—as though God himself wished to be with us and had given us a sign.

The drums no longer were counted by two or by fourteen. Two score of them, a hundred of them, were rattling away together the *pas de charge*! No longer was it hundreds but thousands and thousands of voices which were crying together: "Death or Liberty!" Drums and voices rang out so loud and rose up with such tremendous force that the houses and the very stones in the streets were shaken, as though an earthquake had come.

Commandant Moisson went up to the great gate of the Cour Royale, and cried loudly as he struck it three times with the pommel of his sword: "Open, in the name of the People and of Liberty!"

But there was no answer and the door remained shut fast.

I was in the front rank. The commandant turned to me. "Pascalet," said he, "suppose there were ripe cherries on the other side of that wall. Couldn't you manage to get your share of them?"

There was no need for him to give an order. I knew what he wanted—and in a moment my gun was slung over my shoulder and I had begun to climb. In another moment, going up lightly as a cat, I was a-straddle of the top of the wall. "What next, commandant?" I called down.

"Tell me what's going on in there."

"They're all running away like rabbits, commandant. May I?"—and I drew and leveled my pistols. "I could make a splendid double shot!"

"Don't fire! Don't fire!" he cried.

"Well, it's too late now—they're all safe inside. The gendarmes, the green grenadiers, the red Swiss—the whole riff-raff has got safe away."

"No! No!" I went on. "There's still one left—and I do believe it's the King! Hello, Capet, is that you? Pull up or I'll shoot! Oh, it must be the King. Shall I fire, commandant? Oh, mayn't I fire?"

"No, you may not," answered the commandant sharply.

"He's gone," I said, lowering my pistol. "It's a pity you didn't let me shoot him, commandant. He certainly was the King. He came out of the little house by the door, and he was splendidly dressed in an embroidered coat and velvet breeches and white silk stockings, and he had silver buckles on his shining toes. It was the King for sure!"

"O, you little numskull," laughed the command-

ant, while all the men of the battalion who had heard me laughed too. "Why, that was the porter!"

"Then I'll do his work for him," I cried—and down I dropped into the court, and in ten seconds I had lifted away the bar and drawn the bolts and the gate was open wide. In marched Commandant Moisson and the battalion after him—and the Reds of the Midi were the first to enter the castle of the King.

At that very instant—though we did not know it until later—the tyrant and his Austrian woman were running for their lives on the other side of the castle through the gardens. Liberty came in triumphant, while Despotism slunk away like a fox smoked out of its lair.

But we thought that the King was still inside, and so made our arrangements to hold him fast. Our battalion, with the Brest Federals, occupied the Cour Royale; the Cour des Princes and the gardens were held by the men from the Faubourg de Gloire; the force from the Faubourg Saint-Marceau took possession of the Cour des Suisses—and so we had the castle surrounded on all sides.

The King's soldiers were standing ready for us. Along the whole front of the castle and up the steps leading to the main doorway was a barricade of human flesh—gendarmes, grenadiers, pikemen—that we would have to break our way through; and in front of this line were the black muzzles of fourteen cannon. Inside, the red-coated Swiss filled the hall and the stairway; and on the balconies and at the windows and on the terraces of the garden were posted dukes and counts and marquises, and all the small-fry of the nobility beside. There were ten thousand of them, I suppose, and we had to get rid of them all.

But at first it looked as though there would be no need for a fight. As we entered the court some of the King's gunners shouted "Vive la Nation!" and at the same time some of the Swiss threw us their cartridges in proof that they did not mean to fire. Finding things going so well, and doubting nothing, some of us stooped to pick up the cartridges and others of us went forward to press the hands of the men who were showing themselves to be not the King's servants and our enemies but Patriots and our friends.

But we were going too fast in failing to reckon with the aristocrats who were looking down at us from their loop-holes with their guns in their hands.

Suddenly there was a deafening crash in the air above us—and from all the windows poured down upon us a hail of balls. At that first volley Commandant Moisson fell with both legs shattered, and seven of our men dead and twenty wounded were lying on the ground.

Our line fell back—but only a few steps and only for a moment. Our commandant, desperately wounded though he was, rallied us. Raising himself on his arms he shouted "Vive la Nation!"—and at those words our lines steadied, the muzzles of our guns went down as smooth and even as a wind-pressed fence of canes, and at the command "Fire!" we began to pour in upon the traitors in the castle a steady rain of balls. Before our fire gendarmes and grenadiers and pikemen went down in heaps, blood spurting from their wounds like wine from

a cask. Horses fell dead or reared and plunged in the terror caused by their hurts; and bits of stone and plaster came rattling down from the walls.

But we also were getting it. Balls whistled all around us and among us—coming from windows and roofs and balconies, from everywhere all at once! The spat! spat! as they struck the ground was all around me—with that queer softer sound that a bullet makes when it breaks in upon human flesh and bone. I was in mortal terror, and I said to myself: "Oh, oh, oh! poor Pascalet! If you don't die to-day you'll never die at all!"

Right beside me, Samat was struck between the eyes by a ball which blew his head open. He fell upon me, still holding his banner of The Rights of Man. In the choking smoke, I did not know what really had happened. I thought that I was wounded—and I felt myself all over to find where I was hurt. But I couldn't find any wound; and then I made out that the heavy weight upon my breast was what was left of poor Samat's head. Well, he was dead, and all I could do for him was to drag his body a little away on one side, close to the foot of a wall.

I set to work with my gun again—though the thick smoke so blinded me that I could not well make out what I was firing at—and fired steadily. At least two-thirds of our shots were wasted against the castle walls. The luck was against us, for the Royalists at the windows and on the balconies could see where to aim and nearly every one of their shots went true—wounding and disabling when it did not kill. And above all the rattle and roar of the firing, above the clatter of the drums, keener even than the sharp words of command, I heard the dreadful cries, the horrible screams of wounded men. A poor Federal was stretched out in front of me, and as I stepped over him he caught me by the leg and shrieked: "Finish me! Put an end to me. I am choking with a coal of fire!"—and showed me a frightful wound where a ball had crashed through him from breast to side. But I could not kill him, and I pulled myself away from his grasp.

That was no place for stopping to think. While I still was looking up at the window there was the tremendous report of a cannon loaded with grape, and I found myself nearly blinded with smoke while all around me was the sharp whistle of flying balls. Our men were mowed down like grass. The ground was strewn with dead and wounded. Our line broke and we fell back toward the gate—while the Royalists set up a great cheering of "Vive le Roi!" and "Vive la Reine!"

Captain Garnier, who had taken command of the battalion when our commandant fell, was the only one of us who stood firm. He was clear grit, that man, and he showed his grit then. He did not fall back a single step. There in the whirling smoke, among the dead and wounded, he stood alone. We saw him wave his sword, and we heard him cry: "To me, men of Marseilles!"

And then came another shout, but from our rear. Our old gunner Peloux had not yet had a chance to make his dogs bark, but it was his voice that we heard. "Room for the guns!" he shouted. "You call yourselves Marseilles Patriots and back down before Parisian aristocrats! I'll teach you how to

get rid of Anti-Patriots. Let me get at them with these bronze squirts of mine. Out of the way, all of you! Room for the guns!"

The coolness of our captain and our gunner put us to shame. Our panic was ended and we grew steady again. Some of us made a clear path by dragging aside the dead and wounded, while others tailed-on to the ropes or tugged at the wheels of the guns. In no time we had them both, loaded as they were to the muzzle with grape, planted right in front of the great entrance to the castle. Through the thinning smoke we could see clustered on the steps the grenadiers in their hairy caps; and behind them, in the vestibule, the red-coated Swiss were crowded like a swarm of bees. They fired on us steadily. The black entrance was bright with the flash of their pieces. It was like the mouth of hell.

But Peloux paid no attention at all to the balls that went whistling around him, ploughing up the earth, knocking big splinters out of the gun-carriages, making long silvery streaks on the bronze guns. Without in the least hurrying himself, he trained the muzzles of both pieces straight toward the doorway, carefully primed them, and flourished his linstock to bring it to a glow. In his easy-going, devil-may-care way, when all was ready, he mockingly took off his hat and bowed to the castle; and as he touched off his cannon he cried mockingly, as though he had been emptying slops out of a window: "Look out below!"

Bang! went the first gun, spitting out grape on the Swiss and grenadiers and cutting a swath like a scythe-stroke in a clover-field! It was our turn to roar then, and we yelled "Vive la Nation!" at the top of our lungs.

As the smoke cleared away a little we saw our harvest of dead and wounded. The grenadiers had broken and were crowding back into the castle upon the Swiss, while some of them were squeezing down into the cellar windows or running toward the garden.

"Té!" shouted Peloux. "They don't like the way our guns spit. Wait for the other one!" He blew up his linstock, made another mocking bow, and cried: "Look out behind, gentlemen!"—and so fired the second gun through the doorway of the castle right into the thick of the crowd. Soldiers of all colors, red, green, white and blue, fell dying in heaps.

That time it was the aristocrats who were panic-struck. They stopped firing at us from the doorway, and we had only the peppering of shots from the windows above. Our drums, which had stopped beating when we were driven back, broke out loudly with the old quickstep; Captain Garnier, rushing ahead of us, shouted "Farewell!" and with lowered bayonets we charged up the steps into the castle—the hornet's nest, the snake's lair!

"Oh, the devil!" cried Margan, as he plunged into the thick of it with his head down, like a bull broken loose in the city streets. "Now we're going to get pitchforks in our hides!"

And pockmarked Margan was right, so we were! All the way up those stairs it was nothing but sword points and bayonets. The grenadiers and Swiss stood four men to a step, giving us cut and thrust as we came on—and the others higher up poured on

us a steady fire. At each step four men had to be got rid of by bayonet, sword or pistol.

It was slow work. But with Captain Garnier and Margan to set the pace there was no balking. Vaclair was close up with them. We all set our bayonets and pressed forward.

Peloux, who made fun of everything, pointed to the red coats of the Swiss mixed in with the green coats of the grenadiers and called out: "Hello, boys, we're going to pick tomatoes! Forward, all who like tomatoes!" and as he spoke, he let fly into the crowd above us two grenades which went off with a tremendous noise.

That was the turning point of our fight on the staircase. Through the blinding smoke we could hear the crash of broken glass that followed the bursting of the grenades, and then the groans of the wounded. We surged forward, yelling "Vive la Nation!" with such a rush that the steps trembled under us. The explosion, the shouts, the trembling of the stones, made the Anti-Patriots believe that the staircase was breaking down under them—and suddenly there was a rush and a crush and a scamper that cannot be told!

Some of the poor Swiss, losing their heads, flung themselves down upon our bayonets or jumped over the balusters and broke their bones on the stone pavement below. They no longer kept a steady front against us, and upward we went, spitting with our bayonets and slinging behind us those of them who did stand firm, and who cried in the very moment they got their death thrust "Vive le Roi! Vive la Reine!" As we killed them, these men did not seem to weigh an ounce. We stuck them through and tossed them behind us as though we had been turning sheaves on a threshing-floor. Margan was right, it was a pitchfork work indeed.

We got up almost to the first story; but it seems as if the more men we got rid of the more sprang up before us. We were covered with blood from our heads to our heels. Blood was pouring down the staircase as though hogsheads of wine had been stove in above. My wrists were strained and sore. My bayonet was bent by all the bones it had struck against in breasts and thighs.

It was Peloux who cleared away the group at the head of the stairway with a couple more of his grenades. There was another tremendous crash as the grenades exploded; and then most of the Royalists left alive, and with legs to carry them, scattered like a suddenly discovered nest of rats and made off for the King's apartment.

A few of them, seeing that fighting was useless, surrendered; and some of these we spared. The poor Swiss, who were only doing their duty, were given their lives; and so were the wretched National Guards—the men of the people, as we knew by their rough shirts and hard hands, who were fighting us against their will. But it was another matter with the sprigs of nobility, the counts and marquises with their lace jabots and their silk catogans. For them there was no mercy. It was a knock on the head or a span of cold steel in their breasts—and then out of the window to Coblenz!

Our catechism was a short one. "Ah, you are one of the people. Good. Shout 'Vive la Nation!' Be a good patriot. Go your way!" Or it would be: "Ah, you wear silk stockings and your hair

is powdered. Good. Swallow this plum!" and crack would go a pistol ball through his skull. I tell you it was a good thing on that tenth of August to wear a coarse shirt and have rough hands!

For two hours and more the good work went on. We hunted everywhere; in passages and parlors; in big rooms and in little rooms, in garrets and in lofts. And everywhere we found people hidden away, so frightened that they didn't dare to call their souls their own. We routed them out from closets, from on top of wardrobes, from under beds; we dragged them down from chimneys; we caught them stowed away in the rafters under the tiles; we chased them over the roof.

At last, when we thought that we had cleared out the whole place, we came to a landing between two stairways where an Aristo was standing guard before a bolted door. He was a brave fellow, that Aristo. "Halt," he cried. "You can't enter here!" and he cracked off his pistol and the ball cut through Margan's cap and just shaved his skull. Yet it was Margan who saved his life for him. The rest of us would have finished him in no time; but Margan stood by him and we let him go, although the pig-head could not be made to cry "Vive la Nation!" at any price at all!

We bounced him downstairs, and as we burst the door open there were cries and screams from within. In the room we found three grand court ladies, and a younger lady as lovely as the day, all dressed in silks and laces. The oldest of them called to us to save from death her niece, meaning the beautiful young lady, and said that if any one must die it should be herself—and as she spoke she went down on her knees before us and bared her breast to our swords.

Her devotion moved us and filled us with wonder. Captain Garnier made short work of the matter. He caught the lady's hand and pulled her to her feet, saying: "Get up, hussy! The nation has no need for your life," and then he detailed four men to escort the women to some place where they would be safe.

Those, certainly, were the last of the traitor Aristos left in the castle. It was midday, and the fight was at an end. There was not a whole pane of glass left in the windows. Everywhere the doors which we had burst in were lying flat or hanging crazily on their broken hinges. The furniture was tossed and tumbled everywhere. The carpets, the walls, the hangings, were splashed with blood. Dead men were lying around everywhere on the floors.

We entered the King's apartment, all hung with white and blue. "See, that's his portrait up there!" said Margan, and in a moment he had snatched it off the wall and flung it on the floor. We joined hands and danced a farandole around it, each of us as we passed spitting on the tyrant's face, and all of us roaring out

"Dansons la Carmagnole,
Vive le son du canon!"

Since our supper of the night before not one of us had had bite or sup. Yet we went on as though we were drunk, hugging and kissing the brave Federals of Brest and the Patriots from the Faubourg de Gloire and dragging them into our

farandole. And so, farandoling, we all went on into the apartment of the Queen.

There all was gold and silk, and mirrors covering the wall to the very ceiling, and pictures to take your breath away, and curtains and laces, and carpets as soft as down. And all had a sweet delightful smell. Margan caught hold of the bed and dragged it into the middle of the room; and as he tumbled and rolled on it we took up our crazy round again and danced about him singing the worst thing we could think of to sing:

"Fai, fai, fai te lou tegne blu, panturlo!
Fai, fai, fai te lou tegne blu."

It was while I was in the midst of this dance that I suddenly fell to wondering what had become of Vauclair. Could he be wounded, I thought, or—dead! The thought made me shiver. I dropped from the round and ran searching for him through the rooms—stopping now and then to turn over a dead man, lying face downward on the floor, to make sure that it was not my friend. I looked out from the windows upon the courts, the terraces, the gardens. I saw National Guards in plenty, crowds of Patriots, some even of our own men. They were helping the wounded or they were hugging each other and crying and laughing. But I did not see Vauclair.

* * * * *

The men of Faubourg Saint-Marceau were assembling in the gardens, and the men of the Faubourg de Gloire in the Place du Carrousel. We followed the call of our own drums to the Cour Royale. There we found Captain Garnier, a bloody handkerchief wrapped round his hand, getting the battalion into line. My companions and I fell in. Our men were shaking hands over their good luck in coming through the fight alive, and telling each other what they had done in it, and sorrowing over the wounded and dead.

At the first calling of the roll only two hundred of us answered to our names; but stragglers came in every moment to fill some of the vacant places in the ranks. Many of our men had been detailed to take prisoners to the National Assembly, and others had gone there of their own accord to deposit valuables which they had found. When I met Vauclair I found that he had just come back from taking to the Assembly a purse full of gold louis d'ors which he had found on the floor of the king's apartment. Others had taken jewels left scattered on the carpets or lying on the smashed furniture. Tears of joy rolled down our cheeks as each new man took his place in the ranks.

When some time had passed without the return of more of our comrades, Captain Garnier again called the roll—slowly, company by company. When a name was called to which there was no answer the drums rolled mournfully—and that meant: "He died for Liberty!" Two hundred out of five hundred men were missing. As we found later, twenty of these were dead, and one hundred and eight wounded.

Our work was over and we were free to rest ourselves and have a good time. Away we marched, our men singing the holy chant of Liberty:

"Allons enfants de la Patrie,
Le jour de gloire est arrivé!"

NEWSPAPER VERSE: SELECTIONS GRAVE AND GAY

Tennessee.....Prize Centennial Ode.....Virginia Frazer Boyle

She is touching the cycle, her tender tread
Is soft on the hearts of her hallowed dead,
And she proudly stands where her sons have bled —
For God and Tennessee;

Where the love of her women set the seal
Of the warrior's faith, for the country's weal,
With hand on the rifle and hand on the wheel —
By the altars of Tennessee.

They have builded well for the niche of fame,
Through the sleet of want and the heat of blame, —
But the courage of heroes tried the flame,
As they builded Tennessee.

'Twas up to the port-holes and down in the dust, —
Not the weight of might, but the force of must, —
With faith and rifle-bore free from rust,
They were building Tennessee, —

'Twas up in the saddle and off to the fight,
Where arrow and tomahawk shrieked in the light, —
But the sinews of pioneers won for the right, —
The bulwarks of Tennessee!

Then woke the alarm where the British assailed, —
Watauga! Backwater! They never had quailed! —
Had "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon" failed,
As they battled for Tennessee? —

King's Mountain and victory followed fast,
For the men were steel in the leaden blast,
And daring was born in each bullet they cast,
For the honor of Tennessee.

They were building well for a race unborn,
As the British plowed through the waving corn, —
For the birth-pang of freedom rang that morn,
In the yell of Tennessee.

Aye, parson and warrior fought the same, —
They were one in heart and one in name;
They sowed in flint, but the lilies came
To blossom for Tennessee.

And the bones of her sons lie bleaching far,
From the Mexic Gulf to the Northern star; —
In the beauty of peace and the valor of war,
The first is Tennessee.

O, rugged the past that our hearts invoke! —
There the sturdy life of a Crockett woke,
And the clarion tones of a Parson Doak,
Went ringing for Tennessee!

O, "Heart of Old Hickory," sleeping near, —
O, chivalrous soul of her John Sevier, —
O, shades of her unnamed heroes, hear
The record of Tennessee!

There, the name of her Polk starred his country's shield,
Here, bench and bar with her signet have sealed, —
There, a Cheatham and Jackson on the field
Stood proudly for Tennessee!

She was true when they pressed like a shadowy fate, —
Her royal foes at her unbarred gate;
And as true when were menaced her rights of State, —
The mother, Tennessee.

And she gave of her life for the stars and bars,
As she gave of her sons for the earlier wars,

And the breast of her motherhood wears the scars,
For the manhood of Tennessee!

But she wrought again in the strength of might,
In the face of defeat and a yielded right,
The cloth of gold from the loom of night, —
The mantle of Tennessee.

She has given all that she held most dear,
With a Spartan hope and a Spartan fear, —
Crowned in her statehood "Volunteer," —
Glorious Tennessee!

She has rounded the cycle — the tale is told;
The circlet is iron, the clasp is gold,
And the leaves of a wonderful past unfold,
The garland of Tennessee.

As her garments gleam in the sunlit years,
And the songs of her children fill her ears, —
The listening heart of the great world hears
The pæans of Tennessee!

A Conservative.... Charlotte Perkins Stetson.... Chicago Tribune

The garden beds I wandered by
One bright and cheerful morn,
When I found a new-fledged butterfly
A-sitting on a thorn,
A black and crimson butterfly,
All doleful and forlorn.

I thought that life could have no sting
To infant butterflies,
So I gazed on this unhappy thing
With wonder and surprise,
While sadly with his waving wing
He wiped his weeping eyes.

Said I, "What can the matter be?
Why weepest thou so sore?
With garden fair and sunlight free
And flowers in goodly store" —
But he only turned away from me
And burst into a roar.

Cried he, "My legs are thin and few,
Where once I had a swarm;
Soft, fuzzy fur — a joy to view —
Once kept my body warm,
Before these flapping wing-things grew
To hamper and deform."

At that outrageous bug I shot
The fury of my eye;
Said I, in scorn, all burning hot,
With rage and anger high,
"You ignominious idiot,
Those wings are made to fly."

"I do not want to fly," said he;
"I only want to squirm,"
And he dropped his wings dejectedly,
But still his voice was firm;
"I do not want to be a fly;
I want to be a worm."

O, yesterday of unknown lack,
To-day of unknown bliss.
I left my fool in red and black;
The last I saw was this:
The creature madly climbing back
Into his chrysalis.

STATISTIC, HISTORIC, LEGENDARY AND GENERAL

A MAP THREE MILES LONG

UNITED STATES IN MINIATURE.....BOSTON TRANSCRIPT

I suppose no really meritorious scheme for increasing the city's usefulness as a museum centre has been at first more generally frowned upon than the surface-map project. Mr. Cannon, a young man from Utah who came to the Senate this winter, introduced a bill to lay off on the Potomac flats, for a space of two to three miles in length and half as wide, a ground map of the United States on a scale never before attempted. The idea seemed to most people visionary; they asked of what use would such a map be, and would not its establishment and maintenance cost an unnecessary fortune? But the young senator was persistent, and as he besought the friendly assistance of his colleagues, was almost invariably told that if he would go to Gardiner Hubbard and get that gentleman's approval, these senators whom he had approached would favor the project. Probably they took this means of warding off what they regarded as an impracticability. But the joke of it is that Mr. Hubbard, who is president of the National Geographical Society and a distinguished patron of science, believes that this project might be made of the greatest value to geographical study, and an invaluable aid to our world knowledge. Mr. Hubbard at once called into consultation Mr. Wolcott, who is at the head of the geological survey, and with him discussed many of the practical details of the plan. Mr. Hubbard then appeared before the congressional committee in support of the project, and Mr. Cannon's idea is beginning to take root. According to Mr. Hubbard, this great map would be to the geographers of the country what the great museums are to the specialists in the several lines there represented. A uniform system of exaggeration for mountain elevations would be adopted, and a constant supply of water provided to keep the rivers running at a representative rate, and all the miniature Niagaras pouring down their floods.

On a scale of this size every established highway in the United States could be represented, the larger buildings, even, and the exact limits of the great cities, the lines of the railroads, bridges, tunnels, and a thousand and one points of interest which have never found their way upon the four-by-six maps. By the use of different kinds of coloring matter the prevailing geological types could be shown, and perhaps by pointed arrows above the surface the prevailing winds. A series of paths would be arranged, either slightly raised, or perhaps below the general surface of the map, and in that way when one intended to make a trip to any particular point in the country the proper thing to do would be to take a walk down into the map and around by proper avenues to the representation of the section which it was proposed to visit.

People thinking of investing in real estate anywhere, or of building factories or railroads, could get a better idea of the lay of the land from such a map as this than from a study of the actual country, for they could see the whole thing much better. In time the usefulness of this great work would become

recognized and people would come here from all parts of the country to make special geographical studies. The data for such an undertaking is already in the hands of the geological survey, or being rapidly collected, and all Congress would have to do is to appropriate the Potomac flats, admirably shaped in outline for such a scheme, and set skilful scientists and engineers to work carrying out the project. Some very substantial material that would withstand the elements would be necessary to represent the earth's surface. Perhaps in time the Weather Bureau would coöperate by representing on this map the weather conditions at the time in every part of the country, just as they do now on their blue print maps. Rainstorms and heavy winds could then be sprinkling devices and Sturtevant blowers be represented, and we should thus have before us at all times our country as it is, as nature has made it and as she is now treating it.

THE OPENING OF AFRICA

ITS DIVISION AMONG THE POWERS....MINNEAPOLIS JOURNAL

During the last two decades there has been a strong impulsion of the European powers toward Africa. To-day the various interests are in collision as was expected. Even Russia, who has no African colony, is using Africa to effect a carrom shot on England and the Dreibund, and the fad of African colonization is so strong that even poor old Spain, within the last two years, has made an effort to acquire some territory in Morocco. Twenty years ago when Stanley defined the course of the great Congo and fixed its source in Lake Bemba just west of the great lake Tanganyika, the map of the African continent showed much white space. Since then the white spaces have contracted to the minimum and the geographical puzzles of ages have been nearly all solved. Livingstone, Speke, Grant, Cameron, Stanley, Burton, are names which readily suggest themselves in connection with the unveiling of the mysteries of Africa. It is no longer the "dark continent." England has pushed her South African possessions nearly up to Lake Bemba, the source of the Congo, and her present fight with the Matabeles means a further extension of her territory under administration. France some time ago conquered Algeria and has added Tunisia, and has seized and occupied a vast territory north of Congo State between the Gaboon and Ogouai rivers, and from the latter river the French government will build a railway to Stanley Pool on the Congo. The French, moreover, claim the country from Algiers to Timbuctoo, to which point a railway is to be constructed.

Germany has planted her flag on two sections of the west coast and has seized a large region in eastern Africa, south of Abyssinia and west of Zanzibar, while Portugal maintains her hold on 300 miles of the west coast and Delagoa Bay on the east coast, and the Italians are struggling to master Abyssinia. The English, the greatest colonizers in the world, hold with firm grip, an empire in south Africa and virtually master Egypt in the northeast and have designs on the Soudan and the Nyanza Lake region. All this fever of territorial acquisition in Africa is

designed to promote markets for manufactures and homes for surplus population. Our own country is interested in sharing the trade of Africa, and besides it has a friendly interest in the success of the colony of Liberia.

The organization of Congo State by the European powers, the United States participating in the conference, was a long step in advance for Africa. The control of this region of 1,000,000 square miles, including the basin of the Congo, was given the king of Belgium and freedom of trade to all powers was accorded. This is a tropical region with a generous distribution of sunshine, heat and rainfall and of enormous fertility. To-day the Congo is navigated between its rapids by many steamers; a railroad is constructed from its mouth to Stanley Pool; post-offices and trading posts and missionary stations multiply each year. British civilization is transforming South Africa, and the death knell of the slave business will be sounded if England masters the Soudan and the Nyanza region.

Strange does it not seem that Africa has been so long neglected? Long before there was Greek or Roman civilization—the land of Egypt was the arena of high civilization and refinement. The arts and sciences flourished there, and Cyrene and Carthage, at the commencement of our era, were ancient centres of civilization. North Africa was, in fact, civilized when Europe was a "dark continent" of savagery.

One reason why Africa remained so long to itself was the fact that the great rivers, the Nile, Congo, Zambesi and Niger, are so broken by rapids and cataracts that they cannot be continuously navigated. North Africa, too, is walled out of central Africa by the great desert. Then, as about three-fourths of the area of the continent is included within the limits of the tropics, a considerable percentage of it is unhealthy, as Sierra Leone, Senegambia, the lower Zambesi. Even in the elevated basins, the climate, which is drier, is very trying to European constitutions. The rainfall is excessive and prolonged in the rainy season and the fevers, dysentery and other diseases assail white men with deadly effect. The Portuguese and Arabs stand the climate better than any other people outside the natives.

In south Africa the climate, through most of the English territory, is favorable to whites. That fact and gold discoveries have stimulated a great tide of immigration there. Earth hunger is not so strong as gold-hunger and men will brave even the cannibalistic orgies of central Africa and deadly African fevers to get gold. It is possible that the interior of Africa, which is wonderfully rich in gold, silver, iron, ivory, natron, hard woods, wax, gums, salt, dates, medicinal plants, precious stones, etc., will be fully opened and occupied by white men when railroads projected and constructing afford the needed transportation facilities. With settling of the country and the application of the sanitary processes of civilization, it is possible to make the equatorial climate of Africa tolerable. The French have found it is not impossible to reclaim the Saharan desert by artesian wells. The French, the English, and the Germans will, within ten or fifteen years, have railroads operating into central Africa from the coast. Given this improvement, and the slave trade, cannibalism and fatal climate will disappear. And wherever com-

merce opens a way, Christian missionaries go and bring with them the transforming power of the gospel, the great civilizer of men. Some day, indeed, Africa will be the objective point for the surplus population of Europe. The contentions of the European powers over that continent, to-day, insure larger acquisitions to each and aggressive processes of civilization.

JUGGLERY IN THE ORIENT

MARVELS OF OCCULT POWER.....GLOBE-DEMOCRAT

Among the wondrous stories of the East told us by travelers of past ages, none have seemed less credible than those they have left us of some of the feats of magic or jugglery witnessed by them in this mysterious land of marvels. In olden times the direct intervention of the evil one was sufficient to explain these and every other seemingly supernatural performance. It was the devil who enabled Simon Magus to make statues walk, who helped him to fly, to pass through fire unscathed, and to change at will his shape, just as, at the present day, he aids the Shamans of Northern Asia and the medicine men among our Indians. The savage crowd, satisfied with the explanation vouchsafed, seeks no further. Not so with us. While we have abandoned the faith and scorn the superstitious credulity of our forefathers, still we feel the need of some other form of belief in which we can find plausible, if not satisfactory, explanation for the seemingly uncanny or supernatural manifestations which oftentimes occur before us, and this I may perhaps be able to suggest in this article.

So, at the present day, hypnotic suggestion is offered as the explanation of these wondrous tricks, and were it not that they are reported to have been witnessed at one and the same time by large numbers of persons, all of whom cannot be supposed to have been influenced, or, at all events, influenced in a like degree, by the hypnotic influences, the mystery which hangs over some of these performances would be solved; such, however, is not the case, and these tricks remain, so far as I am aware, unexplained. There is in the narratives of several of the Oriental writers who have witnessed these tricks evidence that they also disbelieved the testimony of their senses and sought an explanation in the existence of what we now call hypnotic suggestion. This is especially the case in the remarks made by the Mohammedan judge to Ibn Batuta, and in the story of "The Planting of the Pear Tree," by P'u Sung-Ling.

The most wonderful of these tricks, and that which remains to the present day the most completely shrouded in mystery, though of its actual performance, at least in times gone by, there appears to be little doubt, is that which is first mentioned by the Arab traveler, Ibn Batuta, who visited China in the fourteenth century. While in the present city of Hang-chou, not far from the great emporium of the East, Shanghai, he was entertained at a banquet by the Viceroy of the province, and this is how he describes what occurred:

"At the banquet were present the Khan's jugglers, the chief of whom was ordered to show some of his wonders. He took a wooden ball, in which there were holes and in these long thongs, and threw it up into the air until it was lost to sight, as

I myself witnessed, while a thong remained in his hand. He then commanded one of his disciples to take hold of and to ascend by this thong, which he did, until he also went out of sight. The conjurer then called to him three times, but no answer came; he then took a knife in his hand, as if in a great rage, laid hold of the thong, and disappeared also. By and by he threw down one of the boy's hands, then a foot, then the other hand and the other foot, then the trunk, and finally the head. He then came down himself, panting for breath, and his clothes stained with blood, and kissed the ground before the Viceroy, who spoke to him in Chinese and gave him some order. The juggler then took the limbs of the boy and put them one to the other and gave them a kick, when the boy stood up complete and erect. I was dumbfounded, and was seized in consequence with palpitation of the heart, but some cordial was given me and I recovered. The Kazi (Judge), who was sitting beside me, swore 'Wallah, there was neither climbing up nor coming down, nor cutting of limbs, 'twas nothing more than jugglery!"

The Great Mogul Jehanguir, who succeeded his father, Akbar, in 1605 has left in his autobiography a long and interesting account of the wonderful feats once performed before him by seven jugglers from Bengal. The feats he witnessed were twenty-eight in number, among them being two which, taken together, constitute the one described previously by Ibn Batuta. "They produced a man," says the Emperor, "whom they divided limb from limb, actually severing his head from his body. They scattered these mutilated members along the ground, and in this state they lay for some time. Then they extended a sheet or curtain over the spot, and one of the men, putting himself under the sheet, in a few minutes came from below followed by the individual supposed to have been cut into joints, in perfect health and condition."

The other trick is described by Jehanguir as follows: "They produced a chain of fifty cubits in length, and in my presence threw one end of it toward the sky, where it remained as if fastened to something in the air. A dog was brought forward, and being placed at the lower end of the chain, immediately ran up, and, reaching the other end, disappeared suddenly in the air. In the same manner a hog, a panther, a lion and a tiger were one after the other sent up the chain, and all disappeared in the same way at the end of it." Though various European travelers in Asia, among whom I may mention Tavernier, Bernier, Fryer, and Ovington, refer to this piece of jugglery as being performed in India in their time (seventeenth century), only one of them, Edward Melton, claims to have actually seen it performed while at Batavia, in Java, on which occasion, he says, "It was witnessed by thousands." He tells of it nearly in the words of Ibn Batuta, adding that so astonished was he when he beheld this wonderful performance that he "doubted no longer that these misguided men did it by help of the devil."

Let us turn now to the Chinese version of this performance, which I find in P'u Sung-Ling's "Liao chai," written in the latter part of the seventeenth century, and so admirably translated by Herbert Giles under the title of *Strange Tales from a Chinese Studio*. The story is, in essence, this:—

When a little boy P'u went to the prefectural city of his department for the New Year's festival, and while standing around the Judge's residence, where all the officers were seated in state, clothed in their robes of ceremony, there came a man and a boy, who asked permission to perform some tricks. This having been granted them, the man was asked if he could produce some peaches, and to this he assented, saying: "There is snow on the ground; we shall never get peaches here, but I fancy there are some up in heaven in the Royal Mother's garden, and there we must try."

With this he took from the box he carried with him a cord several tens of feet long, which, having carefully arranged, he threw one end of it high up into the air, where it remained as if caught by something. He now paid out the rope, which kept going up higher and higher, until the end he had thrown up disappeared in the clouds and only a short piece was left in his hands. Calling his son he bade him go up at once, and he ran up the rope like a spider on a thread of its web, and was soon lost to sight in the clouds. By and by a huge peach fell down and was handed by the juggler to the officers. But just then down came the rope, and the affrighted father shrieked out, "Alas! alas! some one has cut the rope; what will my boy do now?" and in another minute down fell something else, which was found on examination to be the boy's head. After that his arms, his legs and body came down in like manner, and the father, gathering them up, put them in the box and said: "This was my only son, who accompanied me everywhere, and now what a cruel fate is his! I must away and bury him." He then approached the dais on which sat the officers and said:—

"Your peach, gentlemen, was obtained at the cost of my boy's life; help me to pay his funeral expenses, and I will be very grateful to you." The officers, who had been watching the scene with horror and amazement, forthwith collected a good purse for him, and when he had received the money he rapped on the box and said: "Pa-parah, why don't you come out and thank the gentlemen?" Whereupon there was a thump on the box from the inside and out came the boy and bowed to the assembled company. The only travelers who have, to my knowledge, within our time, claimed to have witnessed this trick are two gentlemen from Chicago, whose account was given to the *Chicago Tribune* some time in 1890. It was at Gaya, in Bengal, that they witnessed the mango trick and the one I have described previously, their account of the latter differing only from it in that it ended with the body disappearing in space, after having climbed the rope thrown into the air.

The two travelers arranged that one of them should make pencil sketches of what he saw, while the other at the same moment would take a snap shot of what was occurring with his kodak; the result was that in no case did the camera record the marvelous features of the performance. "Lessing's sketch of the boy climbing the twine is evidence that he saw it, but the camera says there was no boy and no twine. From which I am compelled to believe that my theory is absolutely correct, that Mr. Fakir had simply hypnotized the entire crowd, but could not hypnotize the camera."

FACTS AND SIMILES: USED TO ILLUSTRATE A POINT*

BY J. F. B. TINLING

Superficial Affections.—There are some plants that have hardly any roots. You may tear them from their native rock or wall, and just lay them over your ornamental flower-pot, and they blossom none the worse.—George Eliot.

Dissatisfaction with Greatness.—"Do you not see," wrote Madame de Maintenon to a friend, when raised to the throne of France as Queen of the "Grand Monarque," "that I am dying of melancholy at a height of fortune which my imagination could hardly have conceived?"

Economy of Light.—Fresnel's dioptric apparatus for lighthouses is a beautiful invention, whereby, through a series of prisms, the rays of light which do not fall in the first instance on the reflector, are caught, thrown back on it, and then shot away right out on the Atlantic. Thus, by gathering up the fragments, that nothing may be lost, as well as from the height of the cliff on which it shines, this light is visible at a distance of not less than twenty-three nautical miles.—Dr. Guthrie, in *Good Words*.

Tyranny of Fashion.—Although the climate of Santiago is about that of Washington or St. Louis, the people have a notion that fires in their houses are unhealthy, and, except in those built by English or American residents, there is nothing like a grate or a stove to be found. Everybody wears the warmest sort of underclothing and heavy wraps indoors and out. The people spend six months of the year in a perpetual shiver, and the remainder in a perpetual perspiration. It looks rather odd to see civilized people sitting in a parlor surrounded by every possible luxury wealth can bring except fire, wrapped in furs and rugs, with blue noses and chattering teeth, when coal is cheap, and the mountains are covered with timber.—Harper's Monthly.

Grace Seeming Incredible.—Some years ago, a gentleman made a heavy bet that he would stand for a day on London bridge with a tray full of sovereigns, fresh from the mint, which he would be unable to dispose of at a penny apiece. A nurse-maid bought one to quiet a crying child, but no more were disposed of.—Chambers's Journal.

Power of Habit.—De Quincey "educated" his constitution to bear 800 drops of laudanum a day, and after seventeen years' use and eight years' abuse of its powders, gradually educated himself to do with twelve grains. On one occasion he presented a wandering Malay with a piece of opium, which was enough to kill three dragoons and their horses. To his surprise, the Malay swallowed the whole piece at once, but as no dead Malay was found in the neighborhood within the next few days, he con-

cluded the man was accustomed to its use. Dr. Dallinger has conducted some able experiments, showing that by slow degrees some of the septic micro-organisms, the saprophytes, can be made to tolerate a temperature which would be fatal to their existence, if sudden. From the natural temperature of 60 degrees Fahrenheit (this from memory) he has succeeded in making them bear a temperature of 158 degrees Fahrenheit by slowly increasing the heat, and turning it carefully back again when they become faint and threaten to die; thus, by getting them accustomed to it, he forces them to live in new conditions. In the course of eight or nine months they increase in size, are blotchy and greatly altered in outward appearance, but healthy. In the same manner salt water medusæ can be made to tolerate fresh water; whereas, if the change were made suddenly, it would be fatal.—Nineteenth Century.

Late Beginning.—Sir Walter Scott began to write his celebrated novels at forty. Milton began *Paradise Lost* at fifty. Mrs. Henry Wood was forty-five when *East Lynne* appeared. Cromwell was forty-one when he commenced his public career. The year of the Hegira was the fifty-third of Mohammed, and Marlborough reached his independent command at the same age. In spiritual examples, Abraham was seventy-five when called out of Charan, and Moses was eighty when he stood before Pharaoh as the champion of Israel.

Latent Power of Defence.—The annelid, *Polynoe Cirrata*, is a mean-looking worm, about an inch and a half long, of flattened shape, blunt at each end, apparently covered with a smooth skin of a dull brown color, but, on being touched, it presently throws itself into elegant serpentine curves, and then, what appears to be the upper skin in seen to be composed of a great number of round, flat membranous plates or shields, arranged in two rows, overlapping each other. These, though of large size, are attached to the body only by a small point in the centre of their under side; so that when the animal moves, the edges of these shields are lifted, and reveal their live structure, sliding upon one another in a singular manner. So the most insignificant persons, apparently incapable of resistance, often show themselves covered with a panoply of well-fitting principles which only appear in the presence of a moral foe.—*Good Words*.

Using Small Opportunities.—Some years ago, the first prize at a flower show was taken by a pale, sickly little girl, who lived in a close, dark court in the East of London. The judges asked how she had grown it in such a dingy and sunless place. She replied that a little ray of sunlight came into the court; as soon as it appeared in the morning she put her flower beneath it, and, as it moved, she moved her flower, so that she kept it in the sunshine all day. So if we want the flowers of grace to grow, we must keep ourselves in the sunshine.—Henry Moorhouse.

*Selected from *Fifteen Hundred Facts and Similes for Sermons and Addresses*. By J. F. B. Tinling. (Published by Funk & Wagnalls.) This book belongs to a class of most excellent works with which general readers should be familiar. Such books filled with stimulating suggestion and apt illustration should be read occasionally so that the thought sinks into the mind and becomes individualized. The mistake is to weakly rely on them to supply an illustration for a given thought.

THE WORLD OVER: PEN PICTURES OF TRAVEL

PUFFING HOLES OF THE HEBRIDES

SEA COAST GEYSERS.....PHILADELPHIA RECORD

Professor E. A. Martel has recently published in *La Nature* a very interesting paper about the so-called "puffing holes," also known as cannon holes or spout caves, occurring on various rocky shores of Western Europe. He defines these phenomena as "perpendicular holes connected with a horizontal cave, into which the sea penetrates. During high tides and heavy storms the air compressed in the cave will force the water in great volume through the perpendicular hole." When this occurs it is usually accompanied by loud detonations, and the water is thrown up in high, frequently recurring, spouts, the intervals varying with the length of the waves hurled against the subterranean cave. A good idea of this power is given in an illustration of the puffing hole of Iona, on the Hebrides Islands, taken by Professor Martel. From this hole the water rises sometimes to a height of sixty and more feet, resembling during very high tides a veritable geyser.

A similar hole is that of Kilkee, in Ireland, into which the author penetrated during a calm sea, early in March, and of which he also gives excellent pictures. The hole is located in a beautiful rocky cliff formed of a once compact bed of slate, but now exceedingly fissured. The strata of the rock is slightly inclined towards the sea. Near the surface of the water the waves have dislodged and carried away some of the slate rock. Thus an excavation was formed, which is low at the entrance but rises somewhat towards the interior. The dome of the little cavern, which is some 150 feet long and quite as wide, is pierced nearly in its centre by a narrow fissure, somewhat oblique in reference to the surface of the water, but at right angles with reference to the strata.

When the sea is calm it appears like a chimney leading out of the grotto. When seen from above during calm weather one may see the water below only slightly agitated by the surf, but if the wind blows from the northwest, or if there is a heavy sea, or high tide, the scene changes. Pressing in one after the other, the waves run into the cave. The action is then best described as follows: The waves follow each other quicker than the water can escape from the cave in the undertow, which is exceedingly slight on account of a bar of slate laying across the entrance of the cave. As a consequence the cave is filled, and the water seeks a way through the chimney on its top, whence it escapes in a liquid column. The causes are double: First, the power of the water which allows the waves to come in, while the rock bar on the bottom prevents the outflow to a great extent, as mentioned above; and, second, the enormous pressure of the air, which is caught in the rear portion of the cave, and which is there compressed to more than an atmosphere. The excess of pressure must find a way out, and finds it through the chimney, and this accounts for the loud detonations with which the discharges of water are accompanied. At the top of the hole a funnel has formed, which is due to the natural erosion and chemical action of

the water. In the course of time the entire mass will probably be loosened to such an extent that the part of rock between the puffing hole and the sea will eventually be precipitated into the latter.

BEAUTY OF THE AUTUMN WOODS

IN RURAL ENGLAND.....THE LONDON SPEAKER

The leaves are falling from the poplars steadily, one by one, and occasionally in little showers. The frosty night has done its work, and what were erstwhile glowing green leaves are now fast spreading the sward with a sombrely yet sumptuously colored carpet. There is no wind, and the pearly haze hangs oppressively over the tree-tops thereby obscuring the true outline of the branches. It is this dead stillness and gloom that make the fall of the leaves so arresting; no flutter of wind drifts them through the air, no subtle rays of sunlight play upon their glossy surfaces to make ephemeral fairy glintings as they wave; not even the robin sings to them as they glide through the stirless space from branch to earth; their disappearance from the picture is marked by nothing but the solemn rustle as each leaf touches and settles upon the growing heap.

In the coppice, but a short distance from the poplar grove, there is a scene of surpassing beauty. The narrow winding path is completely hidden by dead leaves, their colors mingling in charming confusion. Sycamores are heaped on sycamores, and broad horse-chestnuts over all, while ever and anon feathery ash-leaves drift lazily down. The tints of this medley of leaves bewilder description: red and gold and orange are thrown together with dainty effects, while some of the horse-chestnuts still retain a few streaks of green. Even as we gaze on this wondrous scene of color, the mist disperses and the sunbeams pour down, further to enliven what was already gay. As far as eye can see through the maze of trunks, the earth is strewn with gorgeous hues, lit up anew by the streaming rays. As the light varies, the shadows shift, and now the orange, now the gold, is all aflame.

The woods are pervaded by a silence broken only by the challenge of the blue tits in the dense firs, and the croaking of the rooks afar among the acorns. Not a song is there to cheer the solitude, as the leaves drip-drip continuously. When the path takes us out of the wood, we leave the sheltered stillness behind, and feel the cool breath of the breeze that has sprung up with the lifting of the fog. In the foliage of the oaks, still dense and shadowy, three wrens are singing in broken snatches. Even in summer their song, though high-pitched, is short; and now the little fellows stop suddenly in the midst of their hurried tune, for want, perhaps, of stimulation and encouragement. Their tiny forms are hardly distinguishable high up in the dark shadows; only a little flutter now and again tells where they may be found. Farther along, a couple of woodpigeons crash hastily out of the oaks and make for the adjoining plantation, where the cries of jays tell that acorns are to be had.

So late in autumn we hardly look for the beauty

of flowers. One short hedge-mound, however, displays quite a number of dainty blossoms. Thick as daisies on a lawn, the tiny field speedwells stud the exposed side of the slope; their leaves are still a tender green, and the blue of the flowers equals that of the veronica of May, while this we treasure for its lateness. In the brambles above there are still a few pale petals, but sadly torn and discolored by wind and frost. Another late blossom is the golden cinquefoil, with its pretty five-branched leaves trailing hither and thither. Though long dead, the tall docks yet defy the season, and raise aloft a slender spike of deep red, singularly like the sorrel-tips that toned the buttercup-fields of midsummer. Like the docks, the teasels are gray and dry and brittle, but look strong as ever, growing from the shallow ditch, and rearing their tall stalks and prickly plumes almost to the hedge-top. But perhaps the rarest of all these flowers of the fall is one little spray of hawthorn bloom. Though so inseparably connected with spring, it is here in the drooping of the year, with its snowy petals and delicious fragrance. This single group of florets recalls the May day, just after the swifts came, when first the succulent green of the hawthorn was dappled with flakes of blossom, and the call of the cuckoo was heard in the land. How changed the scene since then!

Five teams are engaged in ploughing up a broad sloping meadow, where the blood-red clover grew, and about the steaming horses the rooks are wheeling and settling here and there. Over the same field flocks of larks and finches are flitting, seldom staying long in the damp furrows among the brown clods that hide them so completely. A moment ago two larks were straining in song high above their fellows and the quarrelsome rooks; and, what is rare in autumn, their notes were uttered with the old persistence and charm. Along the blackthorn hedge blackbirds start out now and again with their peculiar nervous chuckle, so irritating to the sportsman, but a note of warning to other birds. They hesitate to leave the cover of the hedge, for it is a long flight to the gorse opposite, and eventually determine to rely on the shelter of the dead grasses that thickly envelop the blackthorn stems. Before we have long passed them, their hilarity, so long subdued, bursts out in a defiant shriek as they follow one another up into the pollard oaks. In the dense green coverts of the summer hedge-rows nests were difficult to find, but now they show at every turn. The cunning basket-work of the lesser whitethroat, so frail as to seem incapable of holding the smallest egg, is filled with rotting black leaves and haws that have dropped thus early. Screened by the trailing dog-rose branches are heads of yarrow flower and a few worn dandelions, mingling with the purple that stains the woodbine drooping almost to earth, and the crimson of the blackberry foliage. With the failing light that precedes sundown, a blackbird and a thrush join their notes and delight for a while the ear, now all unused to such harmonies of woodland song.

Beneath the rosy-clouded sky come black battalions of rooks, with their attendant daws almost equally numerous. Night after night, with striking regularity, vast numbers of these broad-pinioned birds pursue their way to the elms and beeches that form their rendezvous. When their hereditary

roost-trees are reached, they mount aloft, and, with an eccentric turn, swoop towards the beech-tops, apparently to plunge amongst them; but, turning abruptly, they rise again, to repeat their diving movements. In these manoeuvres, oft repeated, jackdaws accompany the rooks, performing strange aerial feats. Sometimes they race and plunge like nesting pewits. For an hour at a stretch rooks and daws execute these strange evolutions, and the former lose for the time all their usual unwieldiness. As the daylight continues to fade the birds still keep high in air, while some few descend to the sward, which they dot in the distance with doubtful specks of black. When at last the faint gleam of sunset disappears from the woods, the clangorous rooks in the swaying trees are beating assembly for the night.

SOME PECULIAR RIVERS OF THE WORLD

GEOGRAPHIC FREAKS.....THE PHILADELPHIA PRESS

One of the most curious rivers that have come to the knowledge of men is the Webbe Shebeyll of eastern Africa, a deep and rapid stream, abounding in strange fish and ferocious crocodiles. Although it flows for hundreds of miles through fertile lands the immense volume of water never reaches the sea. A short distance north of the equator the river is lost in a desert region a few miles from the Indian ocean. Some of the more recent explorers of Alaska and British America claim that the Mississippi can no longer be regarded as the largest river on the North American continent. This distinction is claimed for the great Yukon river. According to Ivan Petroff, who spent over two years in Alaska collecting materials for the last census, the Yukon empties into the Norton sound about one-third more water than the Mississippi pours into the Gulf of Mexico. The Yukon basin comprises the larger part of northern Alaska, and 600 miles from its mouth the river is a mile in width. Many centuries before it was discovered by white men it very likely served as the water highway into the interior for tribes whom we believe to have crossed from Asia to the American continent. The Yukon river is over 2,000 miles in length.

Travelers report that in Algeria there exists a small stream which the chemistry of nature has turned into ink. It is formed by the union of two rivulets, one of which is very strongly impregnated with iron, while the other, meandering through a peat marsh, imbibes large quantities of the gallic acid. Letters have been written with the natural compound of iron and gallic acid, which forms this small, yet wonderful stream. The Rio de Vinagre in Columbia is a stream the waters of which, by admixture with sulphuric acid, become so sour that the river has been appropriately named the Rio de Vinagre, or Vinegar river.

The Orange or Garieh river, in southern Africa, rises in the mountains which separate Natal from the Orange Free State. The length of this stream is 1,000 miles. Its banks abound in various valuable woods, and around it are found rich copper ores. In this stream are many varieties of fish which are found until the river passes through a rocky region containing copper, below which the water is said to be poisonous, almost instantly killing the fish that venture near it. Another remarkable river is the Indus, a great stream in Hindustan. It rises in

Thibet, and its course is a wonderful one. On reaching the Sussi, its most northern point, it turns southward, losing itself in the hills, and reappears at Takot in Kohistan. The Indus is 1,700 miles in length. After receiving the waters of many tributaries its channel grows narrow, and here it divides into many channels, some of which never return to the parent stream. It abounds in fish and crocodiles. That classical river, the Ganges, is erratic in its course, like the Hoang Ho. It is prominent both in the religion and geography of India. It varies not only from season to season, but from year to year, and frequently exchanges old passages for new ones. It has been said that the Ganges delivers into the sea every year 543,000,000 tons of mud, sand and other solid matter.

THE FORESTS AND PEOPLE OF GUIANA

IN PRIMEVAL WOODS.....MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE

The High Woods, the dense primeval forests of tropical America, shoot straight upwards in grand and crowded array, the pillars of a dense roof of dark green foliage; and from their branches hang festoons of bush rope, in strenuous, though invisible, combat one with the other to reach the soil, even as the great trees are in similar combat to force their way up into the sunlight and the air. So thickly matted is the roof of branch and leaf, of pendulous rope and ivy, that the light is dim. You may travel for days and never see the sun save for slanting shafts of burnished gold that pierce the interstices of this natural ceiling; or for occasional clearances where some old giant of the forest has fallen, crashing down all the weaker trees that could not withstand its weight. The atmosphere is almost intolerably hot and dank. The ground is encumbered with a dense undergrowth of bush, making progress painfully slow, even over an Indian trail.

The silence is as oppressive as the heat. Just before daybreak, in the ten minutes or so of half light, the forest will resound with the cries of monkeys and the notes of birds. As the sun rises over the woodland golden-breasted marmosets will leap from tree to tree; now and again a red-plumaged bird may dart like a flame through the leaves; a labba, a peccarie, a tapir, or possibly a puma, will crash through the undergrowth; but as the day wears on and the heat grows less endurable, these sights and sounds cease. All is still and silent. A large bright-hued butterfly may float lazily past; the solemn note of the bell-bird may echo in the groves; but these rare incidents of the forest noonday seem but to intensify the motionless character of the scene, and deepen the sense of perfect solitude and silence. It is much the same when traveling on the rivers and creeks. Rarely does the traveler on these winding streams get a clear stretch in front of him. He is on a wide avenue of water with high forest banks to right and left, with a great wall of trees behind him and another in front, a wall that gives way as the boat approaches the bend, and resolves itself into new forest banks with another wall of trees at the next turn of the stream. Not a sign of life will be seen, not a sound heard but the rhythmic stroke of the paddles. The creeks are of equal stillness and of unsurpassable loveliness, the cool brown waters covered with the queen of water lilies and overarched with trees, festooned with lianas, creep-

ers, and orchids. Often does a passage have to be forced with cutlasses through these meandering waterways. Every stroke of the paddles gives a new view and reveals a still more entrancing scene.

And what of the people of this interesting country? They number but two hundred and eighty-seven thousand, an infinitesimal proportion of what the area could support. When the Dutch went there in the sixteenth century the forests were the home of a large tribe of red Indians, who had probably found their way from the northern part of the continent along the chain of islands across the Caribbean Sea. Now, however, there are scarcely twenty thousand aborigines between the Orinoco and the Corentyn. The Caribs, the only warlike and courageous tribe among them, are practically extinct; the few who remain have lost their love of battle. There is no market for slaves such as that established by the Dutch nearly three hundred years ago on the Orinoco delta; and with the cessation of the trade in Indian labor for the Dutch plantations in the Pomeroon and Essequibo districts, the Caribs found their occupation gone. They have dwindled down to vanishing point. The diminishing tribes that remain are inoffensive, and as shy, too, as the animals whose forest habitation they share. They make magnificent boatmen and woodmen, threading their way through the intricacies of the forest with an ease incomprehensible to the European, a giant tree, a fallen trunk, a broken twig, their only landmarks. And they know the rivers as only the aborigine can know them. From them and from the forest they draw their food. In the woodlands, when they form a settlement, they clear a patch and cultivate cassava, from the root of which they make large, thin cakes, which answer to the white man's bread. The men hunt the labba in the forest, or spear and net fish in the rivers; while the women weave hammocks, tend the cassava field, and make paiwarrie, an intoxicant from the fermented juice of the cassava root. It is not a strong intoxicant: much has to be drunk before an hilarious effect is produced. And since they have been brought into contact with Europeans they have learned the qualities of more fiery spirits than the cassava root will yield; they have learned some of the white man's tastes, and with them some of his diseases, rapidly hastening their extinction as a race. Many of those who keep to the river banks and about the wood-cutting grants have an admixture of negro blood. They are useful because of their knowledge of the cataracts and Indian trails, and they now find abundant employment as bowmen and boatmen for the gold-hunters. But they are a people who will not continue in the land; they will be merged in the hybrid population of the country. The true Indian will go farther inland before the steady advance of civilization. He shrinks from European contact, a veritable child of nature, of an impenetrable reserve, full of superstitious dreads, peopling every mountain, river and forest-grove with spirits, and utterly unable to adapt himself to any conditions other than those of the nomad. Before many generations are passed there will be no other evidence of the Indian occupants of Guiana than the mysterious and indecipherable picture-writing wrought by their remote ancestors upon the great boulders of the river cataracts.

BRIEF COMMENT: LITERARY SAYINGS AND DOINGS

R. D. Blackmore says he had offered his famous novel, *Lorna Doone*, to nineteen publishers before it was taken. When brought out it fell flat, but soon after came the marriage of the Princess Louise to the Marquis of Lorne, and society people, thinking *Lorna* somehow had something to do with Lorne, bought the book, read it and liked it, then recommended it to their friends.

Sir Arthur Sullivan realized over \$50,000 from the sale of the *Lost Chord* alone.

Dr. George Ebers, the novelist and Egyptologist, writes to a friend in Chicago, denying the recent report that he had become a Buddhist. "I have not become a Buddhist," he says. "I remain a Christian to the end, and also educate my children as Christians. I teach them to love the Holy One as earnestly as my mother taught these truths to me."

Grant Allen, it is said by those who know him well, invariably looks as if he were just recovering from a severe illness.

Gerald Massey, the veteran poet, is ill. He has recently suffered great domestic sorrow by the death of his only son, a young man of great promise, who recently went out from England to an appointment in Nova Scotia.

Prof. C. A. L. Totten, a former instructor in Yale, has issued a calendar for past and future time, covering a period of 67,713,250 years.

Oliver Coswell, a blind and deaf mute to whom Dickens devoted several pages of his *American Notes*, died recently at Canonicut, R. I.

Stanley Waterloo, whose recent novels have been reprinted in England with an introduction by Sir Walter Besant and are there attracting much attention, has written a poem entitled, *The March of America*. Several noted composers are at work writing music for this splendid song. It is eminently fitted for grand and simple choral treatment and if once introduced in the public schools would become a strong competitor for first place among national anthems.

The best description of mountain scenery was written by a man who had never climbed a mountain, and Miss Nora Hopper, the most distinctively Celtic of the new Irish school of writers, has never so much as set foot in the Green Isle in her life.

In order to mark the Hungarian millennial celebration, the University of Buda-Pesth has decided to honor six of the most distinguished Englishmen. The six it has chosen are Mr. Bryce, Lord Kelvin, Sir Joseph Lister, Prof. Max Müller, Prof. Henry Sidgwick, and Herbert Spencer.

Mr. James Payn's valedictory as editor of the *Cornhill Magazine* appears in the June number of that periodical. He has edited it for thirteen years.

There are forty-four entries under the name of Alfred Austin in the catalogue of the British Museum.

Mr. Joseph Hocking has added greatly to his reputation by his latest book, *Ishmael Pengelly*; an

Outcast. Mr. Hocking is an author of five years' standing only, and has turned out a book a year since he began. He is barely turned thirty.

Sir Walter Besant tells of the following curious coincidence which happened to himself: "I was consulting," he says, "an artist, with regard to the face and feature of a character which he was illustrating for me, and I briefly described to him the kind of face I had in mind. He was meanwhile rapidly sketching a face on a piece of paper he had before him. 'Will that do?' he asked, showing me the exact portrait of the man I had been thinking of."

The Dublin Review is about to celebrate the sixtieth anniversary of its founding. Its founders were Cardinal Wiseman and Daniel O'Connell, in 1836.

Shakespeare's longest play is *Hamlet*; it contains 4,058 lines; the shortest is the *Comedy of Errors*, with 1,807 lines.

Mrs. Custer's favorite home is a secluded log cabin near the Pocono River, seven miles from the Delaware Water Gap and "two and a half miles from a door-bell." Here she finds it possible to do more writing in a day than in a week of city life.

The Baroness von Eber-Eschenbach is not only a celebrated novelist, but likewise a practical watchmaker. Her remarkable collection of watches has had many wonderful accessions.

The memory of Thomas Hughes is especially green in Chicago because, after the fire, he sent that city a collection of 7,000 books to serve as a basis of a new public library. The books were all English, and many of them autograph copies from writers then living.

W. T. Stead confesses that when he included a selection from Matthew Arnold in his *Penny Poets*, he "wondered greatly whether a poet so exclusive and so cultured would meet with a welcome from the masses." The result has been eminently satisfactory, for in less than six months nearly 200,000 copies have been sold.

Sara Orne Jewett has added to the esteem in which she is held in Maine by paying the South Berwick local band \$100 to continue their customary summer concerts, after the town council had decided that it could not afford the expense.

Though a shilling is charged for admission to Carlyle's house, over 3,000 persons have visited the exhibition since it was opened in July last.

William Black's latest novel, *Briseis*, has proved a greater success than any work he has produced for years. The name of the heroine was chosen by the late Lord Leighton.

It is not generally known, although it ought to be, that George R. Sims, of London, is the leader of the great anti-bald agitation. It is stated that he reckons to have caused hair to grow on 50,000 bald heads. His recipe is paraffin oil.

McClure's Magazine has secured the serial rights in Rudyard Kipling's new story, the scene of which

is laid in Gloucester, Mass. It is said that \$12,000 was paid for the tale, or about twenty-four cents a word.

It is said that Emile Zola intends to write a book with Venice as a background.

Miss Fanny Edgar Thomas has been made officier d'académie by the French government in recognition of her work in musical criticism. She is said to be the first American woman so honored.

It is announced that \$10,000 has been raised in England for the Huxley Memorial, which is to take the form of a statue in the Natural History Museum, and the establishment of a medal at the Royal College of Sciences.

It is rumored Hall Caine, S. R. Crockett and Ian Maclaren are writing lives of Christ.

Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son's (London) library has, it is stated, saved something like \$20,000 a year by the abolition of the three-volume novel. If this be true, Messrs. Mudie have probably saved a great deal more.

A one-volume edition of George Meredith's *Amazing Marriage* has appeared in London, and during a single week 50,000 copies are said to have been sold.

Philip James Bailey, the author of *Festus*, is now living at Nottingham. Although in his eightieth year he is wonderfully hale and hearty. It is considerably over half a century since *Festus* appeared.

Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore has placed in the hands of his publishers the manuscript of his new book. It will bear the title *The Ambassador of Christ*.

News comes from Japan that Lafcadio Hearn has become totally blind and has been forced to give up his professorship in the Imperial University of Japan.

Ruskin's bad state of health is shown by the following reference in a letter to a friend: "No matter how foolish one may have been, one can't expect a moth with both wings burnt off and dropped into hot tallow to sing psalms with what is left of his antennæ."

Says Dibdin's Ghost in the *New York World*: "Do you know what the 'Robes of Immortality' cost? I have just learned through the Paris correspondent of the *London Chronicle*: 'The embroidered coat of a full-blown French academicien costs 500 francs, the white cloth waistcoat 25 francs, and the striped trousers 70 francs, the plumed hat and box are down for 59 francs, and the sword, with scabbard, 40 francs. Total, 694 francs. It is irreverent even to narrate that Rudolphe Salis, the poet tavern keeper of the Chat Noir, recently bought up the coats of deceased academiciens for his waiters. The government, however, put a stop to the desecration.'"

Max Nordau's *Paradoxes*, a volume of 414 pages, was written on sixty-five pages of paper.

Maurice Roblinat, poet of *Les Nevroses*, whom Sarah Bernhardt made famous in an evening, when literary men came to hear his plaintive, macabre songs at her house, has disappeared from Parisian life since ten years at least. He was an original

figure in it, and his face, with O-shaped mouth, is the model of a striking gargoyle on a house of the Latin quarter. He has published a book of new poems, *Les Apparitions*.

A \$5,000 organ in the church at Thornton, Eng., will commemorate the birth of Charlotte and Emily Brontë. Their old home is now a butcher shop.

The midsummer number of *Art Idols of the Paris Salon* gives six exquisite studies from the nude, *Reveries* by Emmanuel Benner, *Two Pearls* by Le Quesne, *The Old Woman* and *her Two Servants* by Nauteuil, *Namouna* by G. Delbumeau, *Summer Time* by J. Scalbert and *The Turkish Bath* by Emmanuel de Dieudonne. The work is edited by Earl Marble and is published quarterly in sumptuous style by the White City Art Company of Chicago.

James Annand, late editor of the *Newcastle Leader*, rose from the blacksmith's forge to the editorial chair. He learned Latin and higher mathematics while shoeing horses, and his experiences in London journalism formed the basis of Barrie's romance, *When a Man's Single*.

Mrs. Stannard, the author of *Bootles's Baby*, was once introduced to Sir Morell Mackenzie at a London entertainment by her writing name of "John Strange Winter." The doctor, who did not keep up with current fiction, looked somewhat dazed, and repeated the name wonderingly, whereupon the author remarked: "Oh, yes, I'm Bootles's Baby." Sir Morell retreated, marveling still more, and, drawing a friend aside, confided to him that "he had just met a poor demented lady, who was introduced as a man and thought herself a baby."

Adolphe d'Ennery, the French playwright, author of *The Two Orphans*, has tried in vain to keep secret the fact that he and his wife have resolved to bequeath 2,000,000 francs to the French Actors' Benevolent Fund.

The gold medal of the Linnean Society, London, which is alternately presented to a zoölogist and a botanist, goes this year to Professor George James Allman, F. R. S., for distinguished services in zoölogy.

Alexander H. McGuffey, well known as the author of McGuffey's school readers and spellers, which were so popular many years ago, has just died in Cincinnati at the age of seventy-nine.

The name, *The Savoy*, which Arthur Symonds and Aubrey Beardsley have chosen for their new publication, suggests to I. Zangwill "gilded restaurants, flowing champagne and strange sins."

A German doctor comes forward with the charge of plagiarism against Count Tolstoi. This critic declares that the Russian novelist stole a short story from Bernardin Saint-Pierre and used it as his own, changing the text here and there so as to disguise the theft.

A Monthyon prize has been awarded by the French Academy to Captain Danrit, author of *La Guerre de Demain*, a work which when it first appeared caused its author to be put under arrest for thirty days, as his superior officers did not like the book.

LIBRARY TABLE: GLIMPSES OF NEW BOOKS

Rome. By Emile Zola. This second volume in the trilogy, *The Three Great Cities*, has no plot; the thread of continuity upon which Zola places his series of marvelous descriptions is a very slight one. The Abbe Pierre Froment, who figured in *Lourdes*, has written a work on a Sociologic movement based on his studies of slum life in Paris. He desires a "rejuvenated Christianity resting on the idea of the Supreme Head of the Church exercising only a purified spiritual authority." His book is condemned at Rome and is to be placed on the Index Expurgatorius, and the young priest journeys to Rome to defend his book. His artistic nature is dazzled by the beauty of the city—its magnificent buildings, its scenery, its historic associations. He spends months in Rome, and sees the sights under the chaperonage of Cardinal Boccanera. Zola exhibits in this work wonderful erudition; he studies the city with a microscope, its history he reviews with masterly power. Whether one accept or not his view of the church or of the "Eternal City of Crime, the monstrous, ravening ambition, the abominable network of intrigue, venality, cowardice, treachery and even crime," the reader must grant the marvel of his presentation. There is romance and passion in the love story of Benedetta and David, with its tragic ending. (The Macmillan Co., 2 vols., \$2.00.)

Diary of a Japanese Convert. By Kanzo Uchimura. This volume is written in English by a native Japanese from his own home, and pictures in a graphic way "the struggling soul seeking light and peace for his and his nation's salvation." It touches upon many vital questions connected with Christian missions in "heathen" lands, and, written in autobiographic form, it has all the freshness and reality of the author's own actual experiences. The occasional indications of a foreign idiom but enhance the reader's interest, as they come in the book, and give a kind of additional touch of Japanese atmosphere. The work is clear, simple, and thoroughly interesting as a piece of honest testimony. (Fleming H. Revell Co., cloth, \$1.00.)

Nets for the Wind. By Una Taylor. That the title of the volume may seem to a degree redeemed from absolute nothingness, it may be said it is merely the name of the first story, and given to the whole book. There are eleven of them in all, eleven stories perhaps they would be called. They are vague, visionary, unsatisfying. The characters never seem human, never real; they move like people in a mist, shadowy, undefined, intangible. Where they do become clear for a second they are like the artificial-looking figures on old tapestry. Readers who can enjoy this style of tale will probably enjoy this book, with its Maeterlinckian flavor. It will be caviare to the million—fortunately for the million. It is in the Keynote Series, which contains some excellent collections of short stories. (Roberts Bros., cloth, \$1.00.)

A Stumbler in Wide Shoes. The author of this sixth novel in the Protean Series is not given. Rupert von Hals, a philosophic, dreamy, Dutch artist is so fortunate as to save a young English girl from drowning. She is visiting an aunt in Amsterdam, and naturally she falls in love with the young artist to whom she owes her new lease of life. Rupert goes to Devonshire where she resides, and after a short time they are married and return to Holland. The story of the after-days, when love grew weak, when sorrows came, when the chains of matrimony grew heavy and clanking, is well narrated. There is power in the conception and in the telling, and the interest is sustained. The unknown author has no need to be ashamed of this work, which will give pleasure to many. (Henry Holt & Co., buckram, \$1.00.)

Flotsam. *The Study of a Life*. By Henry Seton Merriman. Mr. Merriman can write a good story; he proved

that in *The Sowers*, and he shows it anew in this. The hero of this Anglo-Indian romance is Harry Wylam, a bit of flotsam on the great tide of humanity. He is wild and restless from the beginning, and in his life in India gets into one scrape after another like a circus-dog jumping through hoops; he is a hard drinker, a rake and a gambler. His field is the world, Europe, Asia, Africa and America, where he ran his course, with occasional relapses into good, for his instincts were not bad. He unfortunately marries a woman who neatly completes his ruin, the reckless daughter of a worse father. The story is a strong one and told with freshness and simple realism, the pathos of a man compelled to "move on," ever on, because of his own sin and weakness. (Longmans, Green & Co., cloth, \$1.25.)

Nobody's Fault. By Netta Syrett. Bridget Ruan is a beautiful young woman with brains, with a wholesome and wholesale contempt for the manners and customs of her family, who unfortunately have had her educated above her station. Her father and mother are coarse people, and Bridget seeks refuge in school-teaching. Her life in lonely lodgings in London is graphically and pathetically portrayed. She spent her time in teaching and in chasing butterflies of sweet possibilities, dreaming of a time when her dreams would come true. Then the man arrives, she marries, and after the husband (true to the requisites of modern fiction) comes his under-study, the lover. The husband is an insulting, sarcastic cad, and after a more than usually bitter séance with him Bridget leaves him. She is cheered by her lover and is about to become "A Woman Who Did," when she is saved from herself. The author answers this problem novel in the title. (Roberts Bros., cloth, \$1.00.)

The Story of a Piece of Coal. By Edward A. Martin. The story of a piece of coal might be told in a way that would make it seem like the wild flights of a poetic romancer. The marvelous death of prehistoric forests which through centuries absorbed heat and light from the sun, and bequeathed them both to coal for the use of countless generations, would be the first step in the fairy tale of Nature. The latest revealings of possibilities in synthetic chemistry from the waste of coal-tar would be the latest, not the last, phase of this miracle of Nature. From this coal-tar come thousands of tints and shades, oils, acids, drugs, and a wealth of other materials. The author has not taken the romantic view of his subject, but there are constant suggestions of it in his clear, matter-of-fact statements, in his tracing of the geologic history of coal, his study of coal fields, coal mining, gas and coal products. The work condenses a great amount of matter into a small space. (D. Appleton & Co., cloth.)

André Chenier. A Memorial. By Louie R. Heller. This volume is a sympathetic tribute to the memory of André Chenier, a young French poet who died a victim of the Reign of Terror, a martyr to the cause of liberty in France, a poet of high rank and a man of unsullied honor. He was one of those delicate, refined geniuses whose life should be spent in the seclusion of love and communion with nature apart from the world, yet he was forced through poverty to fight for bread, in the crowded walks of life to which he was unfitted. He was a French Keats and like Keats died young. This memoir gives a sketch of his life, a five-act drama, and translations from his work in prose and in verse. Nearly a dozen illustrations, mostly historic, add to the attractiveness of this dainty little work. (Home Book Co., New York, cloth, \$1.25.)

Robert Urquhart. By Gabriel Setoun. Author of *Sunshine and Haar*. It is in the little Scotch village of Kinkellvie that Mr. Setoun places his hero, the young schoolmaster. The life of the people is described with realness and sympa-

thetic interpretation. As a drop of water mirrors the great sun in heaven, so the wretchedness, folly, sin, and weakness of humanity, the comedy and tragedy of the world, are reflected in this little country village. An innovation for modern Scotch stories is a sinning minister whose mad victim has a glimpse of sanity while at his Christmas sermon and recognizes the man who wronged her. J. M. Barrie gives the book generous praise, and commends the absence of the conventional dominie. "At last a novel of Scottish life without the old dominie in it! The dominie had such a way of marching into the story as soon as he heard there was one on hand that I think Mr. Setoun must have gone about his work on tiptoe. I have long wanted to meet the village schoolmaster of to-day in fiction, and Robert Urquhart proves he can be made interesting as any dominie of them all." (F. Warne & Co., cloth.)

Adam Johnstone's Son. By F. Marion Crawford. The situation developed in this story of three weeks at Amalfi, Italy, is a novel one. Adam Johnstone and his wife had been married years and years before Adam gave his wife justification for divorce, she secured it, and both remarried. The children of these second marriages, Brook Johnstone and Clare Bowring, meet and, unknowing the prior relations of their parents, fall in love. Brook is besieged by Lady Farr, an ambitious adventuress, who is anxious to have him marry her, she promising to get a divorce from her present husband as a trifling ante-nuptial formality. Clare overhears the proposal to Brook and misunderstands his action in the matter. Complications arise which are made worse by the discovery of their brevet-relation to each other, for it seemed to them they had such a narrow escape from being brother and sister, as it were. The story is interesting and bright, but the labyrinthine dialogues with verbal cul-de-sacs, should have been simplified by dextrous blue-penciling. Mr. Crawford writes easily—it is a temptation, for often facility is a hard master. (Macmillan & Co., cloth, \$1.50.)

The Winning of the West. By Theodore Roosevelt. The most vital period in the history of the West is that contained in this fourth volume of the series covering from 1791 to 1807. It opens with the war waged by the nation against the North-western Indians. Then Mad Anthony Wayne's romantic adventures in the North are given in a most interesting way. The political history of Tennessee which in 1791 became a state makes a valuable chapter. The intrigues and land speculations of the time were happily ended by the treaties of Jay and Pinckney. The purchase of Louisiana opened up a marvelous expanse of new territory for our exploration and colonization and made the real beginning of our great western wealth and prosperity. Napoleon saw with clear-sighted diplomatic instinct the impossibility of holding Louisiana against the Americans. Mr. Roosevelt has undertaken a large subject and is treating it with discrimination, power, and a vivid presentation of issues and men. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, cloth, \$2.50.)

Lincoln's Campaign. The Political Revolution of 1860. By Osborn H. Oldroyd. A quaint, interesting account of an important political campaign is this volume illustrated with portraits of leading politicians and caricatures, posters, poems, songs, resolutions and other interesting material. At the end of the book are brief biographies of all the probable presidential possibilities of 1896. The work faithfully sheds light on a vital period in our American history. (Laird & Lee, cloth, 75c.)

Black Spirits and White. A Book of Ghost Stories. By Ralph Adams Cram. Those who enjoy well-written stories relating to the supernatural, the ghostly and the weird, will find in this volume material of so bloodcurdling a nature that it will almost tend to make "each particular hair to stand on end." Unlike the mild-mannered ghost of the royal Dane, the Black Spirits contained in stories titled No. 252 Rue M. le Prince, In Kropfsberg Keep and The White Villa, are

found to be of a most bloodthirsty type, carrying about them deadly weapons. The gentle White Spirit in Sister Maddelen is a very fascinating ghost, and her nocturnal rambling through an ancient convent as she sighs for rest is very pathetic. Later her earthly bones are found where, a century before, she was entombed alive within a walled-up alcove, sacrificing her life that her lover might live. She receives a Christian burial, her ghost disappears forever and presumably finds rest. A weird legend of Swedish origin is graphically described in *The Dead Valley*, wherein are found the bones of men, beasts, and birds. In fact any living thing coming in contact with the deadly atmosphere of this valley after sunset, perished. (Stone & Kimball, cloth.)

The Epic of the Fall of Man. By S. Humphreys Gurteen. The point of view of the author's comparative study of Cædmon, Dante and Milton is given in his own words. "Although I have included in this study the 'Inferno' of Dante, I have done so only to bring out in still bolder relief the strong and weak points in Cædmon's and Milton's treatment of the subject. It is not and does not pretend to be a dissertation on the language of the Anglo-Saxons or on their metrical system, or a discursus on the many interesting questions which have been raised and discussed, both in England and Germany, in reference to Cædmon's poem and Milton's epic. It is a comparative study of two existing poems and does not profess to touch upon any outlying questions, however fascinating and important they may be in themselves." The work opens with a clear and interesting historic sketch of the revival of Anglo-Saxon learning in England, with an enthusiastic plea for the study of Anglo-Saxon. The life and times of Cædmon and an analysis of his great work precede the able and suggestive comparison of the three great epics. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, cloth, \$2.00.)

The Dream Charlotte. By M. Betham-Edwards. Like Miss Yonge's new book, *The Release*, this book deals with convent life, the Reign of Terror, and a love story. The heroine is Charlotte Corday, who for the love of her country rid France of the monster Marat and lost her head for her heroism. The scene is set, for the most part, in Normandy. The love of Charlotte for her foster-sister Airelle Avrille is very beautiful. The story is thoroughly interesting and gives one an excellent idea of the guillotine days of the terror, when the knife was the final argument, when saints and sinners suffered and died. (Macmillan Co., cloth, \$1.25.)

The Works of Max Beerbohm. The title of Mr. Beerbohm's book suggests a long perspective of large octavos on library shelves, carefully collected after vast research from all parts of the globe. The ambitious label really covers but seven pleasant and clever essays which could be improved in attractiveness of their titles. They are *Dandies and Dandies*; *A Good Prince*; 1880; *King George the Fourth*; *The Pervasion of Rouge*; *Poor Romeo*; *Diminendo*. They have rather a quaint, piquant flavor in the telling that makes them pleasantly stimulating. The author has a plenteous store of clever condensations of statement that do the duty of epigrams. They are like the "sum total" of examples in addition that give the net result of preceding points, a sort of phrased epitome, as when he says, "Not until nudity is popular will the art of costume be readily acknowledged," or, "Dandyism is, after all, one of the decorative arts." The binding, paper and general style of the book are attractive. (Charles Scribner's Sons, cloth, \$1.25.)

The XIth Commandment. By Halliwell Sutcliffe. The Eleventh Commandment as given by the worldlings of to-day is "Thou shalt not be found out," as if discovery were the hall-mark of sin. There is much of the clergy in the book, and clever and real though it may be, it must play a second part compared with the love story. Beatrice Daneholme, the daughter of the squire, a strong character, is loved by Lorimer Elliott, a university man of high standing. Through fear of her father, she is married secretly to Lorimer, who,

to be near his wife, accepts the position of gamekeeper to her father, seeing her daily at the lodge. His murder by the poachers is an awful blow to Beatrice, whose secret is revealed by the birth of her child. There is strength in the story, pathos, cleverness in treatment and genuine interest. (The New Amsterdam Book Co., cloth, \$1.25.)

Hadjira. A Turkish Love Story. By Adalet. A novel of far more than ordinary interest, is this story of harem life of Turkey written, so it is claimed, by a young Turkish lady whose personal safety would be endangered were her identity known. The manuscript was written by her in English in her own handwriting. The inner life of a Turkish family of high rank is clearly described as the story progresses. It is almost iconoclastic in its presentation; readers who regard all Turks as lolling in sensuous ease in the harem while they are not out killing Armenians will be surprised at the portrayal of men and women of high character, noble life and exalted thought. Hadjira, the heroine, an inmate of the home of Nasrullah Pasha, has, through her sweetness, innocence and beauty won the heart of Nabiz-Bey, the younger son of the household. Harem Effendi, wife of Nasrullah, rules the household, kindly when all things flow smoothly in harmony to her will, tyrannically when the slightest ruffling of the placidity occurs. Upon the head of Hadjira does her wrath fall. The story is well told, simply, naturally and with force, and it is a story thoroughly interesting and well worth the telling. (Edward Arnold, cloth, \$1.50.)

An Engagement. By Sir Robert Peel. In this light, entertaining novelette, Arnold Hopetown is fiancé to a beautiful but heartless creature, who puts off their marriage-day until more moneys are assured her for bonbons and bargains. Lord Dillingham, his wealthy uncle, is consulted, implored, and finally led into promising a desirable official position to his nephew, but unfortunately, owing to his lordship's indolent nature, he neglects to carry out his word. Hope long deferred at last inspires Arnold to arrange with his cousin to assume the role of fiancée, in order to stimulate his uncle to real activity in the matter. The unsuspecting father favors the match and immediately secures a consulate for his prospective son-in-law. As time progresses, the bud of mock courtship gently ripens into the full blossom of a genuine love-affair. (Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York.)

The Failure of Sibyl Fletcher. By Adeline Sargent. From the studio life in London, chagrined at the failure of her love affair with Clement Atherly, a young dabbler in literature and art, Sibyl Fletcher retires to the quiet of village life. Here she meets a villager named Drage, a man who has fine physical qualities but a diabolic temper. He threatens to kill Sibyl if she refuses to marry him; she, choosing what she deems the lesser of two evils, becomes his wife. Drage is one of those characters that make thinking men disgusted with women who can find such cold creatures lovable and fascinating. The taming of the husband under the treatment of Sibyl, and the story of her triumphs in art show that hopeless failure in London blossomed into marvelous success in Ashdale. (J. B. Lippincott Co., cloth, \$1.00.)

Books and their Makers during the Middle Ages. By George Haven Putnam. This story of the conditions of the production and distribution of literature from the fall of the Roman Empire to the close of the seventeenth century, gives in admirably condensed form the results of comprehensive study and wide research. The interesting period of the ante-printing days when the world's literature consisted only of manuscripts, is the subject of the opening part of the volume. It covers books in manuscripts, book-making in monasteries, libraries of the manuscript period, literary activity of the universities, and manuscript trade in Europe. The second division shows the emergence into the sunlight of full intellectual possibility, the era of the printing-press and of literature for the millions. The earlier printed books are discussed, with entertaining information about the rise

and development of the printer's art. This history of 2000 years in the life thought of the world defies the limitations of a brief notice; one can but call attention to its field, so well studied and presented. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, cloth, \$2.50.)

Talks to the King's Children. By Sylvanus Stall, D. D. This second series of five-minute object sermons to children takes common things in life, "coral," "leaves," "nuts," "bottles," "seeds," "salt," "the phonograph," and nearly thirty other objects, and uses them as texts. These are considered after the manner of the parables in the presentation of the vital truths of the Gospel, so they may be readily understood by the children. The voice of Nature is shown as the voice of God, and the simple and effective illustrations must tend to lead the child mind to better things, to see the spiritual message in temporal manifestations. (Funk & Wagnalls Co., \$1.00.)

A Woman with a Future. By Mrs. Andrew Dean (Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick). The reading public has become so bored by constant association with the woman who has only a "past," that the suggestion of a woman with a future is pleasing. Mrs. Dean's story, however, shatters our fond hope; her heroine has a past, in fact, two pasts, before the story is ended. Philip Troy is a young man unable to stand sudden prosperity, and on receiving an inheritance of £1,000 a year, grows restless. He falls a victim to the sweetness of Hesperia Madison, a flighty, innocent little thing, who smokes cigarettes, and who loves for a little, to the limit of the capacity of her frivolous nature. (Frederick A. Stokes Co., Newport Series, cloth.)

Volumes of Verse—The Purple East. By William Watson. This slim little book, a collection of sonnets on England's desertion of Armenia, is the manly cry of "Shame! Shame!" to England's criminal "coöperation by silence" in the outrages in the East. There are ringing lines in his fearless lashing of the nation, in his scorn of the mighty boasts of England, unsustained by action. It cost Watson the laureateship and he should be proud of it. (Stone & Kimball.)

The Legend of Aulus occupies nearly half of the volume of poems by Flora Macdonald Shearer, to which it gives title. It is a version in verse of one of the stories in the *Gesta Romanorum*. The balance of the volume is made up of thirty-four ballads, sonnets and other verses. (William Doxey.)

In *Lyrics of Earth*, Archibald Lampman has collected his beautiful poems of Nature from the magazines and periodicals of the day. There is delicacy, power, and music in his work, a keen love of Nature in all her moods, and a poetic interpretation of the beauty of a sunset, the miracle of the rain, the rebirth of the seasons, and the hundred messages of life as heard by the singer near to the heart of Nature. (Copeland & Day.)

Soul and Sense, by Hannah Parker Kimball, is a little book in the *Oaten Stop Series*, a collection of thoughtful, philosophic, and speculative poems, filled with the seriousness of life and its problems, its pain and its sorrow. (Copeland & Day.)

Lady Lindsay, in *The Flower Seller and Other Poems*, has gathered together a collection of verse of more than ordinary merit. It is not by their music or jingle that these poems appeal to the reader, but by their strength and power of conception and their delicate imagination. There are a number of excellent narrative poems. Lucinda's *Lettors* is a set of fifteen dainty love poems of varied form and metre. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

The Glory of the Garden, by William Vincent Byars dedicated "To All Good Women and All who Love Them," contains one hundred and seventy sonnets to women. The subjects are the heroines of the mythologies of the world, Bible characters, great women of history and a few whose identity will not be clear to readers except as it is revealed

in the verse. An essay on The Horatian Ode and The Tuscan Sonnet closes Mr. Byars' remarkable chorus of song and labor of love. The title page unwisely omits any reference to publisher, or information as to where copies may be obtained.

Richard Hovey has cast into dramatic form *The Marriage of Guenevere* in prose and verse. There are in it lines and phrases of power and beauty, but the work hardly rises to the possibilities of the conception, differing so in its treatment from that of Tennyson. (Stone & Kimball.)

A Parisian in America. By S. C. de Soissons. The author has given in eighteen gossip chapters his views of life in America. He discusses women, men in America, France in America, millionaires, newspapers, ideals of Americans, Columbian Fair, art, architecture, literature, music, Protestantism, sects, immigration, originality, and New England. They are interesting as the kodak judgments of a clever observer. The reflections show no deep thought, no profound deductions, but they will entertain American readers by presenting what, to the mind of a foreigner, are the salient features of our life and civilization. The American newspapers are held up to a deserved ridicule for their sensationalism, for the impertinence of their personal gossip, and for the minute detail of their descriptions of the trousseaux of our rich young society ladies. (Estes & Lauriat, cloth, \$1.25.)

Armenian Poems, rendered into English by Alice Stone Blackwell, is specially timely now when Turkey has so advertised Armenia to the world. There has been no attempt to follow the original metres, but merely to present the best poems in Armenian literature in a manner that will accord with the spirit of each. Miss Blackwell put into verse the outline translations made by Armenian scholars. (Roberts Bros.)

Lays and Verses, by Nimmo Christie, much of whose excellent work has appeared in Longman's Magazine, The Leisure Hour, The Sketch, and other English periodicals, is divided into Lays of the White Rose and other Scottish Verse; Miscellaneous Verse; Sonnets; In the French Form; and a Dramatic Scene. The atmosphere of scholarship is in all these poems, not the pedantic expression of classicism, but the clear, refined thinking that comes from much reading and study. As a collection it is far above the average. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

Sunshine and Shadows, by Caroline Edwards Prentiss, will attract attention more by the cover the publishers have put to the poems, than by the poems the author has put within the covers. The binding is a beautiful green ooze calf, showing a finger print as plainly as does fine velvet. The verses are light, short and descriptive bits. (G. P. Putnam's.)

Verses and Sonnets, by Hilaire Belloc, a dainty little volume, contains strong work, one poem of which, *The Poor of London*, appeared in our July issue. There is freshness, daring, originality, and imagination in the work of this young Oxonian that makes his book important for its great promise as much as for present fulfilment. (Ward & Downey.)

The Reds of the Midi. By Félix Gras. It is to Mrs. Catharine A. Janvier's excellent translation from the Provençal that we are indebted for this stirring story of an episode of the French Revolution, the march of the Marseilles Battalion to Paris and their fierce fighting when they reach the city. Historians have realized that the "brave 516" were not outcasts and criminals, but courageous, loyal patriots, sons of France who suffered and died for their belief. The story is a most thrilling one, told with a simple realism of such power that the reader feels as if he too tramped that long adventurous march with Pascalet and helped him pull the cannon, till Paris was in sight. The episodes of the journey, tender, pathetic, humorous, tragic, are put down in words that burn with feeling and make the scenes relive with marvelous intensity. The story is told by

Pascalet in his old age, to the little group in the village shoemaker's shop, a group held spellbound by his narrative. The book is in many ways one of the best novels written on the French Revolution, perhaps the best. (D. Appleton & Co., cloth, \$1.50.)

Psychology and Psychic Culture. By Reuben Post Halleck. Psychology is a subject that is commonly made oppressively heavy in teaching. Prof. Halleck is in line with the best work of the best educators in making the study a fascinating one. "Especial effort," he says, "has been made to enliven the hard and dry facts of the science by employing illustrations and anecdotes to elucidate them. No one knows better than the psychologist that it is of little use to present the best of subjects in an unattractive way, because facts devoid of interesting features will not secure the attention." He has sought to apply the results in a practical way, to make the laws discovered and revealed of some service to the individual in his own development. There are chapters in the work on the cultivation of the perception, memory, imagination, will and the emotions. The work is a step toward the ideal work on applied psychology for the individual, and when this work comes it will show the uselessness of much of the study now a part of our present system of education. (American Book Co., cloth, \$1.25.)

Sleeping Fires. By George Gissing. The scene of this strong story by the author of *In the Year of Jubilee* is laid in Greece where Langley, an Englishman, is traveling in order to get away from a past that is filled with unhappiness. In Athens he meets an old college chum who is tutor to Louis Reed, the young ward of Lady Revill. Years before, Langley loved Agnes, now Lady Revill, and but for his unfortunate confession made to her father because of conscientious scruples, she would have been his wife. The sleeping fires of his old love are revived, and he meets Lady Revill, who is coldly, conventionally virtuous and good. The omnipotent social problem in contemporary fiction is the basis of this carefully studied story, which is well told. (D. Appleton & Co., cloth, 75 cents.)

Spring Notes from Tennessee. By Bradford Torrey. In this collection of essays on outdoor life in Tennessee is given the results of three weeks' travel in a most picturesque and historic bit of country. The titles of his eight papers give the scene of his study: An Idler on Missionary Ridge, Lookout Mountain, Chickamauga, Orchard Knob and the National Cemetery, An Afternoon by the River, A Morning in the North Woods, A Week on Walden's Ridge, Some Tennessee Bird Notes. It is ever the bird-lover that wanders over these historic grounds; the flight of an oriole banishes in a second his memories of war and battles; his enthusiasm communicates itself to the reader, who sympathizes with the feeling of the writer to whom a journey of a thousand miles was considered repaid by a look at Badiman's finch. The book has a freshening effect upon the mind, teaching the lesson of the ever-beautiful in Nature, if our thought be but trained to appreciate and to understand. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., cloth, \$1.25.)

Excelsior English-Spanish and Spanish-English Dictionary, Commercial and Technical. By A. M. Beale. This handy volume was compiled expressly to meet the demands of the increasing commerce between the United States and Spanish speaking countries. It has many points of excellence worthy of comment. In its 672 pages, it gives nearly 60,000 words; beside general terms it contains the technical or trade names of articles of merchandise which will fill all needs of the business man. An excellent idea is the provision of extra blank pages under each letter for the insertion of new words. The cyclopedic arrangement of grouping all derivatives and phrases under the original root word, greatly simplifies the reference. Geographic names, irregular verbs with their moods and tenses, weights and measures, and Christian names, are found at the end of the sections. The

two divisions of the book are respectively colored red and green, and a double reference index at the side facilitates finding the words. The size of the book, the paper and the limp binding make the work admirable for desk or pocket. (Excelsior Publishing House, New York, American Russia leather, \$2.00.)

In Quest of the Ideal. By Léon de Tinseau. Translated by Florence Belknap Gilmour. Novels of French country life seem to arouse a never-failing interest in American readers, possibly because we see and know so much of Parisian life that pictures of the more sane and wholesome ways of the great mass of French people come to us as something of a surprise. However this may be, M. de Tinseau, a writer of clever stories and bright comedies, has given us in his novel, *In Quest of the Ideal*, a pleasant love story, ably translated by Mrs. Gilmour, with a charming heroine and a good-looking soldier as hero. The setting of the story is attractive, and there are exciting incidents of stag-hunting and other rural sports which enliven the tale and help on the dénouement. Many of De Tinseau's tales have been published in *Short Stories*, and an amusing sketch entitled *The Monster*, written during a recent visit to this country, has been purchased from the author and will shortly appear in that magazine. (J. B. Lippincott Co., cloth.)

The Mystery of Handwriting. A Handbook of Graphology. By J. Harrington Keene ("Grapho"). The science of graphology or of expression in handwriting is yet in its infancy, having been fairly presented to the French public not more than twenty-five years ago, by the Abbé Michon. Since then a very few works bearing on the subject have been published in England and Germany, dealing, of course, with the chirography of the people of those countries. No work hitherto has been produced in this country dealing with the complex American character. Starting with the incontrovertible assertion that handwriting is a series of mental gestures, "Grapho" leads the reader without mystification through the whole alphabet of the graphological signs which experience has taught are present as symptoms of each individual character. Each sign has been verified and reverified, and this handsome work may be taken as the concrete essence of "Grapho's" wisdom. The work contains a fine collection of fac-simile autographs of celebrated persons, and arguments in support of the science are abundantly sustained by an appeal to the known characteristics of these celebrities. (Lee & Shepard, cloth, \$2.00.)

The University of Literature. Edited by W. H. De Puy. In twenty bulky octavo volumes the publishers have given a survey of the literature of the world, covering all lands and all ages. The University of Literature is what its name implies, a headquarters for learning in a general way all that needs to be known about writers and their writings. It includes biographies of all significant authors in all countries and all ages, from the earliest rude scrolls upon stone and papyrus to the present perfection of the printer's art. After the reader has learned in the biographical sketch who an author is and the work he has produced, he is then given the privilege of reading the gems and masterpieces from the author, in the shape of skilfully selected extracts—the identical thoughts which have made the author immortal; and, as every great thought has been crystallized into literature by some master-mind, it thus becomes apparent that this work is more than a mere school of literature. It is a symposium of the achievements of men and nations, which is the most accurate sort of history. It gives a panorama of the important great thoughts, great imaginations, and great achievements of those who have helped the human race in its forward march of progress, and shows how ineffectual have ultimately been the efforts of those who have endeavored to retard civilization. In a word, it compasses the whole realm of ideas. It gives the best thought of the alert and vigorous minds, working steadily through a period of more than four thousand

years, enabling the reader to take a horoscopic view of the whole horizon of literature, and to form a distinct conclusion as to which is best for him to select. Religion and Philosophy, Science and Art, present problems and future hopes, are all discussed by eminent specialists, and the best of what they have said is selected by a master-mind and put, in a most tempting style, before the reader, so that he is practically beguiled into such a study as will make him acquainted with the *best*, in all that the term best implies. By bringing together the striking examples of the work of centuries the editor is enabled to follow the spirit of the writings and growth of creative geniuses that have produced the literature of the world. (J. S. Barcus & Co., Constable Building, New York.)

Stone Pastures. By Eleanor Stuart. There is grim strength in this story of life in Soot City, a mining town in Pennsylvania, where the population is principally Swedish. It is told with singular force, an unsoftened realism, as if the writer had pledged herself to tell it exactly as it happened, mitigating none of the hard, stolid life for picturesque effect. The heroine, Emma Butte, is to be married to August Jarlsen, a Swedish paymaster, but on the day set for their wedding, through the devilry of a rival, he is "caught in the blast." Though horribly wounded, he is still living and is taken home where "the blast rite" is performed over him. This is a mock death ceremonial over one rendered an invalid, perhaps for life, by his injuries. It is a strange superstition of these people. Emma is bravely loyal to her lover, and watches over him with the tenderness of a mother. There is power in Miss Stuart's strokes, but one cannot help wishing she had not so fully confined herself to black and to dark browns, painting only the oppressive hopelessness of life, nothing of its sweetness and light. (D. Appleton & Co., cloth.)

The Sketch Book. By Washington Irving. Edited, with Notes, by James Chalmers. The editor of this volume well says in his preface, "One of the highest literary services which teachers and parents can perform for American youth is to inculcate a just appreciation of American authors and of American literature." Among all our American writers none is more conspicuous than Washington Irving. The present edition is supplied with explanatory notes that make clear such allusions as have become slightly obscure, and give interesting points of information concerning various incidents of character. While prepared more especially for school use, it is no less adapted to the needs of the general reader, who will find its references of value, and its form and make-up convenient. The work contains two portraits and a fac-simile original manuscript page of Rip Van Winkle. (Silver, Burdett & Co., cloth, 80 cents.)

A History of the Warfare of Science with Theology in Christendom. By Andrew Dickson White, LL. D., L. H. D., Ph. D. Dr. White has written a remarkable book, remarkable for its erudition, its marshaling of facts, its clearness of expression, its supreme love of truth. The point of view of the book can be best stated in Dr. White's own words: "In all modern history, interference with science in the supposed interest of religion, no matter how conscientious such interference may have been, has resulted in the direst evils both to religion and to science, and invariably; and on the other hand all untrammelled scientific investigation, no matter how dangerous some of its stages may have seemed for the time to be, has invariably resulted in the highest good, both of religion and of science." To properly present his thought and to prove it, the author has had to write a history of the beginnings and progress of the great departments of science, — geography, astronomy, geology, archaeology, assyriology, anthropology, history, ethnology, chemistry, physics, medicine, hygiene, philology, mythology, political economy, and Biblical criticism. Dr. White has followed the course of each from its earliest dawns, through its dark days of dis-

couragement, false interpretation, bigoted opposition and oppression, to its evolving into the pure white light of recognized truth. He has shown the path through which every great idea must pass; the Gethsemane and Calvary preceding the glory of resurrection into highest life. To the thinker, the philosopher, the bearer of some great message to humanity, it will be discouraging if he feels the desire for personal recognition, but the teaching of the sureness, the inevitability of its final acceptance by the world, will be most cheering and heartening. Within the limits of a brief notice one cannot attempt to even suggest its wonderful scope. It is well worthy of careful reading for its fascinating presentation of facts, great truths of the world, even if we utterly ignore the drift, the outcome, the conclusion of the logic. It is a work of vital interest and a rare mental tonic if the freshening effect of the whole be felt, even if all the detail be lost and forgotten. (D. Appleton & Co., cloth, 2 vols.)

The Daughter of a Stoic. By Cornelia Atwood Pratt. Arria was the legacy left by Marion James to her brother, Major Roger Woolsey. He was instructed to give the legacy a good education to prepare her for life. She was a girl whose views of life had suffered from her early association with her mother, who brought her child up on Marcus Aurelius, and fed her mind on the philosophy of bearing, of suffering quietly, whatever fate or Providence might bring. The daughter of the Stoic develops into a woman of beauty and force of character. The story is told in a bright, clever way, leaving the reader with the irritating feeling that so good a book should have been better in its finish. (Macmillan & Co., cloth, \$1.25.)

The Philosophy of Mental Healing. By Leander Edmund Whipple. This practical exposition of natural restorative power, or the curative influence of mental practice, presents its subject with clearness and force. The principal aim has been to present concisely those ideas most important to a general understanding of the natural relation existing between life and health, with an explanation of the laws which render mental healing possible. The scope of the work can be better shown, in this brief notice, by giving the divisions of the book, as formulated by Mr. Whipple: Metaphysical Healing, its Nature and Scope; Metaphysics versus Hypnotism, or Is Mind Cure Mesmerism? The Potency of Metaphysics in Surgery; The Progress of the Age, considering universal ether and telepathy; Intelligence and Sensation; Mental Action and The Physical Reflection of Thought; The Mental Origin of Disease; Curative Influences; Physical Effects of Anger; Instances of Fear in Sickness; Cures that Have Been Effected; Muscular and Inflammatory Conditions; The Common Ground of Healing Methods and The Importance of the Movements. The work is the best volume on mental healing that has yet appeared. It answers fairly all questions that may be asked by inquirers, and explains many "points" that the miscomprehension of metaphysical terms makes puzzling to ordinary readers and thinkers. (Metaphysical Publishing Co., cloth, \$2.50.)

The Oracle Encyclopedia. Edited by R. W. Egerton Eastwick, B. A. The enterprising spirit of George Newnes, manifest in *The Strand Magazine*, *Tid-Bits*, and a number of other successful periodicals, finds a new vent in *The Oracle Encyclopedia*. It is sold in thirty six-penny parts, containing 3,600 pages with 2,000 illustrations. It is preëminently the encyclopedia for the million, aiming to give the latest and most accurate information on all topics in the most readable form. It is well printed on good paper with excellent illustrations. Examination shows it is well up to date on subjects that have attracted attention during the last decade. Being an entirely new work it is fresh in its data throughout and of course there has been "no plugging of plates," as it is technically called, to give a simulated up-to-dateness by a clandestine insertion of a few dates and late statistics to delude unsophisticated buyers. The articles are clear, concise and

explicit. The editing has been careful and able, and the work, as a whole, is an excellent popular encyclopedia which will be found to answer all claims and demands that may be made upon it. When complete it will make five handsome volumes which are convenient in size and form without being bulky; four volumes have already appeared. By virtue of its condensed information, its size, its low price and excellent quality, the "Oracle" should have a good circulation in America as well as in Great Britain. (George Newnes, London.)

Cleg Kelly. By S. R. Crockett. In this history of a street Arab of Edinburgh, born and bred in the slums, Mr. Crockett returns to his earlier manners and methods. Cleg is a natural boy, whose father was a thief, but whose mother's influence redeemed Cleg and saved him from the spell of his environment. He is a boy with good instincts, honest in a way, brave, loyal and willing to sacrifice himself wherever it means anything to those he loves. The author has followed the evolution of his character and presented Cleg in a series of adventures, humorous, pathetic, tragic, all eminently human. The introduction of a freak general, who is insane and who sleeps in a coffin in a steel clad dungeon, is out of place in the story. It is a false note unworthy of the sympathetic character of the book in which it appears. (D. Appleton & Co., cloth, \$1.50.)

The Tale of Balen. By Algernon Charles Swinburne. This poem of 263 stanzas, by one who it is said is the great living poet, follows quite closely the story of the famed knight of Northumberland as given in seventeen chapters in Sir Thomas Malory's *History of Prince Arthur*. The story itself is a beautiful one, and Swinburne has given it with constant flashes of power and some lines of beautiful imagery and of wondrous musical sweetness. Unless one is thoroughly in sympathy with Swinburne, his florid style, his vocabularic pyrotechnics, make one feel the way he says a thing seems so much more important than what he says. This is less pronounced in *The Tale of Balen* than in some earlier works. The poet's relation to Malory has been fairly put by an English critic. "Mr. Swinburne, however, has retold the story step by step as it is in Malory, and all but word for word. His method has been to use three pretty words where Malory used one plain word, and to turn the prose into arduously wrought verses nine lines long, decorating the narrative with copious allusions to the sea and the seasons, trailing the honeysuckle of his euphuistic speech around 'the velvet and bright iron of the past.'" (Chas. Scribner's Sons, cloth, \$1.50.)

The Life to Come. By Rev. William P. Lewis. The author has put a lifetime of thought, as he says, into this little volume in which he studies the life to come. There is an over amount of quotation, despite the defense that "judicious quotation is a sort of secondary composition." Goethe says there are many echoes but few voices. Perhaps when we cannot have the clear clarion note of the voice, we must rest in the faithful work of the echoes. The author is convinced of the truth of his belief in a continued state of probation for humanity after this life. (George W. Jacobs & Co., cloth, 75 cents.)

The Age of Reason. By Thomas Paine. This essay which kindled a fire of protest and fierce condemnation in two continents a century ago, is here reprinted from Moncure D. Conway's edition of the works of Thomas Paine, in four volumes. The editor's introduction gives a review of the history of the work, its reception and its influence, incorporating the results of recent researches. "I believe in one God and no more; and I hope for happiness beyond this life" is Paine's formulation of his belief, in the opening chapter. *The Rights of Man*, Paine's answer to Mr. Burke's attack on the French Revolution, is issued in a single volume similar to the *Age of Reason*. The two books together make an interesting duo for thinkers. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, cloth.)

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 The Seventh Regiment in Camp: Willard C. Fisk.....Peterson's.

Travel and Adventure.

A Thousand Miles through the Alps: Sir W. M. Conway: Scrib.
 A Woman's Ascent of the Matterhorn: Annie S. Peck: McClure's.
 Coney Island: Julian Ralph.....Scribner's.
 From Cuxhaven to Constantinople: C. W. Allers.....Mo. Illust.
 Glimpses of Venezuela and Guiana: W. Nephew King: Century.
 Impressions of South Africa: James Bryce, M. P.....Century.
 Literary Landmarks of Venice: Laurence Houghton...Harper's.
 Old Hampton in New Hampshire: N. M. Hall..New Eng. Mag.
 The Carnival of Venice: V. Malamani.....Chautauquan.
 The Curious Race of Arctic Highlanders: L. L. Dyche....Cosmo.
 The English in South Central Africa: G. G. Hubbard...McClure's.
 The Land of the Shah: George Donaldson, Ph. D.....Godey's.

WIT IN EPIGRAM: HUMOR WITH A STING *

COMPILED BY FANNY MACK LOTHROP

On a Fine Library.

With eyes of wonder, the gay shelves behold:
Poets, all rags alive, now clad in gold.
In life and death, one common fate they share,
And on their backs still all their riches wear.

Dr. Aldrich's Five Reasons for Drinking.

Good wine;—a friend;—or, being dry;—
Or, lest we should be bye and bye;—
Or, any other reason why.

Rochester's Epitaph on Charles II.

Here lies the mutton-eating king,
Whose word no man relied on;
Who never said a foolish thing,
And never did a wise one.

The Two Faults of Women.

We men have many faults,—
Poor women have but two:
There's nothing good they say—
There's nothing good they do.

The Suicide.

When all the blandishments of life are gone,
The coward sneaks to death, the brave lives on.

The Banter Repaid with Interest.

Said Celia to a reverend dean,
What reason can be given,
Since marriage is a holy thing,
That they have none in heaven?
They have, says he, no women there.
She quick returns the jest:
Women there are, but I'm afraid
They cannot find a priest.

To a Liar.

Lie on! while my revenge shall be,
To speak the very truth of thee.

A Miracle.

When Christ at Cana's feast, by power divine,
Inspired cold water with the warmth of wine,
See, cried they, while, in red'ning tide, it gushed,
The bashful wine has seen its God, and blushed.

Books Valued for Their Binding.

Pollio, who values nothing that's within,
Buys books like beavers—only for their skin.

The Worst of Foes.

No, Varus hates a thing that's base,—
I own indeed he's got a knack
Of flatt'ring people to their face,
But scorns to do't behind their back.

Life.

Our life is nothing but a winter's day;
Some only break their fast, and so away:
Others stay dinner and depart full fed;
The deepest age but *sup's*, and goes to bed:
He's most in debt that lingers out the day,
Who dies betimes has less and less to pay.

The Braggart.

John puffs himself. — Forbear to chide —
An insect vile and mean,
Must, well he knows, be magnified,
Before it can be seen.

To a Dramatist.

Your comedy I've read, my friend,
And like the half you've pilfered best;
But sure the piece you yet may mend,—
Take courage, then, and steal the rest.

*Compiled from all sources.

The Coquette Indicated.

Can you tell me (cried Celia to Damon) from whence
I may know a coquette from a woman of sense?
Where the difference lies?—Yes, said Damon, I can;
Ev'ry man courts the one, t'other courts ev'ry man.

Moral Arithmetic.

Flam to my face is oft too kind,
He ever rates both worth and talents:
But then he never fails, I find,
When we're apart—to strike the balance.

On Newton.

Nature, and nature's laws lay hid in night;—
God said, "Let Newton be!" and all was light.

Justice Blindfolded.

When painters or sculptors give Justice a face,
On her eyes a broad bandage, to blind her, they place;
But, methinks, with all proper respect to the law,
She might judge so much better, the better she saw.
Tie her hands, if you please; and I care not how much,
She may look where she will—so you don't let her touch.

The Mistake.

A cannon ball, one bloody day,
Took a poor sailor's leg away;
And as on's comrade's back he made off,
A second fairly took his head off.
The fellow on this odd emergence,
Carries him pick-pack to the surgeon's.
What! cries the doctor, are you drunk,
To bring me here a headless trunk?
A lying dog! cries Jack—he said,
His leg was off, and not his head.

The World.

The world's a printing house; our words are thoughts,
Our deeds are characters, of several sizes;
Each soul's a compositor, of whose faults
The levites are correctors; heav'n revises;
Death is the common press, from whence being driven,
We're gather'd, sheet by sheet, and bound for heav'n.

The Beacon Erected.

When men of infamy to grandeur soar,
They light a torch to show their shame the more.

The World Depicted.

This is the best of worlds, that we live in,
To lend, and to spend, and to give in;
But to borrow, or beg, or to get a man's own,
It's the very worst world that ever was known.

On Seeing the Picture of Nash, between the Busts of Newton and Pope, in the Pump Room at Bath.

Immortal Newton never spoke
More truth than here you'll find;
Nor Pope himself ne'er penn'd a joke
More cruel on mankind.
The picture plac'd the busts between,
Gives satire all its strength;
Wisdom and wit are little seen,
But folly at full length.

The World.

The World's a book, writ by th' eternal art
Of the great Author, printed in man's heart;
'Tis falsely printed, though divinely penned,
And all th' errata will appear at th' end.

Success, not Virtue, Safe.

Treason does never prosper: What's the reason?
Why, when it prospers, none dare call it treason.

OPEN QUESTIONS: TALKS WITH CORRESPONDENTS

Correspondents are invited to make full use of this page on all literary questions, which will be answered as far as we may be able. Answers and comments will be gladly received. A large number of questions and answers are unavoidably held over till next month.

271. *A Painted Napkin*: What celebrated painting was made on a napkin? — Inquisitive, Dayton, O.

[When Murillo was at work, in a Spanish convent, he thoughtlessly promised one of his serving brothers to paint him a picture. Being importuned to redeem his promise he made many excuses, the last being that he had no canvas. "Paint it upon this," said the monk, spreading out his napkin. It was done and, now, in the gallery at Seville, is La Madonna de la Servilleta (The Madonna of the Napkin).]

272. *Improvements on the Bible*: On the 365th page October number, 1895, you remark on a curious book written by Paul Berruger, *Improvements on the Bible*. Can you tell me where it is published, by whom, and if in English, also the price? — N. W., Kingwood, W. Va.

[We are unable to supply the information. You could probably procure the volume through Brentano's, Chas. Scribner's Sons (both of New York), or any other importer.]

273. *Bank Note Figures*: What are the three different numbers on the National bank notes for? — B. M. L., Boston, Mass.

[In the upper right-hand corner is the Treasury number; in the lower left-hand corner is the bank's number. Both of these are serial numbers. Printed in large red figures (in some cases lengthwise, in other cases across the note) is a number indicating the charter number of the bank. The letter at the beginning of the first-described number, which is the largest, is a serial letter; the character at the end is simply to close the number and prevent any additions to the figures.]

274. *Stendhal's Words*: Stendhal says somewhere that it is an artistic mistake to read a story to the end. What are his exact words? — A. M. W., London, Eng.

275. *Round as Giotto's O*: What is meant by the proverb, "Round as Giotto's O"? — Nelson, Duquesne, Pa.

[A circle or any plane figure approximately circular. Giotto (1276-1336) was a shepherd boy near Florence, from which position he rose to eminence, as a painter, sculptor and architect. While in the vicinity of his home, his local reputation attracted the attention of Cimabue, then searching for artists to adorn churches and cathedrals for Pope Boniface VIII. Boniface IX. asked Giotto to give some evidence of his skill as painter and draughtsman, when the artist astonished the messengers sent by striking off at once, in off-hand way, an O so nearly circular as to be marvelous.]

276. *A Chestnut*: What is the origin of the term "chestnut," as applied to an oft-repeated story or joke? — Paul Varrar, Oil City, Pa.

[William Dillon wrote a melodrama entitled *The Broken Sword*. Two principal characters in it are Captain Xavier and the comedian, Pablo. The

former is a sort of Baron Munchausen and, in relating his exploits, says: "I entered the woods of Col-laway when suddenly from the thick boughs of a cork tree"—Pablo interrupts, "A chestnut, Captain; a chestnut."

"Bah!" replies the other; "booby, I say a cork tree."

"A chestnut," reiterates Pablo. "I should know as well as you, having heard you tell the tale these twenty-seven times."

Now, the introduction of the word in its slang sense is attributed to William Warren, the veteran comedian of the Boston Museum. He had often played the part of Pablo and, in 1855, was the guest at a dinner, when one of the gentlemen present told a story of doubtful age and originality. "A chestnut," quoted Mr. Warren, in a murmuring tone, "I have heard you tell the tale these twenty-seven times." The application of the lines pleased the rest of the party and when they separated, each helped to spread the story and Mr. Warren's commentary. The other theory, that it originated from the Philadelphia Chestnut Street Theatre jokes, is not so plausible.]

277. *Tommy Atkins*: How did "Tommy Atkins" originate as referring to the British soldier? It is much used by Kipling. — Tommy's Admirer, Toronto, Canada.

[Dr. Brewer says the term "Tommy Atkins" arose from a little pocket-book or ledger, at one time served out to British soldiers, in which were to be entered the name, age, date of enlistment, length of service, wounds, medals, etc., of each individual. The War Office sent with each little ledger a form for filling it in, and the "M. or N." selected, instead of the "John Doe" or "Richard Doe," was "Tommy Atkins." The books were instantly so called, and it did not need many days to transfer the pseudonym from the book to the soldier himself.]

278. *The Geologist's Soliloquy*: I would very much like to find a poem I once heard recited at a private entertainment, the reciter stating that he had found it in a periodical of an early date. My recollection is that it was entitled the "Geologist's Soliloquy," but of one thing I am certain, each verse ended with the refrain:

"When this ganoid curled his tail."

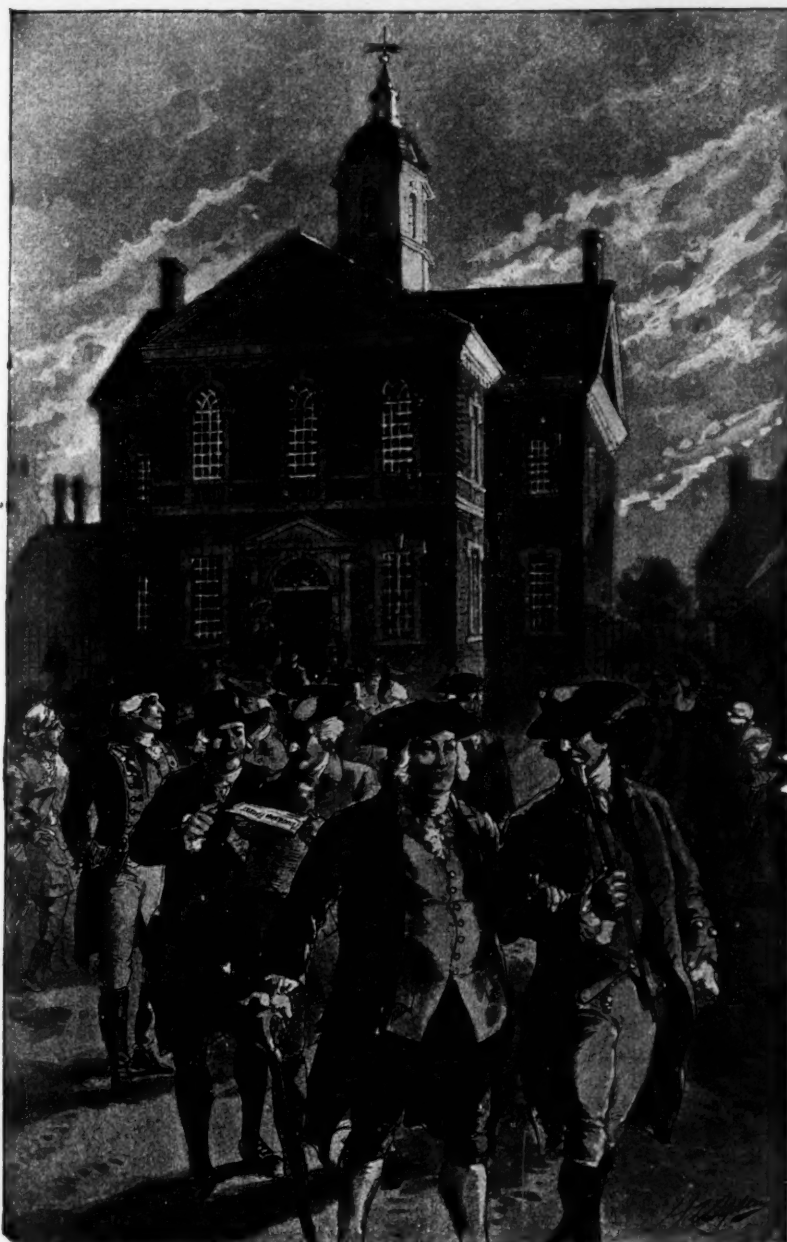
There are some very fine lines in the poem and I would be much gratified if CURRENT LITERATURE would reprint it entire, as I am sure it would be enjoyed by a large circle of readers and by the subscriber. — J. S. McL., Washington.

279. *The Mill on the Floss*: Is George Eliot's description of the flood in the last chapter of *The Mill on the Floss*, considered, by competent critics, overdrawn? — Would it be possible for such conditions to exist, and culminate as there described? — S. A. Evans, Oswego, Ore.

ANSWERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS

The White Feather: — A better account of the phrase "to show the white feather" than that given in CURRENT LITERATURE is found, I think, in the deportment of the native deer. The hair on the under side of the deer's tail is white, and the tail being erected when he runs, "he shows the white feather" when he runs away from the observer. — E. C. B., Vineland, N. J.

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DELEGATES LEAVING CARPENTER'S HALL AFTER A SESSION

From the People's Standard History of the United States, by Edward S. Ellis. Courtesy of The Woolfall Company



AN OPEN AIR STUDY



A BOY PAPOOSE

FROM ROMANCE

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GUN BEING LIFTED
From United States Coast Defences in August Number of The Peterson Magazine
Courtesy of the Publishers

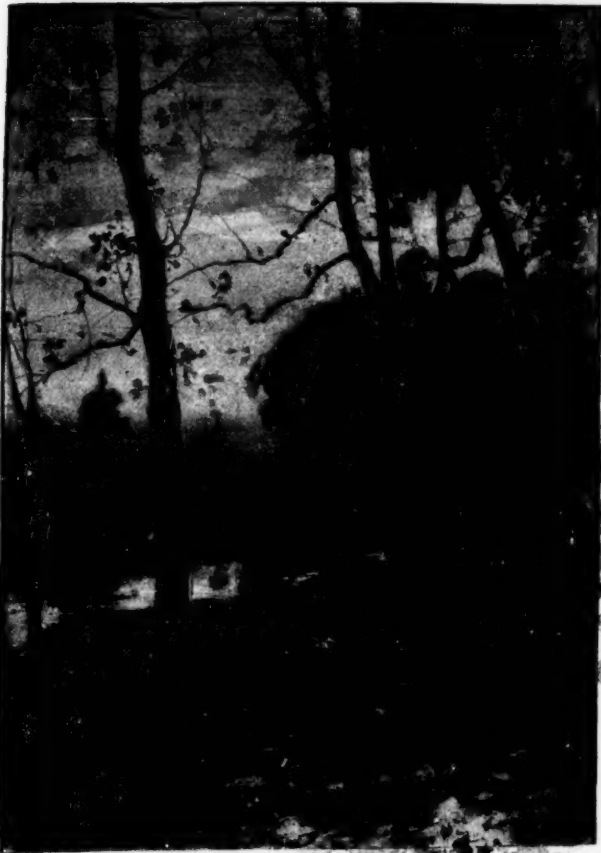


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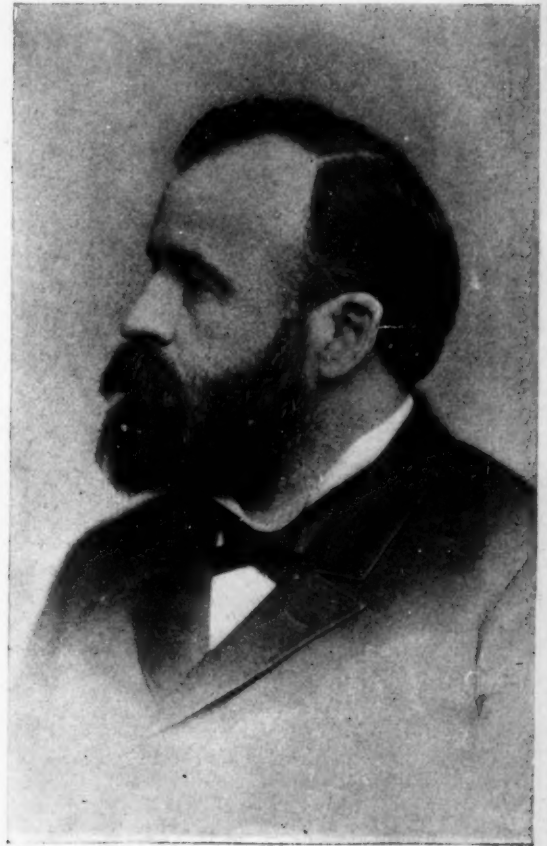


MISS GLADYS WALLIS
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BAD BOOKS

Courtesy of The Monthly Illustrator



From illustration by Maude A. Cowles in Scribner's Magazine, Fiction Number. Courtesy of Charles Scribner's Sons

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